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BAILY'S MAGAZINE

14

Sports and Pastimes



VOL XXIX.



# BAILY'S MAGAZINE

OF

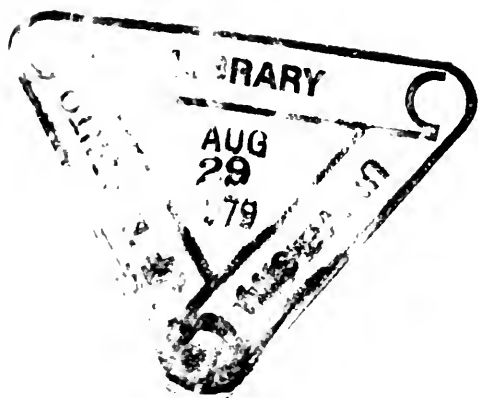
## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

VOLUME THE TWENTY-NINTH.

LONDON:

A. H. BAILY & CO., CORNHILL.

1877.



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# BAILY'S

## Monthly Magazine of Sports and Pastimes.

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No. 197.

JULY, 1876.

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VOL. XXIX.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF MR. ALEXANDER BALTAZZI.

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LONDON: A. H. BAILY & Co., CORNHILL.

1876.

# DIARY FOR JULY, 1876.

M. D.	W. D.	OCCURRENCES.
1	S	Spartan Harriers Athletic Sports.
2	S	THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
3	M	Gentlemen v. Players at Lord's. Kettering Races.
4	Tu	Carlisle, Sutton Park (Birmingham), and Newmarket July Races.
5	W	Newmarket and Carlisle Races. Sale of Yearlings at Newmarket.
6	Th	Newmarket, Worcester, and Barrow-in-Furness Races.
7	F	Newmarket, Worcester, and Barrow-in-Furness Races.
8	S	Sale of Pointers and Setters at Aldridge's. Lewisham Athletic
9	S	FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. Amiens Races. [Sports.
10	M	Pony Races at Alexandra Park. Market Harboro' Athletic
11	Tu	Nottingham and Southampton Races. [Sports.
12	W	Liverpool July Races.
13	Th	Liverpool Summer Cup.
14	F	Sandown Park and Dunfermline Races. Eton v. Harrow at
15	S	Sandown Park Races. [Lord's.
16	S	FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. Le Vesinet Races.
17	M	
18	Tu	Huntingdon and Sheffield Races.
19	W	Huntingdon and Down Royal Races.
20	Th	Kingsbury and Pontefract Races.
21	F	Kingsbury Races.
22	S	
23	S	SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. Le Havre Races.
24	M	
25	Tu	Goodwood Races.
26	W	Goodwood Stakes. Rugby v. Marlboro' at Lord's.
27	Th	Goodwood Cup.
28	F	Goodwood Races. M.C.C. v. Rugby School.
29	S	
30	S	SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. Vichy Races.
31	M	Canterbury Cricket Week commences. Roadster Trotting Meet- ing at Alexandra Park.





Alex. Baltazzi

# BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

MR. ALEXANDER BALTAZZI.

WHEN the ringing cheers which, on that last Wednesday in May greeted Kisber as he galloped home the easiest of Derby winners had subsided, and the rush of every one who had business there, and of a great many who had not, into the weighing enclosure had taken place, some curiosity, especially among the class to whom the faces of Turf celebrities are not very familiar, was evinced to see Kisber's owner. Whether in that rush and crush of men they saw the somewhat pale face and small slight figure of the man, who, at so early a period of his racing career, has secured that blue riband which his seniors are waiting for in vain, we know not, but we have done the best we can to gratify their curiosity, and on the opposite page our artist has given them his counterfeit presentment.

Mr. Baltazzi, one of four brothers, the sons of a gentleman having a good position and an honourable name among the mercantile magnates of Turkey and the Levant, has been barely more than four or five years settled in this country, and about the same period his colours have been seen on the Turf. Born in Turkey in 1850, Mr. Baltazzi was educated at Rugby, and there, it is fair to suppose, imbibed with his English education many of those English sporting tastes which a public school does so much to encourage. Returning for a while after the completion of his Rugby *cursus* to Constantinople and Vienna, he came to England again in 1870 and soon became naturalised amongst us. Newmarket knew him very soon, and his stud, placed under the experienced care of Joseph Hayhoe, soon began to furnish winners. Melton, too, knew him quite as well as Newmarket, and his hunters were as perfect as money and good judgment could procure. The right hand of fellowship was soon held out to the young foreigners who had so much of Englishmen in their composition, besides speaking their language, and

Mr. Baltazzi's quiet manners, combined with his evident keen taste for those sports so much identified with our country, soon gained him recognition and reception among our leading sportsmen.

Mr. Baltazzi must be considered, his four or five years on the Turf taken into account, singularly fortunate at what, to the great majority, is but a losing game. He has had good horses and has known when to buy them, and better still, where to place them. He had an extremely well-placed one in Cœruleus, when that smart son of Beadsman and Bas Bleu, well bred enough to win half a dozen Derbys, squandered his field last year in the Great Eastern Railway Handicap at Newmarket, and he was even better placed when he repeated that performance in the Great Shropshire at Shrewsbury. Perhaps his defeat of the speedy Chaplet in the Bretby Plate this year was the best performance of Cœruleus, and the racing world will look out for his next happy placing. About Kisber it is hardly necessary here to speak. His birth, parentage, and education have been told by many pens, from the time when, a foal, he gambolled over the pastures that once formed one of the many sheep-farms of the Batthyany's to the hour when Maidment cantered in on him at Epsom. An exceptionally good horse, there is no doubt, one of those that come every four or five years to help redeem a somewhat level mediocrity. We have not perhaps seen such an one as Kisber since Henry Grimshaw brought Gladiateur thundering along the upper ground close to the Epsom chair, and dealt the first heavy blow at our insular breeding. The victory of the horse was a popular one in every respect. A son of that bold Buccaneer, whose loss to this country has only been once deplored, and the property of a foreigner who has pitched his tent among us in pursuit of one of our chief sports, it would be curious if it were not so. And we can only wish the French-grey and the scarlet cap an equally-popular victory on the Town Moor. We were quite prepared for the success of Kisber, as our readers will have seen by the Postscript of 'Our Van' last month.

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## IN THE PARK.

It is now two years ago since we leant on the rails with our cynical friend, heard all he had to say, and then abused his confidence by confiding to the readers of 'Baily' his views of things in general, and the people in the 'Row' in particular. He never upbraided us for the breach of confidence, but for a time has been wonderfully taciturn, not to say cold in his demeanour, and when anywhere within half a mile of the Serpentine seemed inclined to give us a wide berth, though genial enough if we met him after 7 P.M. at the —, and that particular red seal, which his soul delighted to honour, had been carefully pierced by a corkscrew. What, then, was

our surprise on a certain Saturday, not long ago, to find ourselves tapped on the shoulder, as we were strolling by that statue of which the poet, some eight and thirty years ago, sang—

‘Long had that statue, rais’d by British fair  
To Arthur’s fame, deplor’d the wintry air,  
But thinly clad, the bronze, yet unbreeched form  
Unheeded mourned the peltings of the storm  
For him no friendly M’Intosh was nigh,  
To brave the showers of a threatening sky :  
Even in Pall Mall East he had preferr’d  
To sit in breeches, like old George the Third ;  
Or once more don the petticoat in sport,  
As when of old philandering at Court.’

The tap awoke dreams of that clever poem on the Park, for the severe weather we had experienced all the early summer—or what should have been summer—had somehow brought it into our head, when, turning round, to our surprise there was our old friend Diogenes, just out of his tub—though, as we soon found, inclined to be cynical in spite of the first nice bit of sunshine, which, as old Charley Wise says, ‘only pulls out the rheumatism.’ ‘Got your note-book?’ inquires Diogenes; ‘if so, come along, and let us see who is out this “butterfly day.”’ Thought I should catch you here, when the sun came out; knew it was no use to look for you before, as you ain’t like those hardy individuals who, it is said, take their dip in the Serpentine regularly every morning all through the year when half the fashionable world are in their first sleep; or that other class who—save, perhaps, in August and September—are to be seen walking in the Park, even in the very depth of winter. Well, you are right; there is no pleasure in lounging about in a biting north-east wind, and happily you can take your pleasure in other ways. But come along; there is a notice that the Coaching Club is to muster at the Magazine; let us go and look at them, and then see what change has taken place in the “Row” since that day we lounged over the rails together. But be careful, and don’t go putting any remarks into my mouth that I do not make, and sending forth to the world in my name what are only your own vain conceits; for you young ones are conceited, and you know it, or ought to by this time. However, I’ve forgiven you this once; don’t do it again.’

So we strolled along for a time in silence, though from sundry umph’s and ha’s from the cynic we prophesied that a storm was imminent in spite of the fine weather. It was the old story over again: rows of carriages, crowds of pedestrians, all chatting about things in general, and half of them did not know why they were there, but came because it was ‘the correct thing,’ as they would have gone to see Punch and Judy if duly advertised in the ‘Court Journal.’ As our eye has a natural aptitude for being attracted by hunting men rather than rinkers, we first catch sight of Lord Dacre walking with Mr. Lane Fox; not far from them are some V.W.H.

men, and there is little doubt the past and future of hunting is being discussed amongst them. Now a Bobby rides by, and soon afterwards the storm we anticipated bursts. 'There, that's what 'you call living in a free country, I suppose!' says Diogenes, as the mounted bobby prevents a neat single-horse brougham taking its place in the first line, but sends it next the rails, and immediately afterwards lets a huge pair-horse carriage—the panels nearly covered with a coat-of-arms, and the servants all the colours of the rainbow—into the place denied the other, and effectually shuts those in the brougham out from seeing anything. 'Look back, and you 'will see it's the same all the way down. Talk about Britons never 'being slaves! why, they are slaves of their own free will, sir! come 'here in crowds for the sake of being ordered about, by their own 'servants, sir! Yes, sir; servants that they pay!' Then, having let off the steam, he settled down to look at the coaches. First came Lord Carington, who had for a load several swell niggers, and of course was driving a good team; and amongst others, we recognized Mr. Chaloner Smith, Capt. Douglas Whitmore, with his greys and a new blue and red coach; Mr. Foster, with his yellow coach and chestnuts; Lord Macduff driving a team of black-browns, for which rumour says he gave an almost fabulous price; Lord Cole, Mr. Henry Brassey, Mr. and Mrs. Oakeley behind a clever mixed team, Colonel Aikman with a good lot, Lord Poulet, Lord Arthur Somerset driving the Duke of Beaufort's coach. We are not here to give a list of the coaches, however, which has been already done *ad nauseam* in the daily and weekly papers, but to see the Park and the people in it. And just as the last drag has passed, the voice of an old coachman, evidently a grumpy old fellow, catches our ear, and in answer to a friend who asks him what he thought of it, he says, 'Well, there 'was two or three lords amongst them, and two or three well- 'known country gentlemen, but the Lord only knows who some of 'them were. Why, bless you, they don't know themselves; least- 'wise, they don't know who their grandfathers was!' And the old fellow was right, for in former times one was able to say with certainty to whom the drags belonged. By the way, this reminds us of a thing we heard a few days later, when the Four-in-hand Club was out, and the rain came to do honour to the occasion in a form that was more enthusiastic than agreeable, which shows that the love of coaching has as yet no charm for the British workman. One had stood the thing pluckily out until after the procession had passed, when he said 'Is that all? I thought that it 'was the Prince of Wales at least, or something crack, not that 'turn-out, or I would not have stayed here in the wet all the time.' It is evident our future rulers are not yet educated up to concert-pitch in coaching matters.

Diogenes, who is quite a citizen of the world, now proposes to lounge a bit over the rails once more, that we may note the swells of the period, who are very little altered, save in the colour of their



coats, from forty years ago, when, in the poem before alluded to, it was said of them—

‘ Pinks at their buttons, simpers on their lips,  
The thinnest bridles, and the thickest whips.  
Survey yon group, each mounted on a screw,  
Their heads all bushy, and their coats all blue :  
Spring captains these who with the whitebait come,  
Then leave for “ stables ” and a barrack room.’

We readily acquiesce in the proposition, and take up our old post. It would take the eyes of Argus to see all that come and go, but we first notice Captain Boyce, who has long been a regular Meltonian, and Major Edlmann of Leamington, quietly walking. The first horseman to catch our eye is ‘ Bob Lowe ’ on his old grey, whom Diogenes says he ‘ can’t help liking because he always tries to keep down ‘ the income-tax ; ’ as a contrast, Mr. Sclater-Booth, on a big powerful chestnut ; then Mr. Christopher Sykes, who is a regular *habitué* of the Row, as is also Mr. Wolfe, well known at the Garrick Club ; General Sir Thomas Steele up from Aldershot, and Major Gaisford of Offington (whose neat pack of harriers show wonderful sport in the Worthing district, and whose great delight is to get down into the marshes where there are some good big drains to jump), on a long-tailed grey. Then we catch our old friend eyeing a stuck-up individual, whom he euphemiously designates as ‘ purse-proud Jemmy,’ who he says reckons every one up by what they possess ; old Lord Mostyn, who ‘ was very fond of hunting in his day ; ’ two ladies with white habits and wideawakes to match ; Mr. Petherick from Brighton with a pupil promoted to the Park ; and Mr. Robert Percival of Burton Street on a pony riding with the Lord Mayor, Sir Thomas White, who is no doubt telling him all about the big banquet and ball at the Guildhall the night before ; Mr. Newcombe Mason doing the paternal to a couple of young ladies ; then Lord Rosslyn passes, and Lady Astley, *cum multis aliis*. On the footpath we note Mr. Ashbury, no doubt planning some long voyage for the ensuing autumn ; Lord Tredegar is also on foot ; and Mr. Harvey, the Master of the South Durham, whom we recognize at once from Mr. Tuck’s picture of ‘ Masters of Hounds ’ (for he has not yet appeared in ‘ Baily ’) leans by our side.

The shape of the horses’ tails of the period irritates our old friend, who says, ‘ they are all cut like housemaids’ brooms, and some are hardly decent, while hog manes,’ he observes, ‘ are all the go,’ adding, ‘ I wouldn’t ride now for anything ; they all go on their ‘ wrong side ; their horses are not half broken, and the ground which ‘ used to be soft is as hard as iron, and it has such large holes in ‘ some places that some nasty croppers have occurred.’ ‘ What do ‘ you think of the ladies ? ’ we ask. ‘ Well, I wish some of them ‘ would learn to put their ruddle on with a little lighter hand, it is ‘ so conspicuous ; and these town girls now have such a peculiar way ‘ of talking, they are all alike.’

A sad sight now attracts our attention and causes us to reflect ;

for just then, led slowly by his old clerk Block, comes past the truly unfortunate Sir John Karslake, quite deprived of sight. How all who knew him liked him, and how sincerely they must feel for him, for a better sportsman or more genial companion never lived, and how thankful for it should those be who have the blessing of sight. A bay mare passing catches our eye, and we see that irrepressible person who the Master of the Cheshire once said ought to be hunting jackals round Jerusalem on a jackass, and who has gained the sobriquet of 'Jumping Moses' from his love of showing off over small places; and, as a happy contrast to him, the ever-genial Captain Frank Sutton, on a big bay, taking strong exercise, for his health's sake, we suppose, rather than his own enjoyment, for the fine pastures in his country must be more congenial to him than the sand of Rotten Row. By-the-way, we heard he was about to leave Carlton Hall and migrate to Dorsetshire, but, like others, he must always have a remembrance of his native county. Our attention is specially drawn by a passing friend to Miss Marjoribank's horse, which belonged to Lord Cork when Master of the Buckhounds, and as it cost a lot of money we are bound to admire. To our eye he is a little leggy, but perhaps that is not a bad fault for a woman's horse, as it keeps the habit out of the dirt: he has, however, very high choppy action, which is good for show, and perhaps for the liver. For a real good walker commend us to the dun which is carrying Sir Watkin Wynn, and which looks as if it must have been foaled on purpose for him. Fewer hunting men seem to us to ride than formerly, though we have seen Lords Spencer and Coventry, Sir Rainald Knightley, the Hon. W. Berkeley-Portman, and Sir George Wombwell on a very good-looking bay, and one evening we actually saw Dick Webster and heard him whistle, as we have at Islington and out with Mr. Tailby. We notice that the man with the Inverness cape and the meerschaum pipe is as constant as ever. It must not be imagined that the Row is altogether frequented by the 'upper ten;' for working men (especially on a Saturday), like others, lounge on the rails, and occasionally indulge in loud comments, more expressive than elegant or eulogistic; for instance, as an Auricoma, well got up and well mounted, went by at a slinging gallop on the other side, one within our hearing shouted to a friend, greatly to the amusement of Diogenes, 'Hoi! hoi! look at ginger, yonder; how she's agoing of it!' The lady rode to attract attention, and succeeded, but not perhaps in the way she intended.

The best equipages and the best company are to be seen in the morning. The drive in the evening is a greater medley than ever; the quality of the company at that time has decidedly deteriorated, for then we have seen the proprietor of a gin-palace driving his phaeton and pair, who not so very many years ago was a potboy in the Haymarket; and, lolling in a barouche, is a quondam butcher, who swaggers enormously, and, as at the play at the Adelphi, it seems that a good many besides these have 'struck oil.' There is a

Mosaic look about some of them, dark faces looking out of carriage windows, as formerly out of doors in what was Holywell Street, but which we now believe is disguised by the name of 'Bookseller's Row.' 'Why don't they go back to Germany?' we ask, 'since they have 'made their money,' pointing to a big blustering Hamburg Jew, who has more than once tried to enact the part of country gentleman with very equivocal success. 'Because,' said Diogenes, 'they 'would be nobody there, while here money rules everything, 'and results from the indiscriminate respect paid to wealth. 'These 'people now get into West End London Clubs, their vulgar wives 'are even presented at Court, and they swagger accordingly; but 'they would be nobody at Berlin; that is why they stay here. I 'quite agree with one (Sidney Smith, I believe), who said that ' "the Jews might be a chosen race, but he could not make out ' "what the Almighty ever saw in them." It may have been,' he 'added, 'my misfortune, but I have never met half a dozen real 'good ones in my life, and far and away the two best are two 'brothers well known in Cheshire and at Melton, for they are 'gentlemen, every inch of them. It reminds me of the road to 'Epsom before railroad days: first we see a patrician, or perhaps 'two; then a lot of plebeians, publicans and sinners, both male 'and female.' Then he inveighed against the crowd which prevented us coming opposite Albert Gate, which, in spite of the energies of the A division, is a work of difficulty and often danger.

Another stroll on a more recent occasion with our old friend, when, like the rest of the world, we were sold by a report that another meet of the coaches was to be held at the Magazine, but which never came off, sent us once more to the rails for something to look at. There are, with few exceptions, the same horses and the same faces to be seen, and we wonder how it is that people can go through the same routine day after day. The first fresh face to catch our eye is that of a man we have seen riding some very clever nags with the Brighton and Brookside harriers, whose hog manes and short-cut tails appeared to have been thus trimmed with the view of attracting attention and gaining notoriety, an almost needless proceeding, for the rider was generally indulging in the society of men of such notoriously 'bad form' that little more was needed to mark his individuality. What a change to turn away and catch sight of the stalwart figure and genial face of the Earl of Portsmouth, sporting the first white hat of the season that we have seen—and what thoughts of sport, in that wildest and most sporting of all countries, Devonshire, rise unbidden at the sight! And for a time the Row, the rails, the riders and walkers, gentlemen and cads, ladies and—well, never mind what else!—are lost to us. And we once more revel in the purple heath, the green valleys, deep hanging woods, and fern-fringed lanes; hear the rattle of the black-cock's wing, and the merry notes of the pack; until we are roused from our reverie by our companion giving us a touch, and pointing out for our amusement the quaint old-fashioned Antigropulos of the

Rector of St. Martin's, who, we should say, has been prescribed horse exercise. Mr. Roe, well-known with the Badsworth, Lord Fitzwilliams' and the Queens', calls up visions of Yorkshire doings and one especial snowstorm, which it was our lot to have in company; next we see the Master of the Buckhounds on a fine dark chestnut mare, who looks almost as happy and jolly as in Mr. Hopkins's picture in this year's Academy, General Lawrenson, on a handsome brown stallion, Mr. Sydney Hankey, well known with Mr. Garth's hounds, and then a big man whom we heard called William the Conqueror. A youth of the period on a hog-maned pony we at once put down for a great man at Hurlingham, but are soon undeceived, for our friend tells us that the class who affect hog-maned ponies are divided into "Polo players proper" and those who want to look like and be mistaken for them; adding, 'out of the latter class the dealers can get what they like.' The real polo player never gives more than 'fifty, while the-would-be-thought-one will 'give any money!'

We notice that both toothpicks and nosegays have diminished considerably since our last lounge appeared in print. That the first filthy habit is abandoned is a matter of national congratulation; and if we see one now we put down the wearer as an East-end shopboy, or a very young man from the country. The button-hole adornment, on the other hand, did much good, and put many a sixpence into the pockets of the poor flower girls; so for their sakes, we hope that innocent fashion may soon be revived.

---

## ROUND WHITTLEBURY FOREST.

'New harmony pervades the solemn wood,  
 Dear to the soul and healthful to the blood;  
 For bold exertion follows on the sound  
 Of distant sportsmen, and the chiding hound  
 First heard from kennel bursting, mad with joy,  
 Where smiling Euston boasts her good Fitzroy.'

So wrote Bloomfield at the end of the last century, and well might he celebrate the love of the Fitzroy family for the chase, for while old Tom Rose was awakening the echoes of Whittlebury with the music of his pack and his melodious voice, Lord Southampton, the cousin of the Duke of Grafton, had a very handsome pack of beagles in the neighbourhood of Guildford, with which the Duke, when Prime Minister, often hunted, and thus both fox and hare were being pursued in real orthodox style at the same moment. The Duke also, we fancy, was not quite content with running scut when kept away from his pack, and used to hunt bagmen in the neighbourhood of Croydon; and there is a tale related of a fox being marked and sent up from Whittlebury for the purpose, and having beaten the hounds, been taken in the same coppice several times, until either the fatigues of his repeated journeys or an extra good scenting day

proved too much for him, and he saw the shades of Whittlebury no more. Probably this occurred in the days of Joe Smith, who carried the horn here before old Tom Rose. The latter was a wonderful man, and rode well up to his hounds at seventy-four years of age, and only retired in favour of George Carter in 1833, who came from Mr. Grantley Berkeley's. He must have been verging on ninety at his death, though he never owned to more than seventy-four. It is a curious coincidence that his successor, Carter, has also lived to a great age; and although he had, a year or two ago, a very severe illness, was during the past season able to don the pink and ride to hounds as well as anybody. These two veterans, between them, must have remembered considerably more than a century of hunting life, and must have had rare tales to tell of the doings in the light green that the world never heard of, and are now little likely to be revived. The Duke sold his pack to Mr. Assheton Smith in 1838, and George Carter accompanied them. The renown they obtained in the hands of the Squire of Tedworth needs not now to be told. Then Lord Southampton hunted the country. He and Mr. Selby Lowndes had it from this time to 1862, when the present duke (then Lord Euston) once more took it in hand, in conjunction with his relative, Col. Pennant, and, with Frank Beers as his huntsman, removed the kennels to Wakefield Lawn, near Stoney Stratford. Beers is a son of old George Beers, who was huntsman here in Lord Southampton's time, a fine horseman and good huntsman, and was at one time hunting hounds in Russia. On Lord Euston resuming the country, he bought the pack of Mr. John Hill of Thornton, who hunted what is now Sir Harcourt Johnstone's country in the East Riding of Yorkshire, and had the celebrated Osbaldeston blood; besides these there were some very good hounds from Lord Southampton, and it is asserted the best draft that ever was sent out from Belvoir. With such a foundation to work upon, it is no wonder that by this time the Wakefield Lawn benches are tenanted by a pack of hounds second to none in the country. Moreover, no one has finer woodlands than are to be found in this hunt, wherein to teach the young idea how to hunt; and although, perhaps, the country, taken as a whole, may not be equal to the Quorn, Mr. Tailby's, and parts of the Pytchley and Cottesmore, it has a very fair share of grass, plenty of fences strong enough to keep people from the hounds' backs, and carries for the most part a good scent. In fact, for a person who likes hunting, and dislikes a crowd, there can be no pleasanter country than the Duke of Grafton's, provided he has horses and nerves of the right sort to take him over it; for it is by no means to be trifled with, especially on the Brackley side, where none but the good ones can go with them. They have not the crowds of nobodies, each with a second horseman, to swell the field, that are to be found in some neighbouring hunts, and of course the Meets are much pleasanter in consequence. Sport has been very fair this season up to Christmas, then for a time it fell off a little, they being troubled, like most others,

with a want of scent; however, towards the close of the season they again had some very good things indeed. The Duke has, I am sorry to say, not been much with them, having been abroad; but his place has been ably filled by Lord Charles Fitzroy, who can well hold his own; and has, I noticed, been riding the wonderful brown rat-tailed horse Stepaway, by Almack, that has gained so much celebrity under Frank Beers. It is a curious thing how this animal's fame has got abroad, and as an instance of it I may state that, last season, I was talking to a gentleman in Mid-Wales on hunting matters generally, and casually remarking that I was at times out with the Duke of Grafton's, he exclaimed, 'Then you know Beers' rat-tailed horse—that's the best horse I ever saw in my life!' On comparing notes, I found that both he and I had been in a good run together when he nearly took soundings in the Everdon Brook. Another very hard-riding man said to me this season, 'I see Lord Charles is riding the rat-tailed horse; he did a wonderful thing a year or two ago; we came to some new rails where a line was in progress of construction, high and stiff, out of very deep, slippery, boggy ground; Beers turned him round and jumped them in and out, and a brook beyond—not one of us attempted to follow him, I can assure you!' and he is a man who by no means stops at trifles.

Of those hunting with them I, of course, must commence with the Empress of Austria, who was over for a short time during the present spring, and frequently honoured this pack with her presence; indeed, so keen was she that, the very day after her arrival (March 7th), the hounds were taken out privately for her, and, after a very good run of five-and-thirty minutes, in which she went magnificently, Beers had the honour of handing her the brush. When her health prevented her being in the saddle, Her Imperial Majesty generally drove to the meet. But I am pleased to say, only a day or two before her departure she had the luck to see one of the very best runs, if not the best, they have had this season. It took place on Friday, March the 31st, and they found in Brackley Gorse, and literally raced to within a field of Cockley Brake, went to the right of Greatworth, and through Halse Coppice to Whistley Wood, where they ran into him in as a good a fifty minutes as has been seen this season. The day was hot, the ground heavy, and in consequence the horses were much beaten, very few being able to live with the hounds through this capital run. The Empress, piloted by the Hon. A. Douglas Pennant, however, went in most brilliant form throughout. No doubt the day will always hold a bright place in her memory, as it must in that of all those who were fortunate enough to witness it; and as I believe it was the last, so it must have been nearly the best run she saw while in England—though she hunted with several other packs, including Mr. Selby Lowndes' (I believe), the Bicester, and the Pytchley, when Captain Middleton piloted her through a nice little spin from Vanderplank; and she was so taken with the performance of the horse he rode that she

bought him. This was not the only English hunter that she took to the Continent, for I hear that she gave a very large price indeed for another while over here. More than that, Her Imperial Majesty carried with her the good wishes of all with whom she had in the remotest degree come in contact; for it is needless to say that she won all hearts here as much by her kindly condescension as by that bold equestrianism which has told as signally in her favour amongst the English as it has with her own horse-loving subjects the Hungarians—the race, of all on the Continent, which perhaps has the greatest pretensions to rival us in the saddle. Her sister the Duchess de Castro, better known generally as the ex-Queen of Naples, has been a regular attendant at the Meets of these hounds all through the winter, and of course has been in most, if not all their good things, though she unfortunately missed the one on the 31st of March, to which allusion has been made above. A light-weight, and without the slightest idea of what is generally known as want of nerve, capitally piloted by Mr. John Elliott of Holcote, who has carried the art of riding boldly to hounds into those years which may be said to bring it to perfection, by adding experience to pluck, and who knows every inch of the country as well as he does his own garden, she has been always well placed, and seen as much of the fun as any one; and care has been taken to place her on clever horses; but, speaking impartially, I must say that some of them, in size and appearance, have not been quite what I should have expected to see selected to carry a lady of her position over so strong a country, light as she is. It is a treat to see her go along, and as to the fences, fair or hairy, as the case may be, she simply ignores them, and seems only to fear lest she should not be able to keep her pilot in view. However, she has done so, and I believe without the unpleasantness of scrambling and falling about, which tells strongly in favour of her nags, whatever their appearance may be, as well as in the judgment with which the line has been selected; and since she has learnt the great maxim of giving her leader room to fall, in case of accidents, everything has gone on swimmingly. The ex-King has come out pretty regularly, and, I suppose, enjoys himself, though it is in a different way from the Queen, as a stiff line over a country is certainly less to his liking than hers; however, he manages to get along in the crowd, and, as I heard a man aver of him at the covert-side, ‘rides as well as he governed.’ From the Brackley side we often have Lord Valentia, when not engaged with his own pack, the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Grosvenor from the Lodge, Lord Ellesmere from Brackley, the Hon. Percy Barrington from Westbury, Mr. John Locke Stratton of Turweston House, Messrs. G. A. and Sydney Campbell of Evenly Hall, Mr. Hibbert of Croughton, and Mr. T. Watson of Farthinghoe Lodge. From the Buckingham part of the country there is Mr. Bruxner, Mr. Arthur Byass, who the three last seasons hunted from Rugby, but has now bought a place in Buckingham, and is capitally mounted; Mr. Bishop and daughters,

Mr. Bishop, jun., Mr. Rippingall, Mr. Byron of the Carabineers, Mr. Higgins and Captain Higgins, Captain Calvert, Mr. H. B. Arnaud of Padbury Lodge, Captain and Mrs. Pilgrim of Akely Wood, Mr. W. Seagram, also of Akely Wood, Captain T. Lowndes of Winslow, Mr. Robarts of Lillingstone Dayrell, Captain Hall, Hon. Colonel D. A. Pennant and Hon. G. Douglas Pennant, M.P., of Wicken Park ; and Mr. Cavendish of Thornton. From the Stoney Stratford side we get Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bull of Tickford Park, Mr. Hatfield Harter of Cranfield Court, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Maunsell of Blisworth, Mr. and Mrs. Watts of Hanslope Park, Mr. and Miss Maule of the Lodge, Newport Pagnell, and Mr. St. Quinton. The Northampton district sends forth Sir Herewald Wake, Bart., from Courteenhall, Captain Barry, Mr. Roger Eykyn of Gayton House, Lord Vaux, Mr. Delves Broughton of Hunsbury Hill, Mr. Bouverie, Mr. Smyth, Mr. Gunning, Mr. Robert Oldrey of Harpole Hill. From Towcester and its neighbourhood come Mr. Harry Nicholl of Greens Norton, a capital sportsman, for many years joint Master of the old Surrey with Mr. William Mortimer, Captain Duncombe, Sir Simon Lockhart, Mr. Friend, Mr. Parland, Sir Thomas Bateson from Towcester, Miss Bateson, Colonel Fitzroy, and Colonel G. Fitzroy from Grafton Regis, M. Bouverie of Delapre. On the Pytchley and Weedon side are Sir Rainald Knightley of Fawsley, who still keeps up the family name well across country, and Lady Knightley, who with good pilotage generally manages to see what hounds are doing ; The Rev. Valentine Knightley of Preston Capes, who when on the big chesnut gets across the country in a particularly quiet way, which I fancy has ere now deluded some who have trusted to his pilotage as to the size of the obstacles which he has contrived to place between them ; Major Tempest of Floore House, who I need not say is not to be beaten over any country, and Mrs. Tempest ; Mr. J. A. Craven and Mrs. Craven of Whilton Lodge, who are often to be found with this pack on a Monday ; Mr. William Rhodes of Floore Fields, the High Sheriff, also, who divides his days between these and the Pytchley, and Miss Rhodes ; Captain Garrett of Braunston ; Admiral Oliver Jones, of Westfield House in the same village, who still appears to go with all the enthusiasm of a boy ; and Mr. S. E. Bolden, from Rugby, whose daring has not abated since those days in which he sold the first shorthorn that ever made a thousand guineas. Captain Sapte also, of Rugby, whose clever bay appears to like the doubles on this side of the country ; Mr. T. Walker, a sojourner at the Globe, Weedon, and Lieut.-Colonel Vere Close, who has hunted from that place the last ten seasons ; Mr. and Mrs. Whitmore of Charwelton, Mr. Alfred Seymour of Norton Hall, Captain Pritchard Rayner, from Dunchurch, occasionally gets as far as Preston Capes or Stowe Nine Churches, and I have seen Colonel Rattray there ; Mr. Pennington of Rugby has for some years been pretty regular on a Monday with the Duke's, and during the present season Captain Riddell has hunted with them. On the Fridays they get men regularly down



from London, Leighton, and Bletchley, amongst them being Lord Charles Russell and others, and often Mr. John Foy. We have omitted two very regular attendants on wheels—in Mr. Oliver, who sees a great deal of sport behind his clever pair of chestnuts; and Mr. Yeomans, who drives to all meets, far and near, and is to be found pretty handy at any time of the day.

I have spoken of one good run which the Empress of Austria was lucky enough to see; another, in which the ex-Queen of Naples took part, well worthy of record, happened on March 3rd, when they met at Whitfield, and unfortunately killed their first fox in covert, then getting away with another they ran him to ground at Westbury; luck, however, awaited them at Brackley Gorse, where they got well away with a first-rate fox, and raced him a regular cracker to Cockley Brake across the grass, turned from there towards Radstone, where he was headed and ran in the direction of Turweston, turned near the Brackley Road, and ran the heavy ploughs beyond Whistley's Wood, which he passed to the left, and on by the back of Syersham, and over the Crown lands to Silverstone, Bucknells on the left. Thence he took the fine country by the side of the brook, and they fairly raced into him near the town of Towcester, after as fine a run of one hour and thirty minutes as any man need wish to ride; in fact, I may say that out of the numbers who made the attempt very few were able to live to the end.

This over, they had a rattling ten minutes to ground with an outlying fox, straight as a crow could fly, and nearly as fast as the Liverpool Grand National; hounds really running in view all the way, until he just saved his brush by going to ground in a drain—a day's sport which all who saw it will acknowledge to be about as good as it possibly could be. There are other days, did space permit me to allude to them, especially a fine hunting run from Charwelton Osiers, on March 27, when they lost their fox beyond Boddington, as he was heading for a very strong country. Scent was but moderate on the hills, and Beers and his lady pack deserved great credit for the way they brought him as far as they did, especially as a fresh fox crossed the line, taking off the body of the pack for a time, and letting a couple forward on the hunted one—always an unfortunate circumstance. But for this I have little doubt they would have killed him; and, as it was, report said he was seen afterwards fairly beaten, crawling about some buildings, but I cannot answer for the truth of it. It is really a treat to see these hounds hunt and work. And the beauty of it is, unlike some packs in the present day, you can hear them when you do not see them, for they have plenty of music, and give you notice of what they are doing.

When giving an account of the doings round Rugby a month or two ago, we alluded to the absence during the last season of hunting visitors. There is every reason to hope that this state of things will be now altered, as the George has changed hands since that was

written, and Mr. L. Hards, who for many years has lived with Earl Spencer, and had the management of his establishments both in England and Ireland, is now proprietor. We feel sure that hunting men will therefore find their comfort and convenience made an object of study and solicitude.

N.

## NORTH v. SOUTH AT LORD'S.

### RETROSPECT OF HEARNE'S BENEFIT MATCH.

THERE is on the map of England a county called Middlesex, which at the present time may almost be designated as one of the suburbs of London, inasmuch as an express train can run out of the county at its furthest point within half an hour from any London station, and probably Mr. Weston would walk out of the county from the Bank of England in three or four hours; and the county appears to have been intended as a plot for builders. This small county, which seems to have been jammed up against the Thames by Essex, Hertfordshire, and Buckinghamshire, was formerly absorbed *qua* cricket interest by the Marylebone Club, and it was only within the last fifteen years or thereabouts that Middlesex as a county came prominently before the world. The attempt to play county matches, and the subsequent success, were due to the Messrs. Walker, who had at their command all the strength of the Harrow element, and who recruited from the public schools and universities from time to time the best gentlemen players in England, and formed a very strong eleven, with the aid of very few professional players. Of these professionals Thomas Hearne, a tailor at Ealing, was one of the most valuable assistants, as a thoroughly reliable straightforward English cricketer; and strange to say, he never appeared in grand matches until he was thirty years of age.

The Marylebone Club most properly recorded their esteem of a trusted servant (Hearne being manager of the players at Lord's) by giving him a benefit at Lord's on Whit-Monday and the following days, and entrusted the eleven, as regarded choice and captaincy, to Mr. I. D. Walker for the South, and Mr. Hornby, an old Harrovian, for the North. The absence of Mr. G. F. Grace for the South, and Oscroft for the North, made each side somewhat weaker; but take the match as a whole, first as regards the general interest felt for Hearne's success, and secondly, for a magnificent exhibition of cricket, it was a grand sight. The papers gave the details of the match from day to day, but possibly an old fogey—as Young England will call us middle-aged men now, to their own amusement, and to no loss of temper on our side—who sat for three days on the watch-tower of the Pavilion behind the wicket, and witnessed a large proportion of the balls bowled through a racing glass, may 'paw the 'ground and snort,' just as some old spavined one-eyed old trooper,

whose lot has become that of dragging a plough or harrow, will do on once more hearing a cavalry trumpet.

Before touching again on cricket in 'Baily' I felt my way, for fear of getting into somebody else's groove, and the answer sent by a gentleman who generally writes on cricket, to the publisher, (part of which I take the liberty of quoting), exactly expresses my own creed and the creed of my brother fogeys. After saying that my retrospect of the North and South match will not interfere with any one else's subject the writer says: 'I know nothing of thirty years ago, except by books; and though I have little faith myself in "*laudatores temporis acti*," and believe rather that Smith of to-day is very much the same as Smith of 1845, yet there is no reason why those who have seen both should not point out the distinctive differences.'

Now I so thoroughly agree with the doctrine of the two Smiths of 1845 and 1876 that perhaps it may not be thought impertinent in pointing out some of the excellences of the Lord's match to mention, below my breath almost, those who could have done thirty years ago what was done well last Whitsuntide—bar one, as the betting men say, and the barred man is Mr. Gilbert Grace. In my very humble opinion he can do safely what no other man has done before, and possibly no man, within the memories of us fogeys, will ever do again, which is to kill a ball which requires all the patience and quickness of hand and eye to keep it off the wicket, and to score from it. Watching A. Shaw's bowling to Mr. Grace, especially, and taking opinions also from very great ex-Gentlemen Players and thorough experts in every point of the game—all fogeys who had long experience—our verdict was that Mr. Grace was *the* exceptional man who, when ready for a hard drive, could change his mind with impunity and also with profit; for it seemed to our eyes and senses that at a time when Mr. Grace was evidently making up his mind to punish the bowling and Shaw was equally determined that he should not do so, the sudden spin or break which was given to the ball from an apparently easy delivery never seemed to take Mr. Grace by surprise. And, moreover, in conferring about the Smiths of 1845 we could not find the man who with the most perfect defence managed to get right over the ball with a perfectly straight bat, whether it was to the off stump or the inner stump, and by a turn of the wrist to cut it down through the slips or drive it in front of short leg as he pleased, in neither case giving the remotest chance. So Mr. Gilbert Grace is admitted by the fogeys to be the most destructive batsman we ever remember, though we do not believe that the man ever lived or ever will live who could have beaten Alfred Mynn at single wicket. Now the Smiths of 1876 may score one for their champion, though the Smiths of 1845 nail their colours to Fuller Pilch's defence as unrivalled against strange bowlers whom he had never seen before—though we admit that he was cramped, as he admitted himself, at off balls, which many players cut in the slips, and let them pass him very often (*teste* 'Felix on the Bat')—but the Smiths of 1845 must take

a little discount off the colossal scores of the Smiths of 1876, because the great Smiths of 1876, who live in tents from May to September, and play every day (with the most unmistakable interest in success), meet the same bowlers over and over again on lawn-like grounds.

Now let us 'return to our muttons' and talk about the match as a match. As I said before, it was very pleasing to see and hear signs of such universal sympathy with Hearne, whose benefit it was, and it was an exceptional thing for those who were out for a holiday to express, as they did express, something very like satisfaction at a heavy shower on Monday about 4 o'clock, which stopped the play for two hours, "because it would probably make a third day for Hearne." \*

The play throughout the match was admirable. As regards the bowling, without wishing to detract from any one else's glory, A Shaw's patience and execution were perfection, and he undoubtedly is A 1 of All England at present. As a middle-pace bowler, or any other bowler, Southerton is admirable, and so is James Lillywhite, but from their style the batsman can judge better what is coming than they can against Shaw, whose simple, easy delivery creates the deception. Morley was as good as man could be, as his analysis will prove; but the fact that it took the best part of three days, say two days and a half of play, to get 883 runs on a run-getting ground, where every boundary hit counted four runs, which very much increased the score, and the number of maiden overs bowled through the match, show that the cricket was very fine.

It was lively cricket throughout, the Gentlemen doing their full share. Messrs. I. D. Walker, W. G. Grace, C. F. Buller, Lord Harris, Mr. Green, Mr. Penn, and Mr. Shand for the South, scored the whole of the 228 which were got off the bat in the first innings, with the exception of 26 runs made by the Players, and Mr. Hornby on the North side, scored twenty-nine and fifty-eight in the most brilliant style.

Independently of the general excellence of the Gentlemen's batting, their fielding was as good as could be, and it is hard to say who were most active. Very few catches—and [those very hard ones—came to the ground, and very few balls went by the field, and some wonderful pieces of fielding were displayed in saving fourers. For choice the best bit of fielding was a run out effected by Mr. Green and Pooley. One run was obtained, and Wild tried the second, and Mr. Green, who was fielding at long square leg, near the Grand Stand, answered to Pooley's call, and threw the ball in like a flash of lightning, low and sharp, with a very long bound, and Pooley had the bails off in the twinkling of an eye. As some old fogey said, 'It reminded him of Tom Adams of the Kent Eleven in the long field' and Wenman at the wicket.' Just as some fogeys said that Pinder

\* I observed on Hearne's benefit card at Lord's, 'Middlesex County Club, 25/.' I should like to see the same example followed by the Surrey Club for T. Humphrey's benefit.

and Pooley reminded them of Wenman and Box, as in style and figure Pinder bore a striking resemblance to Wenman as Pooley did to Box, and that Shaw reminded them, as regards steadiness and execution, of old Lillywhite, Cobbett, and Hillyer, and that Mr. Grace at point was as good as Mr. Felix or Hawkins at their very best; and when Mr. Hornby on the one side, and Mr. Green on the other, made some slashing leg hits into the crowd, fogeys winked at each other, and breathed the name of Alfred Mynn, as they did the names of Mr. Charles Taylor and Mr. Felix when the Gentlemen were punishing the bowling by fine cuts or drives, and they referred to George Parr when Mr. I. D. Walker made a terrific square leg hit off A. Shaw, the first big hit of the match, which very near gave the county coroner a job, with his twelve merry men, to sit on the umpire's body.

In fact, we were all mightily pleased and well content to know that we saw the best of the best of cricket, by no means forgetting Lockwood's two splendid innings of twenty-nine and forty-nine, and Wild's and Greenwood's performances, nor a very fine well-judged catch of Greenwood's at long on, which was fatal to Mr. Penn, who, by-the-bye, is not unlikely to be one of the best amateurs in England.

Nor was comicality wanting in this match; for Mr. Walker, being short of a man, sent for Mr. Shand, who bowled for Harrow two years ago, and his first over was a caution. Mr. Shand commenced with a *very, very* wide ball for four w. byes, and two no balls running, but in his second over he pitched a Yorker somewhere about Daft's toe, and got him clean, and afterwards he bowled two more wickets, being, however, punished severely in two overs. It certainly was some of the wildest bowling imaginable. Jupp's idea was that a change of that kind is not a bad experiment in any match, as it puts the batsman's eye out so entirely, for he has not the remotest conception where the ball is going to pitch *any more than the bowler has*, though if Mr. Shand manages to add precision to his pace and break he will be a very formidable bowler. Another piece of comical cricket was Wild's second run out. Wild fell down, and James Lillywhite, to whom the ball was thrown at the bowler's wicket, fell down, and somehow or other the wicket was scrambled down much like a bit of play at a cricket match after a sheep-shearing supper, when the beer has got into the heels of the rustics' boots.

We fogeys are quite satisfied with the Smiths of 1876, and were immensely gratified at the lively and manly style of the play throughout. There were no lady-like young gentlemen in pretty shirts and fancy caps, who in their heart of hearts were praying Heaven that the ball might not come their way; there were no 'cocky cads' swaggering about and talking about 'county form,' whatever that expression so often used may mean; there was no fussy secretary or committeeman interfering with everything and everybody: but there was real sound English cricket played, heart and soul, as we saw the Smiths of 1845 play it. And now, my

dearly-beloved Smith of 1876, take this advice from me. My dear Christian friend, you will find in the year 1906, when we, the Smiths of 1845, shall have appeared long ago in the 'Times,' amongst the obituaries, and you, the Smiths of 1876, may tumble over a tombstone in some country churchyard and recognise some familiar name, and will say, 'That must be that close-shaved fellow, or that fellow 'with the big beard and a cast in his eye (as the case may be), who 'was mad about cricket in the last quarter of last century.' And the Smiths of the year 1906 will say, 'If you mean to tell *us* that the 'Graces and the Walkers, and the Lubbocks and the Lytteltons, 'and Daft, and Lockwood, and Pooley, and Pinder, and Jupp, and 'Hornby, and Lord Harris, and Green, and Morley, and Shaw, and 'Southerton, and Hill, and those fellows could play cricket thirty years 'ago as well as they play *now*, you ought to be put in a madhouse. 'They played skittles, sir, in a ploughed field, and called it cricket.' And so it will be, Mr. Baily, till the end of time. I was much amused at reading in 'Cassell's Recreator' an article—which, by-the-bye, contained a good deal of 'scissors and paste,' with little or no acknowledgment—a tirade against us fogeys who believe in Pilch, Mynn, &c., added to which was the astounding information that Jemmy Dean (whose *soubriquet* used to be 'Dean Swift') was the 'slow' bowler! for Sussex. There are under the Surrey hills pretty village greens in localities which are celebrated for longevity, and you may see grand old boys in corduroy breeches, worsted stockings and ankle-jacks and smockfrocks who are supposed to be nearer ninety than eighty, and who take as lively an interest in cricket as schoolboys. These old gentlemen generally have posts of honour in front of the booth, and if you ask them who was the greatest cricketer they ever knew, they will exclaim in chorus, 'Bill 'Beldham.' I have no doubt but that fifty years hence some hoary-headed swain may say, 'Why, in my time, the Middlesex Eleven 'and the Oxford Gentlemen *used* to score their five or six hundred 'in "one hand."' For the good of cricket, may the last week's performance of 1,052 runs in two innings be the only precedent; as these colossal scores, like the Gloucestershire score at Prince's *v.* Surrey, are French for inferior bowling. It is not cricket, it is a battue—pardon a bad joke. Now I will quote an instance of thirty-four years ago, of what was considered a colossal score in matches, in which the best men played (*Vide* Lillywhite, vol. iii., p. 110), Kent *v.* England. Kent, first innings, 278; England, first innings, 266; but the reader will please to remark that the two innings occupied two days, or an average of 272 runs per day, and that thirteen bowlers bowled fourteen hundred and ninety-two balls for those two innings; and that three men only were bowled on the Kent side. And this, I venture to say, was cricket as good as that at Hearne's benefit; so three cheers for *my* Smiths, and three cheers for the Smiths of 1876. I think that the North *v.* South match, 1876, was so good a match that 'Baily' may as well keep the record thereof for the benefit of the Smiths of the year 1906.

## SOUTH.

W. G. Grace, Esq., b. Morley . . . . .	45	1 b w. b Shaw . . . . .	48
I. D. Walker, Esq., c. Clayton, b Morley . . . . .	29	c Pinder, b Shaw . . . . .	8
Jupp, st Pinder b Morley . . . . .	2	st Pinder, b Shaw . . . . .	9
C. F. Buller, Esq., not out . . . . .	67	b Hill . . . . .	4
F. Penn, Esq., c Greenwood, b Morley . . . . .	16	c Pinder, b Morley . . . . .	15
Lord Harris, b Hill . . . . .	23	b Shaw . . . . .	69
C. E. Green, Esq., b Hill . . . . .	19	c Shaw, b Lockwood . . . . .	49
Pooley, b Hill . . . . .	13	not out . . . . .	22
Lillywhite, 1 b w, b Shaw . . . . .	3	c Wild, b Shaw . . . . .	0
Southerton, b. Shaw . . . . .	8	c Daft, b Lockwood . . . . .	1
F. L. Shand, Esq., b Hill . . . . .	3	b Hill . . . . .	17
Byes, 2; leg-byes, 8 . . . . .	10	Bye, 1; leg-byes, 3 . . . . .	4
	<hr/> 238		<hr/> 246

## NORTH.

A. N. Hornby, Esq., c. Green, b Grace . . . . .	29	c Buller b Southerton . . . . .	58
Daft, b Shand . . . . .	23	c Pooley, b Lillywhite . . . . .	3
Lockwood, c Southerton, b Grace . . . . .	29	b Lillywhite . . . . .	49
Greenwood, c Pooley, b Southerton . . . . .	35	c Jupp, b Lillywhite . . . . .	9
Selby, c and b Grace . . . . .	0	c Walker, b Lillywhite . . . . .	20
Wild, run out . . . . .	43	run out . . . . .	10
Clayton, b Shand . . . . .	4	b Southerton . . . . .	13
A. Shaw, b Shand . . . . .	0	c Buller, b Southerton . . . . .	3
Hill, b Grace . . . . .	17	st Pooley, b Lillywhite . . . . .	14
Pinder, not out . . . . .	9	not out . . . . .	0
Morley, c Penn, b Southerton . . . . .	3	c and b Lillywhite . . . . .	0
Byes, 9; leg-byes, 2; wide, 4; no-ball, 3 . . . . .	18	Byes, 7; no-ball. 3 . . . . .	10
	<hr/> 210		<hr/> 139

## NORTHERN BOWLERS.

## 1st Innings.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.
Shaw . . . . .	58	27	85	5
Morley . . . . .	29	9	48	1
Clayton . . . . .	3	0	14	0
Lockwood . . . . .	5	1	12	2
Hill . . . . .	36.1	9	83	2

## 2nd Innings.

Shaw . . . . .	78	44	73	2
Hill . . . . .	41.1	8	83	4
Morley . . . . .	41	22	52	4
Clayton . . . . .	5	1	20	0

## SOUTHERN BOWLERS.

*1st Innings.*

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.
Lillywhite . . .	30 ..	13 ..	49 ..	0
Southerton . . .	35.2 ..	15 ..	49 ..	2
Mr. W. G. Grace .	41 ..	19 ..	66 ..	4
Mr. Shand . . .	9 ..	2 ..	28 ..	3

Mr. Shand bowled 4 wides and 3 no-balls.

*2nd Innings.*

Lillywhite . . .	37.2 ..	16 ..	67 ..	6
Mr. W. G. Grace .	14 ..	4 ..	37 ..	0
Southerton . . .	33 ..	14 ..	42 ..	3
Mr. Shand . . .	9 ..	2 ..	33 ..	0

Mr. Shand bowled 3 no-balls.

*Mitcham, July, 1876.*

F. G.

## THE 'DISTEMPER' OF DOGS.

BY WILLIAM HUNTING, M.R.C.V.S.

DISTEMPER, although not so common as skin disease, and not so fatal as rabies, is certainly the greatest kennel-scurge in this country. It is now so widely disseminated that probably few persons are aware that it is a disease of comparatively recent introduction. Neither veterinary nor sporting writers described it as known in England till 1763, when it appeared here and in France simultaneously. In 1760-63 the disease existed in Spain, and was said to have been imported from South America. 'Its appearance in Europe,' says Fleming in 'Veterinary Sanitary Science,' 'is comparatively recent. Ulloa is the first to mention it in the early half of last century (1735-46), when he observed it in South America. It was there known as the 'Peste.' Delabere Blaine, a most trustworthy authority, writing in 1830, says, 'that we imported it, is evident.' The ability to trace the origin of the distemper is most important, bearing as it does so directly upon the nature and cause of the disease.

Distemper is a contagious catarrhal fever, i.e., a specific fever accompanied by a local catarrh. All specific fevers have their local complications. In the foot-and-mouth disease of cattle we have a fever with a local eruption on the mouth and feet. In small-pox and measles of man, there is a fever with a local eruption on the skin. In distemper of dogs there is a specific fever with a local inflammation of the lining membrane of the eyes and nose; in other words, with catarrh. Like measles in the human subject, which it most resembles, the fever is usually mild and of short duration—the danger and trouble of both diseases depending upon the severity of local complications, which are liable to occur either during the course of the disease or as sequelæ to it.



*Causes.*—There are many *alleged* causes of distemper. 'Constitutional liability' is one. 'Although we imported it,' says Blaine, 'it has now become a permanent disease, to which every individual of the canine race has a strong inherent liability.' This pure hypothesis I utterly deny, and reply that there are many dogs which are never affected, and that those which do take it, owe it to some external cause, and not to any congenital predisposition. Most human beings are affected with measles during some time of their life, but no one would assert that this disease was due to 'constitutional liability.' Most dogs are affected with distemper; but the disease is no more natural to the canine animal than measles is to the human. Both are due to a specific cause, derived from without, and foreign to the system of either animal—due, in fact, to a virus or poison which is somehow conveyed to the blood.

Another alleged cause is cold. Now cold causes simple catarrh; and some observers confuse the common local affection with the febrile disease in which it is such a prominent symptom. Badly ventilated kennels, overcrowding, injudicious feeding, want of exercise, fatigue and debility, are all suggested as causes. I admit none of these, for the simple reason that they are in operation on thousands of dogs without giving rise to distemper, and that we may and frequently do see the disease in dogs to which none of these alleged causes have been applied. Remember that distemper has only been known in this country about a century. What change, I ask, has taken place in water, soil, or air, or in the constitution of dogs, to give rise to such a disease? Did not mismanagement, cold, and debility affect dogs previous to 1763? Was that year marked by any appreciable physical change? No! The simple fact is, that in that year we imported distemper. We somehow introduced a diseased dog, from which by contagion the malady was spread throughout the country. Distemper, I hold, is always and only caused by the transmission of the specific poison from a diseased dog to the system of a healthy one; in other words, distemper, like measles, small-pox, and foot-and-mouth disease, spreads only by contagion. It is, of course, extremely difficult in many cases to trace the method of infection, but the same difficulty is met with in many other undoubtedly contagious diseases. No one denies that distemper is contagious. The majority of cases can be directly traced; and those which cannot are not difficult to account for when we know that the discharges of a diseased animal contain the active virus, and that this may retain its vitality and power for many days, and be conveyed by other dogs, by persons, or by any article which has come in contact with the suffering animal.

The unrestricted movement of dogs from one end of the country to the other, and the utter absence of any sanitary precautions, render the spread of canine diseases most easy, but the detection of their exact method of communication most difficult.

*Symptoms.*—It is usual to describe distemper as a protean disease; appearing in many different forms and characterised by great diversity

of symptoms. This only confuses the subject, and is due to authors mixing up the definite signs of the disease with any accidental symptoms which may result from surrounding circumstances, or which may arise as sequelæ of the disease proper. An ordinary attack of distemper is ushered in by dullness, shivering, and sometimes loss of appetite. There is a disinclination to move, and a desire for warmth. The nose becomes hot and dry, the eyes bloodshot, and there is either sneezing or a dry, husky cough. Next we notice a thin watery discharge from the eyes and nose, and increased sensitiveness to light. The respiration and pulse are quickened, and the bowels are usually constipated. Accompanying these symptoms there is always a rapid and marked loss of strength and condition. As the disease advances, the cough becomes softer, the discharge from the eyes and nose becomes thick and purulent, frequently glueing together the lids, and collecting in hard crusts upon the nose. Sometimes the eyes become clouded, and a small ulcer appears on the centre of the globe. Great debility is always apparent.

This is a pure uncomplicated case, and except in previously debilitated, badly-treated, or in very young animals, will usually recover in two or three weeks. As in all other febrile affections, so in distemper may improper management, or inherent weakness of any organ of the body, give rise to further complications. Thus, exposure to cold may determine an attack of inflammation of lungs; whilst indigestible food, or some pre-existing derangement of bowels, may cause diarrhœa. A highly nervous disposition; certain local irritations, such as intestinal worms or the changes accompanying teething, may predispose to nervous disorders; whilst constitutional weakness, or debilitating surroundings, deprive the system of its power to resist disease, and thus the severity of an attack, and the rapidity of its progress are both increased.

All these events may affect dogs suffering from distemper; and consequently diseases of lungs, bowels or liver, brain or spinal cord, are often seen as complications. They are, however, not to be looked upon as essential parts of distemper, nor as constituting when present either a different form or a special variety of the disease. To cut up distemper according to the prominence of its local complications, and then to describe separate forms as 'head distemper,' 'chest distemper,' &c., is not only forcing an unnatural and arbitrary division, but is likely to confirm a wide-spread error, viz., that distemper is an indefinite disease, sometimes affecting one part, sometimes another; whereas it is really a specific fever dependent upon a poison in the blood, giving rise to a definite train of symptoms, but liable to accidental complications. To describe all the complications which may arise would encroach too much upon the space of this magazine; but as none are essential, and as all may be prevented by care and skill, we may confine ourselves to the measures to be adopted in a typical case such as I have described.

*Treatment.*—The first great essential is to place the dog, as soon

as distemper is noticed, in a dry, comfortable, well-ventilated place, which must be kept night and day at as even a temperature as possible. In winter, a certain amount of artificial warmth is advisable. The litter should be frequently changed, and scrupulous cleanliness attended to. The diet should always include a fair allowance of animal food, and the appetite should be stimulated by frequent changes of food rather than force be used to administer anything. At the very outset of the disease a mild dose of aperient medicine is advisable, but emetics are always unnecessary and injurious. During the first two or three days, should the fever be marked, a teaspoonful of equal parts of sweet nitre, syrup of squills and water may be given twice a day. As a rule, the febrile symptoms are but slight, and we have only to direct our treatment to keeping up the strength of the patient and guarding against local complications. The first indication is fulfilled by giving stimulants and tonics, such as sherry and quinine, but we must not overdo even these. Commencing on the fourth or fifth day we may give a tablespoonful of sherry and half a grain of quinine twice daily, in half a wine-glassful or one ounce of beef tea. After a few days of this, if the appetite be tolerably good, we substitute quinine and iron in pills. Each pill may contain, quinine,  $\frac{1}{2}$ -grain, and sulphate of iron 2 grains, and one be given night and morning. Excess of quinine is apt to do harm, and therefore these pills may be every now and then left off in favour of one containing 4 grains each of gentian and ginger.

So long as the dog is not exposed to cold or to sudden changes of temperature, no chest complications need be feared; and so long as the feeding is judiciously regulated, no bowel complications of a serious nature will arise. It is well, however, to remember that different articles of food produce very different effects upon the bowels. Liver and oatmeal have a laxative effect, whilst bread, rice, and arrowroot have quite an opposite action. We must then use or avoid these articles according to the condition we find prevailing in the digestive organs. When the stomach is very irritable, raw beef, minced or pounded in a mortar, will often be retained, when other substances would cause vomiting. When there is a tendency to diarrhœa, cold foods are best, and this condition should always suggest the use of port wine instead of sherry, as being more astringent. Diarrhœa itself is to be met with catechu and laudanum. Constipation should be guarded against, but when debility is once present strong purgatives should be avoided, and attempts made to regulate the bowels by doses of a tablespoonful of olive oil repeated if necessary.

To guard against the advent of fits we should, at the outset of distemper, endeavour to get rid of any intestinal worms, but when once debility is marked we must be very careful in using any violent remedy which may upset the stomach or cause super-purgation. In puppies that are changing their teeth we should remove any loose ones, and be extra careful to prevent constipation.

The eruption, sometimes seen on the belly and inner side of the thighs, only requires sponging with a solution of Condyl's Fluid, and dressing with oxide of zinc ointment, or powdered fuller's earth. No washing or bathing should ever be permitted until a dog has thoroughly recovered from distemper. No exercise either should be given until all discharge from nose and eyes has ceased, and then it must be limited. Fresh air on a warm day is beneficial during convalescence, but it must be so managed that the dog is not allowed to run about and fatigue himself, as this may be followed by nervous affections.

When paralysis, fits, or St. Vitus's dance supervene, we trust to those measures most likely to strengthen the animal, and to the administration of nux vomica in half-grain doses, given always on a full stomach. Great wasting is often rapidly improved by cod-liver oil, given twice a day in tablespoonful doses. A change of air is also very beneficial, especially from town to country. Many cases, well nursed from the commencement, require no medicine, and no case can be cured by drugs if proper care in feeding and housing be neglected.

There is no preventive of distemper, although vaccination is still vaunted as effectual by a few. Doubtless, some vaccinated dogs escape the disease, so also do many unvaccinated ones. Experience is decidedly against its value. The fact is that vaccination was suggested when distemper was thought to be a variolous affection, i.e., of the same nature as small-pox and cow-pox. The eruption on the skin, which we know is an exceptional complication, was thought to be an essential symptom, and thus arose the error of the nature of the disease, which naturally suggested the use of vaccination.

A better knowledge of pathology gives no hope that innoculating dogs with the virus of cow-pox should have any effect in preventing distemper, and the weight of experience is totally against the efficacy of what was only suggested by a mistaken theory of the disease. The operation is now not often performed, save by men who know nothing either of vaccine matter or distemper, and who possess a suspicious facility in obtaining good lymph, a matter not always accessible even to a practising surgeon.

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## QUAIL-SHOOTING NEAR THE PYRAMIDS.

ANY one who, like the quail, is passing through Alexandria during the latter half of September or the first half of October, and who has the time to spare, may enjoy a good day's shooting, provided that he knows the right place to go to, or possesses a friend who will initiate him. Several years have slipped away since I first experienced that this was the case, having had a very fair day's sport with my friend Captain B—— along a piece of coast which

is interesting to Englishmen more from comparatively recent events than from those which may be connected with historically remote mummies. My friend was then living in the flowery regions of the Mahmoudíeh Canal, at Frog-moor House (so named by him on account of the excessive and continuous croaking of the Dutch nightingales), and it was not, I remember, without much effort that I contrived, on a certain day, to penetrate his abode, and inform him of my arrival. There are no bells to Egyptian houses, and when after knocking the door, kicking it, shouting, and clapping the hands, no servant appears, you discover that one of two things is true—either he is asleep or he is pretending to be. Thus, too often, in the hour of the *siesta*, in order to awake the master, you must first awake his man.

That day we planned an expedition for the morrow to the regions of Aboukír. We spent the night at Rámleh, several miles east of Alexandria, and dined with a gentleman—a most worthy representative of the British nation—who has long been resident there, and whose genial greetings and genuine hospitality will always live in the memory of those many who have received a cordial welcome under his roof. Long may he live, should Egypt be to the last his adopted country, in that pleasant spot which commands the bright blue waters of the Mediterranean on one side, and on the other gardened villas, palm-groves, and Bedouin tents.

This settlement, Rámleh, has been the growth of a few years, and its rapid development is partly owing to the railway by which an English company has connected it with Alexandria. The greater part of the English element either reside here altogether or spend here the summer months, profiting by the cool north breeze. Thackeray has somewhere truly observed that ‘those who know the English colonies abroad, know that we carry with us our pride, pills, prejudices, Harvey sauces, Cayenne peppers, and other Lares, making a little Britain wherever we settle down.’ Accordingly there is a little Britain at Rámleh, where croquet grounds have been cleverly contrived upon the desert sand. We have there a gun club for pigeon-shooting; and it is because the Anglo-Saxon element is not wanting that a certain piece of desert close at hand has been roped out and subdued into a racecourse, which occasionally becomes the scene of a gay and festive meeting. Then there is a snug little bathing cove. Also there is an Alexandria cricket club; and, for some years, there was even a boating club. Hospitality and kindness reign supreme. Altogether Rámleh is a pleasant spot, and is never too hot, even during the worst months of the year. For my part, of all places in the world, I consider it as one of the most charming; nor do I believe that I stand quite alone in this opinion.

On our way to Rámleh we passed a gigantic new palace of the viceroy. It was not quite finished, but my friend told me that it was already inhabited—by innumerable rats, which nibbled large holes in the gilded papers of wall and ceiling as soon as they observed that these decorations were complete. This great edifice

was raised upon the ashes of one which, when nearly completed, at a cost of about a quarter of a million, had been destroyed by fire. I am told that when the Khedive, who was then at Cairo, was informed of this mishap by telegraph, he merely telegraphed back these words, 'Build another.' By-the-way, the Khedive seems hitherto to have been in the habit of ordering a palace to be built up just in the casual way that any one might order a palm-tree to be cut down.

Immediately behind the palace stood 'Cæsar's Camp,' where Abercrombie fell in 1801, and of which interesting relic the last traces have been, during the past few months, disappearing. Onward for miles to east and west, beneath and around Rámleh, lies the ancient city of Alexander, crumbled in ruin.

Next morning, mounted on ambling donkeys, we started before the sun, and, leaving Rámleh behind us, skirted a long series of palm-groves in an easterly direction. What struck us much in this region, on another occasion, was the large collection of small birds that were to be seen fluttering upon sticks and artificial bushes that were placed far and wide upon the open expanse of waste land to our right. These miserable little victims were all snared by bird-lime, and when we went up to examine them closely, their captors rushed out with yells from the cover of the palms; but finding that we had no wish to interfere with their sport, began to invite our attention to their miscellaneous bag, with an eye to disposing of them. The end of this poor occupation is that the victims are plucked and sold in the streets of Alexandria, the smallest being frequently palmed off upon the unwary as the much-esteemed beccaficos.

We began shooting at Mándera, having the services of a clever pointer in excellent condition, that well repaid the attention which her master evidently bestowed upon her. Keeping along the coast we soon picked up a few quail. The wind was blowing fresh from the north-west, and the birds seemed to be passing in considerable numbers. There are spots, by-the-way, about Rámleh, I believe, much frequented on Sundays by Greeks, Italians, and Maltese, where the weary quail on approaching the shore finds an average of about three guns pointed towards him. It is unnecessary to remark that sport of all sorts in Egypt is very different to what it was not many years ago, and is becoming every year more a matter of distance and expense.

Keeping along the coast, we eventually arrived at the fort of Aboukir, and curved round to the village, looking with interest at Nelson's Island across the waves, where the wooden walls of old England proved too much, as might be expected, for those of old France. Here we rested and bathed. We did not cross to the island, though it is worth while to do so if there be a good pass of quail, as also to another small island opposite Mándera, if a boat be available. I will not pause to describe in detail our day's doings, but only say that, with the exception of certain intervals, our sport was fair all along; for I wish to pass to other scenes. Further, I

will only remark that there are several other districts within easy reach of Alexandria, by land or water, where good quail-shooting can be obtained; such as those about the promontory of Sheikh Agami, and again about the salt-encrusted shores of Lake Marcotis (Márioût, Marabôût), where the Bedouins net the birds in immense quantities and bring them alive for sale in Alexandria, or for the purpose of exportation.

It is with Cairo that our best experiences of quail-shooting are associated; for which reason I would invite your attention to the immediate neighbourhood of the Pyramids, a region where we in Cairo make our best bags during the northward migration of the quail, during the months of March and April. You can well imagine that this period forms an agreeable break in the monotony of the winter in Egypt to those who are fond of the gun; and a day's shooting in this part of the Nile valley has a character quite of its own, besides being of a sort that cannot be obtained for love or money anywhere nearer to England. Tame as the sport might appear to sportsmen of a certain stamp, it is invested with various characteristics which are to be taken into account, as likely to add considerably to the day's amusement, in the opinion of the generality. It may be, therefore, that a short sketch of a day's quail-shooting in these parts will not be wanting in interest to readers who have not yet tasted of it—possibly also to some who have.

The best way to enjoy the quail-shooting here is to pitch your tent miles away from Cairo, on the edge of the desert, near the scene of action. Apart from sport, are there not few of us who do not, or would not, appreciate such temporary freedom from the haunts of civilized life? And as no words could better express this sense of contrasted liberty than a certain very favourite passage in 'Eothen,' I will not apologize for reminding you of those lines in which the author exclaims, 'Oh, my dear ally! when first you spread your carpet in the midst of these eastern scenes, do think for a moment of those, your fellow-creatures, that dwell in squares, and streets, and even (for such is the fate of many!) in actual country houses; think of the people that are "presenting their compliments," and "requesting the honour," and "much regretting"—of those that are pinioned at dinner-tables, or stuck up at ball-rooms, or cruelly planted in pews—ay, think of these, and so, remembering how many poor devils are living in a state of utter respectability, you will glory the more in your own delightful escape.'

To-day, however, we were, two of us, starting from Cairo, from Shepheard's Hotel, before the earliest dawn, cold and misty, in a four-wheeled carriage, drawn by two of those scraggy modern Egyptian horses which drag out a half-starved and miserable existence upon a limited allowance of chopped straw. General opinion would, I think, agree that there is nothing in the way of air and sky that can surpass the farewell hour of the Egyptian sun. There seems, by-the-way, to be altogether sufficient proof that it is the same sun that occasionally struggles through your fog in Cornhill,

otherwise one might feel very much inclined to doubt it. Next to that evening hour, the most delightful time is undoubtedly the early morning, of which we were about to take advantage.

Before we had passed the village of Gizeh the sun shot up over the Arabian hill, shaking off the mists from the barley and the great-coats from our backs; and we then entered the long stretch of straight road that takes you to the foot of the Pyramids. A road, be it remembered, in Egypt, under Ismail Pasha, means a charming avenue of acacia, tamarisk, or sycamore. Very soon are seen the well-known forms of our excellent retrievers, the Bedouins, who run to meet us. We have brought no dog, but, with the help of the Bedouins, we shall be able to supply that deficiency. A cord with rattles is very rarely used in Egypt; even if one thinks it fair upon the crops, it is seldom of much advantage, the services of a line of Bedouins being preferable.

Of these sons of the desert who swarm around the Pyramids, and do their best to spoil the enjoyment of the tourist, the greater number seem to derive their livelihood chiefly from hoisting travellers to the summit, and palming off upon them those three-thousand-year-old scarabs, manufactured yesterday by the Birmingham and other associations 'for the advancement of science;' but there is a section of the tribe who turn many an honest rupee by acting as beaters and retrievers during the quail season, and very good fellows some of them are. Five or six of these, our own favourites, are among those who meet us; and we lose no time in making a start and practically convincing a pack of would-be followers that we positively have no need of their services. Two of our party are mere boys, one of them bearing the proud name of Saadi, while the other is Saïd; but none of their fathers, uncles, brothers, or cousins can walk longer or mark better than they can. We have two Alis, one Abdullah, and at least one Mohammed. They all have a slight acquaintance with the English language, with just a dash of very sporting phraseology—a choice little collection of doubtful adjectives, which they love to trot out, especially before those who are not well acquainted with Arabic. One or two small boys always follow, to carry the 'goolleh,' or porous water-jars.

Also a word as to the quail. As they come up the valley in March, they are in poor condition; for the crops are not ripe, and they go in for long flights. Keeping along the edge of the desert, they frequently satisfy their hunger with small pebbles and grit—which is all the stony wilderness has to offer—to such an extent that you can often feel the size and shape of these pebbles without the trouble of examining their crops. Having reached the broader parts of the Nile valley and the Delta, they rest in their flight, and spread themselves far and wide, to await the golden harvest, fattening as it ripens. Later in the month, and during the early part of April, they become wonderfully plump, so much so that not unfrequently a bird bursts on falling to the ground, and you see the extent to which the corn-fields pay tribute to these myriad depredators.



Coming to a halt about half a mile short of the Pyramids, we descend from the raised road, and form our line of Bedouins. The carriage remains on the side of the road till the evening, and the 'Arab steeds' rejoice in a prospect of an unlimited allowance of their favourite green clover, while the driver is left, with a day in the country before him, to sleep in the shade or flirt with the villagers, as he thinks fit. I am bound to say that it would naturally astonish many, on first arrival, to see the manner in which the crops are walked through indiscriminately; but, on the other hand, no little good is returned by decimating the hungry and luxurious quail, which are literally, as well as figuratively, living in clover.

It is of advantage at this period to have mapped out in one's mind the whole district and to know how the land lies, as it is unnecessary to remark that the quails change their quarters according to the state of the crops, and much unprofitable walking may be avoided by steering to the right spots. Also one learns much as to the different hours of the day in which the birds prefer one cover to another; and in the course of a season one picks up much information as to the rotation of crops, and other interesting matters connected with the labours of the fellaheen. Strong, broad boots are quite as much required here as elsewhere; for the dry soil is now split up into innumerable fissures, several, sometimes many, inches in width, and occasionally of such depth that you attempt in vain to extract a quail that has fallen into the chasm.

Our first shot is soon made, close to the road in a little square of short barley, which is already gilded by the ripening sun. It holds a good many quails, and we therefore keep to this and some adjoining barley-fields for some time to come, occasionally trying a change in the rich 'bersîm,' or clover of the country. Were the sun setting instead of rising, we should be almost in the shadow of the great Pyramid. We are, however, supposed to be steering towards some well-known and well-tried pieces of 'milâneh,' or chick-peas, in which, late in the season, the very best shooting is to be obtained; we therefore move onwards in a southerly direction. By the time we reach that ground, the Pyramids of Gizeh will be left many miles in the rear, the picturesque groups of Sakkara and Dashour standing out at each advance more distinctly. I will not burden your imagination with the amount of our bag, which was amply sufficient to content us. I need only remark that a tolerably good shot may bag his hundred quails with no great difficulty in a whole day during the best part of the season. Some large bags were made over this ground last season; the largest that I know of was one hundred and sixty-two and a half brace to two guns, over which some bets were lost and won. This was on the 13th of April.

Our two donkeys, which we have taken to carry luncheon, &c., are supposed to be keeping within sight of us, and as our bags become heavy we make a reckoning, and send the birds to be accounted for by those entertaining rascals the donkey-boys. In the heat of the day the birds lie very close, and many are walked over, go as slow

as you will. One must also count upon losing a good many from one cause or another. As you proceed through the corn-fields, you may very probably get a shot at a wild cat, a mongoose, or a fox (one gets used to shooting foxes here), and, if you are in luck, you may bring down a few sand-grouse. Leaving out of account hawks, kites, and the heavy brown owl that rises dismayed from the cover of vetch or milâneh, the other birds that will come within range will be a pretty variety of tern, passing in large flights, and also, late in the season, the beautiful blue-cheeked bee-eaters (*Mérops Egyptius*), which skim about with a musical twitter, and which it seems a crime to kill except for the collector's cabinet.

Our sport continued good, and we invariably found that the slower the pace the better. The weather was by no means oppressively hot, as a light breeze followed us from the north. Several hours had now passed, and, having finished an admirable expanse of 'bersîm,' we were about to enter another. It was here that a most energetic female, who rejoices in the name of Aysha, rushed forward from behind a couple of antiquated buffaloes, and, frantically waving her hands, intimated to us, in the most ferocious of tones, that our day's shooting was at an end, and that, in the name of the law and the Prophet, we should proceed no farther. Leaving the buffaloes, which seemed partially affected by the same excitement, she raised such a hue and cry about our ears, that we were glad to leave it to our Bedouins to calm her excited nerves and those of the buffaloes, which had screwed up all the fury of which they were capable, and were tugging away at the ropes which tethered them, as if to come to the aid of their mistress. We heard something of this Aysha afterwards. It seems that the reasoning faculties of the poor old lady were not quite sound; but her fate being to live in the country instead of the town, she has thereby escaped being made a saint, which would otherwise have happened to her, on account of her 'soul' being thus absorbed or abstracted. Being considered 'safe' (though she at first struck us as 'dangerous'), she had received the appointment of guardian to a certain patch of family clover. The family, however, is, I understand, on the wane, though her uncle is a fine old specimen, who saw 'Naboleon' fight the battle of the Pyramids. Indeed, I believe that one of the most cutting taunts at the Bedouin hamlet is to insinuate that any one bears some relationship to Mrs. Aysha. Many a spot in this luxurious district has its particular association; but I feel sure that whenever we tread that ground again—whether barley, 'dhurra,' beans, or vetch have hidden the landmark—the phantom of Aysha, if not the reality, will rise up again before our mental vision.

When the hour for rest and refreshment arrives, you will be sure to find yourself, as we now found ourselves, near some village with its pleasant palm-grove, and can take up your position near some cool 'sakieh,' or water-wheel. Look which way you will, you cannot wish the eye to rest on a fairer landscape. On one side are ranged all the groups of Pyramids, relieving the line of the Libyan hills; on

the other stands the citadel of Cairo, with its lofty minarets proudly commanding all the plain. Whether you admire Mohamed Ali's mosque from an architectural point of view or not, there can be but one opinion as to the effect it produces when distance enchants the scene. North and south the valley is dotted with picturesque villages, and clothed with palm-woods and a smiling vegetation. The donkeys being at the rendezvous, a sort of picnic is soon arranged, more by the aid of the Bedouins than of the lethargic donkey-boys. Excellent coolers, for anything that has come from Bordeaux or Burton-on-Trent, are found in the red earthenware jars that are suspended upon the rope of the water-wheel, and descend into the cold, dark waters of the well. The large stone troughs are lined with rugs and Bedouin broadcloth, and form good seats. Bedouin eyes are long accustomed to the mysterious contrivances of Crosse and Blackwell, and our friends make themselves useful; but they are not to be tempted to relinquish any of their religious prejudices against forbidden food. We never found a Bedouin who could be induced to touch even with his knife, if he could avoid it, the unclean animal, in any shape, or however disguised. I have never seen a Bedouin so degenerated as to be persuaded to drink wine (though the Gizeh Bedouins have a great partiality for soda water); and I have never seen a donkey-boy who was not 'civilised' enough to place himself outside any amount that you might like to provide.

I must now observe that we had amongst our beaters not only the most accomplished dancing man that the Bedouin settlement can produce, but also another who is the very nightingale of his tribe; and the moment had now arrived when, beneath the shade of palms, we were to witness a promised morning performance, and in this manner beguile a part of the hour which we intended to snatch from the heat of the day. Of all the lot, Ali is the last whom we should have suspected of being the dancer in question; but now that the hour had arrived, he was for backing out of his engagement; nor do I believe that the united eloquence of ourselves and his own fellow-tribesmen would have prevailed upon him to appear in this new character, had not the magic of English sixpences been thrown into the scale. Here was this Ali, who will walk against any Bedouin living—Ali, who scarcely winked when, two years ago, the larger portion of his scalp was unexpectedly shot away by a British sportsman—as bashful as any Arab bride, at whose marriage procession he has ever delighted the enraptured guests; for no marriage at the Pyramids would be complete without such 'fantasia.' When at last he yielded, a long 'asâia,' or stick, was presented to him, without grasping which no Egyptian dance can take place. In a moment a circle of seated Bedouins was formed around him, as he threw off the dark cloth which lay across his shoulders, and a chorus of voices kept up a well-known refrain, together with the rhythm of clapping hands. Certainly it is probably true that, as a rule, the dancing man is 'made, and not born;' but in this part of the world he must certainly resemble the poet in being 'born, and not made.' Ingenious nature

has provided him with some peculiarity, some screw loose in his organism, which enables him so to go through those performances that go by the name of dancing, as to be considered a master in the art. The case of the once celebrated dancing girls of Egypt is the same. The dance is an indescribable wriggle, intensely fascinating to the natives who witness it, and to them only; therefore I will not attempt to describe the spectacle, but leave it to those who are not aware of its character either to imagine it, or, which is better, to come and see it for themselves. I strongly recommend everybody to come to Egypt, and see all that is to be seen. The most amusing part of the performance was to watch the intense enjoyment produced upon the other Bedouins, and depicted in their countenances.

Next the 'bulbul,' also after some difficulty, gave us some snatches from Arab songs, which were more appreciated by the rest of the audience than by ourselves, though they were by no means unmusical. The last part of the entertainment was a racy Bedouin song, with a chorus, in which the dervish of the period was satirised and made a subject of ridicule. This proved most distasteful to one of the two donkey-boys, who was himself a dervish of one of the Cairene sects, and who retreated behind the 'sakieh,' followed by a shower of derisive chaff and Bedouin wit, until he was obliged to come forward and confess his sect; and I think that on this occasion, if never before, it may possibly have occurred to him that as long as many of the *soi-disant* dervishes made a mockery of religious exercises, they lay themselves open to be thus caricatured. I may here mention that even these Bedouins keep up their pride, and affect to despise the *fellah* of the Nile valley, and this spirit occasionally manifests itself during the course of the day; but the feeling, in its expression, seldom exceeds the bounds of playful banter. The *fellah* reciprocates the feeling on his side, and is mistrustful, if not positively afraid, of the man of the desert. The Bedouins quite monopolise the profession of retrieving.

We now started again, and before long reached our best ground, where a short delay was caused by some refractory fellaheen, who remonstrated on our invading 'the pasha's vetches,' but who were soon brought to understand that no possible combination of the elements, no rain or sunshine, could produce results so beneficial to the crops as the extermination of birds that perpetrate such ravages upon the 'pasha's' property. These little scenes generally end in chaff and good-humour, and the *fellah* follows you a short way to watch the sport. Any rows that have occurred in Egypt have generally resulted from a misunderstanding, in which the rustics have not been judiciously treated, or from a mistake, by which a few pellets have been lodged in the body of a *fellah*, or *fellaha*, instead of a quail. New-comers are often surprised to find children in charge of goats or cattle, crouched beneath the tall crops at the end of a field, or starting up unexpectedly, and thus have occasionally learned, by some slight mishap, the sort of caution that is required. But civil treatment of

the natives is almost invariably well met ; and visitors should respect the duties of the fellahen, when reasonable, in a land where preserved property is next to unknown, and where no gun licence is at present required.

We shot on through the hot hours of the afternoon, and homewards through the pleasant hour preceding sunset. The best shooting of all is during the last short half-hour of lingering light—

‘ Brief twilight in which southern suns fall asleep.’

At that time you often add wonderfully to your bag. The quail are all on the *qui vive*, and find that they are thinking of roosting too soon on this occasion. They rise on all sides faster than you can load.

Before turning homewards, we had come across two friends who were out with the intention of making a large bag. I wish I could send you a sketch of these two sportsmen just as they appeared at this particular moment ; it would be worth having. It would represent two small but vigorous donkeys, each carrying innumerable saddle-bags, carpet-bags, packages, and even small portmanteaus, impartially distributed, so as to hang down gracefully on either side, while, projecting outside all, were what looked like sheets, but were some native garments, distended to the utmost with the quail that had been shot, and reluctantly lent for that purpose. On the top of all were seated the two sportsmen ‘out making a large bag.’ They were taking a rest, and smoking cigarettes as they got over a piece of blank, unsown ground. Their intention was also to pass the night in an Arab village ; and this leads me just to give a hint to the uninitiated on the subject. I am convinced that no entomologist, though he might add largely to his collection, would care to spend a second night in an Arab hut, concerning which, if any one were to write, he should certainly start with the first line of a poem called ‘Solomon Improved,’ which begins,

‘ Come. I will show thee an affliction whereunto nought can be likened.’

Nor would any poet or artist twice attempt to ‘entice the dewy, feathered sleep’ in an Egyptian village, though inspiration and the picturesque (two things very nice in their way) might be found in abundance, *in the day-time*, amidst these haunts. Once is quite enough. And so we, having tried it, not once only, but twice, have taken an oath never to do so again, unless driven by dire necessity, or without the most elaborate preparations. We sigh in vain for the neat little whitewashed inns that, in some European countries, are to be found at almost all of even the smallest villages.

We had made a large bag, and had found excellent sport all through the broad acres of chick-peas. Towards evening a piece of ground in which cut beans were stacked proved most productive ; and in the ripe barley the quail rose at every step, as the short twi-

light was coming and going. And now, as the approaching shades began to collect and thicken, we mounted our donkeys, and, finding a raised path, steered straight towards our starting-point, which was still far distant. Amongst other topics which we discussed as we rode along was the extraordinary spectacle of the great 'Festival of the Prophet,' now being celebrated in Cairo, especially the concluding ceremony, which we were to witness on the following morning, in which a sanctimonious Sheikh rides a horse over a line of prostrate dervishes, considerably inspired by hashish. As we at length approached the Pyramid road bright sparks from burning wood began to glitter cheerfully before us. It was the contrivance of a polite old Bedouin who was ready, near the carriage, with hot coffee in miniature cups. We paid off, and took leave of our Bedouins. One of the Alis begged a seat on the box, with which we accommodated him; he wished, no doubt, to make a night of it in Cairo, and to see the Festival. A drive of about an hour and a quarter landed us once more at Shepherd's.

I do not wish to imply that the best quail-shooting in Egypt is to be obtained about these spots. In Upper Egypt, where the valley narrows, any number of quail may be killed in a very short space of time during the migration. Also we used to have capital days, in the northerly direction from Cairo, all round that venerable obelisk of Heliopolis, and the 'Virgin Mary's Tree.' But the Crown Prince of Egypt now lives near those historical and legendary spots, and occasionally he rides about those fields, seated upon a sedate white ass; and this sedate quadruped might be shocked and alarmed by the profane sound of a gun. This would never do; and, therefore, at every turn signboards have been planted, bearing this carefully worded notice:—

<p>IT IS DEFENDED TO SHOOTING.</p>
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The Gizeh district, however, is by far the best within easy reach; and all that I have wished to show is, that one can spend a very profitable day at an hour's distance from the bazaars and minarets of Cairo, not only making a good bag, but also, perhaps, enjoying many little incidents which will retain a prominent place among the pleasing reminiscences of life in Egypt. Tastes, as we know, differ; but I venture to think that there are few who would not be of our opinion. We, at any rate, have thoroughly enjoyed, and hope again to enjoy, many such days in this particular district of 'the Happy Valley.' Is it a Happy Valley? When we have seen all that can be said, for and against, I think we shall agree that that is a question rather difficult to decide.

## CRICKET.

BEFORE coming to London both Universities engaged in a trial match against eleven Gentlemen of England. At Cambridge three entire days were occupied in the game, the match not terminating till the clock was on the stroke of seven on the evening of the third day. Each side was strong in batting, and weak in bowling; and as a natural consequence there was much run-getting, over 200 being made by either side in each innings. The England eleven—or, rather, twelve, for it was a twelve-a-side game—included Mr. Hornby, Mr. Ridley, Mr. Longman, and Mr. I. D. Walker, with Mr. M. Turner to keep wicket, and Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Henderson to help in the bowling. The Cambridge twelve scored pretty well all through, Mr. Patterson being the only one who did not get into double figures in one innings or the other. It would be wearisome to recapitulate the performances of the twelve, among whom the brothers Lyttelton were numerically the largest scorers. It is sufficient to say that the light blues fully maintained their batting reputation, and that their friends had every reason to be satisfied with them. The danger, however, of playing so constantly forward, and the bad habit of running out of the ground, to which the Cambridge men are too prone, received a practical commentary in the fact that Mr. Turner at the wicket disposed of no fewer than eight batsmen. Only four wickets were clean bowled. On the other hand, considering the easiness of the ground, and the easy character of the Cambridge bowling, it was not wonderful that a powerful batting eleven should pile up a goodly aggregate of runs; though, be it remembered, that the Gentlemen of England had to thank Mr. Longman (98) in the first innings, and Mr. Ridley (105 not out) in the second, for far more than their proper share of the total. The fact also that in the first innings Mr. Patterson got seven wickets of England for 64 runs, set some people thinking that the Cambridge bowling was not, after all, so weak as had been represented; and though in the second innings he was more expensive and less destructive—four wickets for 88 runs—more than one good judge was powerfully impressed with the improvement he had made since last season, and with the general steadiness of his bowling. At Oxford, in the corresponding match, the Gentlemen of England were not so strongly represented, neither Mr. Longman nor Mr. Ridley, who between them at Cambridge scored 237 out of a total of 469 runs, taking part in the match. Still Oxford won so easily—seven of the dark blues getting substantial scores, ranging between Mr. Webbe's 57 and Mr. Briggs's 16—and their bowlers, Messrs. Buckland, Lewis, and Heath, came off with such sufficient success, especially the first-named gentleman, that it was generally considered a better trial than that of Cambridge; and Oxford forthwith came into strong demand for the great match at Lord's. Certainly the dark blues were fully entitled to all the credit of this match. The

two young members of the eleven, Messrs. Heath and Pearson, batted capitally, as did also Mr. A. J. Webbe—who, by the way, went on from good to better all through the month—and the bowling was certainly less expensive than that of Cambridge. The two elevens arrived, therefore, in London, with the reputation of both being strong in batting—Cambridge perhaps a little the stronger, but no great certainty about that—and of Cambridge being decidedly inferior to her rival in bowling. The conclusions based on this judgment were destined to receive a rude shock before many days. In the second week of June Cambridge made their first appearance on a London ground at the Oval, and a very remarkable match with Surrey ensued. Though the scores gained by the University (192 and 133) were highly respectable, yet we must admit that the tail of the eleven manifested its existence in both innings very decidedly. In fact Mr. Greenfield (57 and 26), Mr. Lucas (15 and 43 not out), Mr. Steel (50), Mr. Blacker (43 and 15), and Mr. A. Lyttelton (22), were the only scorers worth mentioning; and certainly a strong batting eleven was worth more runs against the bowling of Street, Barrett, and Southerton. But if Cambridge did not do as well as was expected with the bat, their performance with the ball threw quite a new light on their chances at Lord's. It was something, though perhaps not very much, to get rid of Surrey in the first innings for 137—Elliott (38) being the highest scorer—but it was a good deal in the second innings to get the first five Surrey wickets for 7 runs, and to dispose of the whole eleven for 40. This feat was accomplished by Messrs. Patterson and Luddington, the wickets being equally divided between them. The same bowlers had also obtained seven wickets between them in the first innings of Surrey. Flushed with this triumph the light blues proceeded to Lord's to play their return match with the M.C.C. and G. A fairly strong eleven were gathered together to meet them—Mr. W. G. Grace, Mr. Booth, Mr. T. S. Pearson, and two promising Hampshire players—to whom we have elsewhere alluded—Mr. Jeffreys and Mr. Duncan, representing the Club, and A. Shaw, Morley, Preston, and Wild, the Ground. Such a team was bound to score, and, if the bowling had been as bad as was represented, to stop in a couple of days; and in our opinion they were cheaply got rid of for 206. Five Cambridge bowlers were tried, everyone with more or less success, and again Mr. Patterson's analysis—53 overs, 20 maidens, 60 runs, 3 wickets—is not to be despised. When Cambridge went in and two of the best men, Mr. Lucas and Mr. A. Lyttelton, were dismissed by Shaw for nothing, things certainly looked very bad. But despite this discouraging commencement the light blues did not lose heart, and the next six batsmen played so efficiently that in the end the total fell only 8 short of the score of the M.C.C. and G. Mr. Steel, who has hardly gone in this season without making a good score, put together 56—a tolerably sufficient answer to the shallow critics who have denounced him as an impostor because he occasionally takes liberties and infringes some of the rules of orthodox



cricket. For our part, give us the impostors, and as many of them as we can get, who make their fifties with great regularity before leaving their wickets. If they do not play correct wicket, at all events they win matches. The second innings of the M.C.C. and G. was by no means so successful as the first. Mr. Patterson, with Mr. A. Lyttelton to help him behind the wickets, was in great force, and got five wickets, including Mr. W. G. Grace's, for 48 runs. Mr. Jeffreys and Mr. Turner showed some good cricket, but the fielding was good, the bowling by no means to be despised, and there was no chance of putting on runs at any portentous pace. The second essay of the M.C.C. and G. produced about 60 fewer runs than the first, and the University was left with about 156 to get to win. A close contest was generally prophesied; but, on the contrary, the batting beat the bowling from the very first, and not a light blue retired to the Pavilion till he had put double figures on the scoring sheet. Mr. Lucas made up for his disappointment in the first innings by playing a fine innings of 57 (not out), and Mr. Steel rattled up 44, according to his invariable habit, and so the match was won, and well won, with the loss of four wickets;—as good a trial, in our opinion, as any University eleven could desire to have on the eve of the great match of the year. In the meanwhile the Oxford men were not idle. On the contrary, they were going through some of the hardest work, in some of the hottest weather, that ever fell to the lot of cricketers. They were playing against Middlesex at Prince's, and the match went in this wise. Middlesex, playing by no means their strongest eleven—Mr. Buller, for instance, was absent—went in first and made 439. Mr. I. D. Walker (110), Mr. Burghes (104), and Mr. M. Turner (82), were the highest scorers. Nine Oxford bowlers were tried with such indifferent success that it began to be surmised that the vaunted strength in the Oxford bowling lay in its variety rather than in any distinctive excellence. If, however, the Middlesex batting was strong, that of Oxford was more powerful still. What little bowling there was to be got rid of was effectually knocked on the head by Mr. Webbe, whose faultless contribution of 98 was the commencement of one of the most extraordinary innings ever witnessed. The rest of the Oxford eleven had little else to do than to hit, and they did hit with a will, regardless of the awful heat which by degrees reduced the field to the last stage of apathy and exhaustion, till the gigantic total of 612 was amassed. It is unnecessary to go into details, for these mammoth innings are usually the result of inferior bowling rather than of superior batting, but we may mention that Mr. Game (141) obtained his runs in a more correct style than he usually affects. Of course the match was bound to end in a draw, but in the uncompleted second innings of Middlesex the same rapid scoring went on, Mr. Thornton and Mr. Green making 100 between them in little more than half-an-hour. After this severe exercise the dark blues proceeded to Lord's, where they found an uncommonly strong eleven of the M.C.C. and

G. waiting for them—Mr. W. G. Grace, Mr. Ridley, Mr. Ottaway, Mr. Booth, Mr. Tylecote, Lord Harris, and Mr. Francis, representing the Club, and Shaw and Morley the Ground. It was quite Oxford against England, and, after their three days' work at Prince's, it was not surprising that the dark blues were rather stale. Their bowling, with the exception of Mr. Buckland's, was good for nothing, and Mr. Grace and Mr. Booth, who went in first for the M.C.C., treated it with the greatest indifference. Their batting also had lost much of its vigour, though Mr. Webbe (95) again played a perfect innings—bar one chance in the early part—and Mr. Game (30) gave another proof of his improved form. In the second innings, also, Mr. Heath, who is quite the second best bat in the Oxford Eleven, made a brilliant 50; but when five wickets had fallen for 150 the match was declared drawn, and it was certainly advisable that this hard-worked team should have two clear days of rest before the great contest of the year. It is not the batting that is the trial. Amateurs can go on batting every day in the week without getting at all stale; but their bowling and fielding go off wofully after several consecutive days of hard work, and it was generally thought last Friday that the chance of the dark blues had been by no means improved by the severe labour they had undergone so short a time before the eventful 26th of June. For the rest, the general opinion was that the two elevens were pretty equal; that the bowling was weak on both sides, that of Cambridge being perhaps slightly the superior; that Mr. Webbe was incomparably the best bat in the two elevens; that Cambridge had perhaps rather more of a tail than Oxford; and that a great deal would depend on which won the toss.

The late period of the month at which the University match ended prevents us from entering as fully as we could wish into all the details of the play. The result was undoubtedly a surprise, for there was no fault to be found either with the weather or the wickets, and Oxford gained an advantage at the outset by winning the toss. A large score was confidently anticipated, but the powerful batting team of the dark blues collapsed with startling rapidity. To begin with, Mr. Webbe's wicket fell for a single run, and this was a disaster from which Oxford never recovered. Mr. Heath, the second best bat in the eleven, was not at all at home, and the only two who made a stand were Mr. Briggs and Mr. Buckland. It was not that the bowling was either particularly good or particularly difficult. Mr. Patterson keeps hammering away at the wicket, and is not afraid of pitching them up; but certainly we expected to see three at least of the Oxford eleven punish him severely. Mr. Luddington is very far from being a good bowler, though those who said that he could not bowl at all soon found out their mistake. His bowling is, for the most part, very short pitched, and he varies his long hops to the off by frequent half volleys to leg. Sometimes, however, he delivers a difficult ball, but for his success in the first innings of Oxford he may thank his opponents, who proved themselves unable

to cope with the most moderate bowling. It was all very well to speak of the bad luck of the dark blues, but in reality their breakdown was the result of their bad play. Mr. Webbe, for instance, played shockingly at a long hop to the off, and put it into short slip's hands. The bad example thus set was unfortunately followed by the majority of the eleven, and even Mr. Buckland and Mr. Briggs, who made the stand of the innings, showed little life in their hitting. Their steadiness and their defence were highly commendable, but though they stopped the straight ones beautifully, they failed signally to punish the loose ones. And there was not an over in which there were not one or two balls that ought to have been punished, had there been two vigorous hitters to take advantage of the opportunity. Mr. Thornton and Mr. Green, for instance, would have sent Mr. Luddington and Mr. Patterson to all parts of the ground. The fact was, we suppose, that the five days' play the week before at Prince's and Lord's in desperately hot weather had taken the steel out of the Oxford men. They were stale and listless, and that they were fagged and overdone was still more apparent when they went out to field. They began well enough, for their fast bowler, Mr. Lewis, immediately dispatched Mr. Greenfield and Mr. Blacker. But after this brief spurt of success they fell off, and the steady and fine play of Mr. Lucas effectually stopped the repetition of such disasters. The next four Cambridge batsmen followed the example set by Mr. Lucas, and as change after change was tried, the real weakness of the Oxford bowling was made more and more apparent. For one thing, it was not well managed, and we confess we cannot compliment Mr. Game on his tactics as captain of the dark blues. There was Mr. Pearson, for instance, who was only in the eleven for his bowling, and yet he was never put on till 210 were up, and then he got two wickets immediately. The field also were badly placed, and, with the exception of Mr. Royle, they gave palpable signs of fatigue and apathy. Mr. Royle, at cover-point, was simply superb, and his fielding has never been surpassed, if it has ever been equalled. He certainly saved as many runs as the remainder of the eleven lost. As for the Oxford bowling, there was Mr. Buckland, straight, easy, and kept on a good deal too long; Mr. Lewis, fast and uncertain—about the same stamp as Mr. Luddington, perhaps a little better, but not much; Mr. Royle, still easier than Mr. Buckland, save every now and then, when he delivered a real good break-back; and others of different degrees of mediocrity. They could make little impression on the phalanx of batting opposed to them; and the three Uppingham men, Mr. Lucas, Mr. Steel, and Mr. Patterson, specially distinguished themselves. A certain number of prejudiced critics who have scoffed at Uppingham batting as unsound and untrustworthy will probably observe a judicious silence for a time on the subject. If some of the strongest bats on the Oxford side were to take a lesson in on-play from Mr. Lucas and Mr. Patterson they would find their average considerably increased at the end of the season. Mr. Heath,

for instance, is a really fine batsman; yet in this match he seemed utterly lost to a ball on his leg stump, and so did others of his colleagues. The Uppingham men, let it be noted, contributed amongst them 202 out of the 302 runs made by Cambridge in the first innings, and their runs were thoroughly well obtained. Mr. Patterson's 105 (not out) was a masterpiece, and, to the best of our belief, he never gave a chance. Nor did Mr. Lucas (67) till he failed quite to get hold of a ball which Mr. Campbell cleverly secured at deep long-on. Mr. Steel (24) sternly restrained his hitting powers, and played for his runs with great steadiness; and both Mr. E. Lyttelton (18) and Mr. A. Lyttelton (43) well sustained the great cricketing reputation of their family. On the whole, the result of the first essay of both sides was that the light blues played up to their acknowledged form, and the dark blues greatly below it. Either side was well worth 300 runs against the bowling they had to meet; but the heroes of the 612 runs at Prince's played as if they had had enough of cricket for the present. It was a terrible up-hill game for Oxford to play, with nearly 200 runs to make to save a one-innings defeat, and things again went badly for them at the commencement. Mr. Buckland was cleverly caught and bowled for nothing; and Mr. Heath, again, could neither hit Mr. Luddington's loose balls, nor get his legs out of the way of those that were not loose. Mr. Webbe, who, if he had taken the trouble, could have stopped in a week against the Cambridge bowling, was evidently bent on wild hitting, and when we saw him lashing out at Mr. Patterson's off-balls, we felt certain it would not be long before he put one up. Three or four he hit finely, and then the catch came—a warm one, but straight into Mr. Greenfield's hands—and the hope of the dark blues retired for an insignificant 16. Mr. Dury put a little life into the game, and made a couple of grand hits over the ring, but his is not a staying style, and when he retired, and Mr. Pearson had been dismissed by Mr. Luddington for a not very scientifically obtained 14, half the Oxford wickets had gone, and there was still a great amount of leeway to make up. A one-innings defeat seemed a foregone conclusion, and the thousands of spectators began to lament the one-sided nature of the contest; and certainly it is not a lively amusement to sit in a broiling sun and watch a match out of which all the interest has been taken. It was now, however, that Mr. Briggs and Mr. Game came to the rescue, and made the great and successful stand of the day. Mr. Briggs (32) played with the same steadiness he displayed on the preceding day, but it is disappointing that he should make so little use of his height and reach. He seems afraid to hit, and though Mr. Patterson kept pitching up the most tempting balls, Mr. Briggs persisted in contenting himself with playing them instead of driving them. By the way, we may remark that about the only mistake made by the Cambridge captain was in working Mr. Patterson too hard in the second innings. After his long innings he wanted a rest, but he was at once put on to bowl, and very expensive he proved. Mr. Game's 109 was, in many

respects, a remarkable performance, and the Oxford captain is undoubtedly entitled to the greatest credit for his plucky efforts to retrieve the fortunes of his side at a critical moment when everything seemed lost. At the same time we never saw a hundred runs obtained in a great match in similar style, and we must honestly confess that we shall not much care if we never behold a repetition of the feat. Why Mr. Game, who, on an average, plays two balls out of four as they ought to be played, and can hit with freedom, vigour, and effect, should think it necessary to play the other two as if he were an old woman stricken with the palsy we cannot pretend to determine; but he is what they call an original cricketer, and like other persons who seek after notoriety, he appears to mistake eccentricity for originality. When Mr. Campbell joined his captain—Mr. Briggs had been bowled by a Yorker from Mr. Allsopp—another stand was made, and by the united efforts of this pair the innings was saved and a few runs put on. Mr. Campbell (43) showed some fair form during his innings and did some effective hitting. He was ultimately bowled by a remarkably plain underhand ball of Mr. Greenfield's, which he could have played, we should have thought, with the handle of his bat; and Mr. Game, as original in the method of ending his innings as of obtaining his runs, also fell to Mr. Greenfield. He got his legs, and, indeed, his whole body, well in the way of a full pitch from the underhand bowler, and there was no doubt as to the umpire's decision. We may remark, by the way, that two palpable catches at the wicket had been ignored by the umpires, but as one was on the Cambridge and the other on the Oxford side matters were fairly equalised. When the second innings of Oxford closed 262 runs had been obtained—not at all more than the dark blues were worth against such moderate bowling—and Cambridge were left with about 70 runs to get. With proper management the match might easily have been concluded on the Tuesday evening; but dawdling had been the order of the day throughout; dawdling and delay at luncheon, dawdling between the innings, and quite unnecessary delays of frequent occurrence during the innings. When the ninth Oxford wicket fell the tenth man took no less than ten minutes to get ready for play, and thus by one irregularity and another it was twenty minutes to seven before Mr. A. Lyttelton and Mr. Lucas took their places against the bowling of Mr. Lewis and Mr. Buckland. Even then the match would have been finished had the advertised arrangements of the M.C.C. been adhered to; for the above-named batsmen hit with a will, knocked off Mr. Lewis in little more than five minutes, and had got 32 out of the required 70 when the clock struck seven. The remainder would have been easily got in the next half hour, but it appears that the two captains had agreed to draw at seven; though how it came to pass that the two captains were allowed to override the engagement entered into between the M.C.C. and the public that play should continue to half-past seven on the second day we are at a loss to comprehend.

The alteration was not only a gross breach of faith towards the public, but the vexatious absurdity of bringing up the two elevens all the way to Lord's on the morning of the third day to make 40 runs, and of making such of the public as wished to see the conclusion of the match pay a third fee for admission to the ground cannot possibly be justified. If the Committee of the M.C.C. do not mean to enforce their own arrangements, they have no business to advertise them, or to induce the public to believe that they will be carried out. There was not even the barren excuse of a bad light to justify the sudden termination of play last Tuesday before the appointed hour. Twenty-three minutes' play sufficed to bring the match to a conclusion on the morning of the third day, and Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, who was in excellent form, was unfortunately run out when the scorers stood up to signify a tie. So ended a contest that ought to have been more even, but that became one-sided through the unaccountable collapse of Oxford in the first innings, and the poor display of Mr. Webbe. Probably if the match were played over again Cambridge might again win, but not by nine wickets. Both sides are worth a very large number of runs against moderate bowling, and there was nothing approaching to first-class bowling on either side, and staying power at the finish and superior management might again turn the tide in favour of the light blues.

On the Monday before the Derby, Yorkshire entered the lists at Lord's against a strong M.C.C. and G. eleven, and an interesting match ensued, the County having 78 runs to get to win, and six wickets to go down at the close of the second day. It was a pity that the contest could not have been brought to a termination; but fond as the Yorkshiremen are of cricket they love horse-racing still better, and they were all bound for Epsom on the Wednesday, when we may be sure they backed Forerunner and lost their money. The match, so far as it went, was well fought out on both sides, though Mr. Grace did not come off in batting, nor Morley in bowling. A. Shaw, however, as usual, proved himself a tower of strength to his side in bowling, and this season he is in his very best form, which is as much as saying that no other bowler of his pace can compare with him. Mr. F. Penn, a valuable acquisition to the ranks of the M.C.C., played two very good innings, and Mr. Buller one in his finest style of 67, while Lockwood's two contributions (58 and 63 not out) were not only numerically the largest, but intrinsically the best on his side. It was an impossible task for Yorkshire to get 191 runs in two hours—the time left for them on the evening of the second day—and they did well, we think, to get as many as 113 for the loss of four wickets against the excellent bowling they had to encounter. Very different was the issue of the match, which if properly arranged ought to have been equally well contested, between the M.C.C. and G. and Yorkshire's great rival, Nottingham. The fixture was in a heavy week, when there were great demands on various grounds and in various parts of the country on the best amateur talent, and being deprived in addition of A. Shaw, Morley,

and Wild, who of course played for their county, the old Club was hard put to it to make up an eleven at all. And a very poor eleven it was, though we dare say the best that could be obtained under the circumstances. The four bowlers, Clayton, Rylott, Randon, and Mycroft, however much they may stop runs are not to be depended on to make them; and the six amateurs were not as a body up to county form, much less the form required against so strong a county as Nottingham. Mr. F. Penn is good enough for any eleven, and he made a fair score in both innings, but otherwise the Nottingham men had the way made very plain for them. They are pretty well accustomed, too, to the bowling of Mycroft and Randon, and Daft, who has taken into his head to go in first, and who finds the place suit him very well, and A. Shrewsbury got a good way towards beating their opponents off their own bats. Two North and South matches came off at a very short interval from one another—the first at Prince's, the second at Lord's. Of the latter, which is criticised elsewhere by an able pen, we will only say that it well fulfilled the object for which it was played. We have no great liking for benefit matches, believing that professional cricketers are both overpaid and underworked; but if custom compels their continuance, it is of course as well to have a good match and fine weather, otherwise the *beneficiaire*, as we suppose we must call him, grumbles more deeply than if he had never had a benefit at all, and poses through the remainder of the season as an aggrieved person. The match at Prince's was chiefly remarkable for the fine bowling of Lillywhite and the good batting of Mr. I. D. Walker, who is in rare form this season, and Mr. F. Penn. The sides were well selected, though the North suffered severely through the absence of Mr. Hornby, and the South had one 'passenger' in the person of Flanagan. The batting of the North did not come up to its usual standard, though Lockwood and Oscroft played well; nor did Morley come off in the bowling department, in which A. Shaw, as usual, and Hill distinguished themselves, and the South, as at Lord's, achieved an easy victory. Strong as the North is, both in batting and bowling, the great amateur batsmen of the South form a phalanx which it is almost impossible to break through; and it is noticeable that since Mr. Grace has been more chary of getting hundreds, his colleagues, not feeling themselves so utterly dwarfed as heretofore, have rendered much more important assistance with their bats; and when the great man has retired after making quite a moderate contribution, there have always been three or four to follow him who have given the field plenty of occupation. The scoring has been much more even all through than in former years; and Mr. Buller, Mr. I. D. Walker, Mr. Hadow, Mr. Penn, and others, have hardly ever failed to make their mark. Altogether, the Gentlemen will have the most powerful batting eleven against the Players this year that has ever been got together, and the difficulty will be to know whom to leave out rather than whom to put in. And though bowling is of course the weak point of amateurs, it is very

evident that Mr. W. G. Grace is bowling this season better than he has ever done. If, in former years, we have spoken somewhat disparagingly of Mr. Grace's bowling, we must sit in sackcloth and ashes now and acknowledge him to be a master in that as in every other department of the game. His bowling may look, and undoubtedly often does look easy; but that is the *ars celare artem*, as the very best batsmen discover to their cost. Whether, however, Mr. Grace is always judicious in his management, and whether he does not sometimes keep himself on too long without a change—these are questions on which there will probably be considerable difference of opinion. The match between the Gentlemen of the South and the Players of the South was only a half-and half sort of affair. Mr. W. G. Grace did not take part in it, and, for some reason or another, it was limited to two days. Consequently it ended in a drawer, very much in favour of the Gentlemen. For the Players Jupp and Pooley were the principal scorers, and for the Gentlemen Mr. Blacker (86), who thus obtained some nice hitting practice just before the University match, and Mr. I. D. Walker (63) occupied the foremost positions.

Turning to the county matches that have been played during the past month, we come first on Derbyshire *v.* Hampshire, and the victory obtained by the former was highly creditable, though not altogether according to expectation. Hampshire is strong in amateurs: we have only to mention the names of Mr. Ridley, Mr. Longman, and Mr. Booth, to show what an excellent nucleus there is for a county eleven. There are also serviceable men, such as Mr. Jeffreys, who often plays for the M.C.C., and Mr. Duncan, who, if we mistake not, was once tried for Cambridge. Among the professionals, Holmes has long been known as a useful all round cricketer, though not approaching the first class; and the brothers Tate are fair bowlers, H. Tate especially. Still, in bowling, Derbyshire, with Mycroft, Platts, and Hickton, has decidedly the best of it; and there are useful batsmen, too, in the northern county, among whom Mr. R. P. Smith and Frost may be mentioned. The bowling of Derbyshire, however, won the match, for Mycroft and Platts were unchanged in the first innings, and disposed of their opponents for less than one hundred; and though matters mended in the second innings, and Mr. Booth and Holmes made a great stand, Hampshire could not recover the lost ground, and was beaten by eight wickets, Frost and Mr. R. P. Smith being well in at the time the required number of runs had been obtained. Against the far inferior bowling—and we may add the far inferior batting also—of Kent, Hampshire showed in very different colours. The Kent men could make nothing of Mr. Ridley, who took twelve wickets in the match, and whose analysis, for a lob bowler, is wonderfully good. On the other hand, though eight bowlers were tried for Kent, it was all very poor stuff, and the Hampshire men knocked it about all over the place, Mr. Duncan (68 and 58), Mr. Ridley (50), Mr. Booth (75), and Mr. Longman (20 and 44), being the highest



scorers. Mr. Booth, who, we believe, captains the Hampshire side, has not only 'come again,' to use a racing phrase, in his cricket, but is batting better now than he ever did when he was in the Cambridge eleven. The Kent batting depends very much on Lord Harris, who is indefatigable in his exertions to raise his county to its former position; but he was unfortunately run out in the first innings of this match. Mr. Penn, fine batsman though he is, does not seem so fortunate when playing for his county as in other matches. But the real weakness of Kent is in the bowling department, which is at present very insufficiently supplied. Against Derbyshire Lord Harris was enabled to enlist on the side of Kent Mr. Foord-Kelcey, and Mr. Absolom, and these two bowlers accounted for sixteen Derbyshire wickets, though at a very considerable cost. It was quite on the cards for Kent to do the trick, however, for with a moderate share of luck the Kentish batsmen are quite worth 157 runs. But Lord Harris, whose brilliant 79, obtained in little over one hour, had been the feature of the first innings, was unluckily given out l. b. w. just when he was getting set in the second; and Mr. F. Penn again disappointed expectations. So Hickton and Mycroft were just able to deprive the southern county of the hoped-for victory, 32 runs being still wanting when the last Kentish wicket fell. Derbyshire also obtained about this time a signal victory over the M.C.C. and G., an eleven including Mr. Buller, Mr. Tylecote, Mr. J. S. Pearson, Mr. R. T. Richardson, and professionally assisted by A. Shaw, Morley, Rylott, and Clayton, being easily defeated in one innings. Mycroft and Hind, the latter a colt, we believe, were very much too good for their opponents, strong as they looked on paper, and Hind and Foster knocked the M.C.C. bowling to pieces. For a wonder, A. Shaw did not get a single wicket, although he bowled twenty-four maiden overs out of a total of forty-four. This says much for the steadiness of the Derbyshire batting, and altogether things have gone very well this season for the Derbyshire eleven. We omitted to mention in its proper place that before going to Derby, Kent, which has been as unfortunate as Derbyshire has been fortunate, sustained a smashing defeat from Lancashire. Lancashire, of course, is much too strong for Kent to tackle with any chance of success, and, had a chance given by Lord Harris in his second innings before he had scored, been accepted, the game would have been even more one-sided than it actually was. After this let off, Lord Harris hit in his usual free and dashing style, and did not retire till he had obtained 82 runs. Mr. F. Penn, also, for once, did something for his county, but it was all of no use, and Lancashire won by ten wickets. Mr. Hornby (65) was the highest scorer for Lancashire, and Watson and McIntyre did the bowling, the former taking three Kent wickets in three consecutive balls. Mr. Foord-Kelcey, on behalf of Kent, got five Lancashire wickets, and, curiously enough, Lord Harris got the other five; so that on the whole it would not have been wonderful if Lancashire had got into their third or even their fourth hundred,

instead of stopping short at 181. Another southern county about this time journeyed northward, and returned with no laurels of victory. Surrey, indeed, took a weak eleven down to Sheffield against Yorkshire, and made a lamentable exhibition, totalling 74 (Jupp 37 not out), and 41 (Jupp 12), against Yorkshire's single innings of 173. Armitage (47), and Ulyett (46), were the chief scorers for Yorkshire, and Armitage, who is also a slow underhand bowler, got thirteen Surrey wickets. Jones was the most successful bowler on the Surrey side, but the Surrey eleven seemed to play without any life, and the slows fairly bothered them.

Gloucestershire, as might reasonably be expected, has not found it very difficult to beat Surrey and Sussex, though had the Sussex men been able to 'stay' the third day they might have made a much better fight of it at the end. In the first of these two matches Surrey made a wretched show in batting. Jupp, R. Humphrey, and Elliott all failed to come off, and had not Pooley (63 and 22) been backed up by the extreme tail of the eleven, Southerton and Street, a single innings defeat would have been the fate of Surrey. Surrey began well in the bowling line by getting rid of Dr. Grace and Mr. W. G. Grace; but then came an awful time for them, and Mr. Gilbert (86), Mr. Townsend (88), and Mr. G. F. Grace (42), completely collared the bowling. Against this tall scoring Surrey could do nothing; and it is noticeable that Mr. Gilbert, who is quite a man of mark this season, snapped up six Surrey batsmen in the slips. The first innings on each side in the Gloucestershire and Sussex match was evenly contested. Fillery—how that man has improved in bowling; a few years ago an ordinary village eleven would have made a good score off him!—disposed of the three Graces, to the great glee of the supporters of Sussex, as well as of four other Gloucestershire wickets. Mr. Gilbert and Mr. R. E. Bush were the highest contributors to the score sheet; but the total (161), was not sufficient to frighten the Sussex men, especially as they were playing on their own ground, and the weather and the wickets were alike all that could be desired. Sussex, moreover, made an excellent start, Mr. Greenfield and J. Phillips scoring 68 before they were separated. Thenceforward, however, the run-getting slackened, but sufficient was done before the innings closed to place Sussex in a majority of 8 over their opponents. The second half of the match was, it must be admitted, a good deal interrupted by rain, but in other respects it presented a disheartening resemblance to what has occurred on previous occasions. Mr. W. G. Grace (104), got the Sussex bowling in a knot, and though his ten colleagues gave him only a mild support, the Sussex batting proved unequal to the demand made upon it. Fillery again distinguished himself in bowling, taking altogether thirteen wickets in the match, though Lillywhite, who obtained six, has the better analysis. The second innings of Sussex was a dismal affair. The wickets went down like ninepins, and only Fillery and Mr. Kennedy made the ghost of a stand. The total of 73 was utterly unworthy of the

undoubtedly strong batting ability of the Sussex eleven; and no excuse can be offered for it, except that Sussex never has been able, and we suppose never will be able to play an up-hill game. Mr. W. G. Grace did not get a single wicket in the match—and, indeed, did not go on to bowl in the second innings—so that the collapse of Sussex is all the more remarkable. Surrey and Middlesex played a great run-getting match at Prince's, but the Middlesex amateurs proved themselves greater gluttons at the game than their opponents. The fine score of 276, to which Jupp contributed 92 (not out), and Humphrey 54, started the game favourably for Surrey; but, unfortunately, Middlesex was well able to do as much, and more to boot. Mr. Ottaway (112) set the example, which Mr. I. D. Walker, Mr. Bullen, and Mr. Francis followed so effectually that the total reached 339. After a long day's leather-hunting, an eleven mainly composed of professionals is often apt to get slack, and the run-getting propensities of Surrey showed a material abatement at the second essay; so much so that Middlesex were left with only a little matter of 70 to get, which cost them two wickets, Mr. Ottaway (34, not out), again showing that, though he has played but little this season, his batting powers are as good as ever. We may observe that Mr. Lucas of the Cambridge eleven, and Mr. Game, captain of Oxford, played on behalf of Surrey. The former batted in his well-known careful style; while the latter 'bagged his brace.' On the Middlesex side a new professional, Burghes, made his appearance, and created a favourable impression by his batting, which, as we have seen, was exhibited to still greater advantage on another occasion. The death of Mr. C. G. Wynch, at a comparatively early age, will be much regretted by those who remember him in the zenith of his cricketing career. As captain of Rugby he attained a reputation seldom acquired by batsmen of his age, and subsequently, whether as playing for the Gentlemen against the Players, or for one or other of the counties he temporarily honoured with his presence, he fully maintained his position as one of the best amateurs of the day. In some points he was, as a batsman, second to none; and though his style lacked finish and grace, he was wonderfully effective, and, in his best days, tolerably safe also to get runs from the best of bowling. His square leg hitting was remarkably clean and powerful; and in this he perhaps approached George Parr more nearly than any other amateur, past or present. He was also a fine cover-point and long-leg, with a quick return. At one time he played for Sussex, and did good service for the southern county; and later he played for Suffolk with less success. He may very likely have played for other counties also, for in those days the qualifications for a county player were not minutely scrutinised. If a good man liked to travel about the country in the summer months, the secretaries of county clubs would be all on the look-out for him, and would press him into their ranks with the most amusing indifference as to where he was born, or where he resided.

## 'OUR VAN.'

## THE INVOICE.—The Leafy Month of June.

WHERE shall we take up our parable?—at what period of its 'leafiness' shall we begin our budget of June joys and jollities? It is not from lack of material that we hesitate; rather are we embarrassed by the wealth of the subject, and our difficulty lies in selection. The Derby was fortunately got over, and is now too old a story to refer to, save for the sake of mentioning our happy tip of Kisber on the Derby morning as the one and only winner, and our hope that 'Baily' readers profited thereby. There is so little time to spare when June once sets in with its usual severity; fête follows fête, and show succeeds to show; and we have scarcely recovered from the effects of Camelia and Enguerrande's dead-heat, when we are summoned to the sawdust of the Agricultural Hall, and polo and pigeons at Hurlingham.

But there is something fresh to see on the grassy sward of the river-side villa, and the swells are glad through (what was once) Naylor's wide domain. It is a new sensation; a novelty from which much is expected, and about which there are vague rumours touching Indians, war-paint, and feathers. For the game of La Crosse is to be introduced to the favourable notice of the British public by Canadian and Indian players; and what so fitting a place as Hurlingham for the medium of introduction? It has been announced that the Indians will appear in 'their native costume,' which rather alarms our good friend Mrs. Perkins, of Rhododendron Square. She dearly loves Hurlingham because, as she says, she meets 'the best people;' but she has an idea, chiefly derived from the novels of her Fenimore-Cooper youth, that the full-dress of an Indian is composed of a blanket alone. The Misses Perkins are models of propriety (none of your fast, rinking young women), and Mrs. P. is anxious. We are fortunate in being able to relieve her mind. 'The Strong Wind' and the 'Hole in the Clouds' wear, saving her presence, the small-clothes of civilised life, and the *tout ensemble* is rather disappointing than not, for it is so entirely proper. The chief—his name is 'the Blue Spotted One'—is adorned with feathers, it is true, but they are supplemented by a costume more in accordance with European views than that of the gentleman celebrated in song whose 'heart was true to Poll;' his dress, if we remember rightly, being 'a hat and a pair of shoes.' Everything is *en règle* at Hurlingham, be sure, for there are Major Monson and Captain Smythe to see to the arrangements; to be umpires at polo, to look after the Indians, to keep an eye over the gate, and do fifty things besides. By-the-way, it strikes us that Hurlingham must be about the largest club in the world, and ought to pay pretty well, on the ten-shilling days especially. But this is a digression, and we will return to our Indians. The afternoon which brings the world to Hurlingham is not exactly a summer one, and the King's Road is fuller of dust than we could wish; but it is quite 'a going to the Derby' for that locality, the inhabitants lining the *pavé*, and waiting for the Prince, who cometh not. The absence of H. R. H. and the Princess was the one drawback to what would have been the most brilliant gathering we ever saw there since Hurlingham days began. How the people all packed themselves away we know not; but finding friends was nearly as difficult as meeting by appointment at the Derby, getting a cup of tea a work of toil, and the waiters on the lawn had a very warm time of it. The game was voted charming, and really is an amusing and interesting one for spectators, which cannot be said of all out-door pastimes. It is a simple game, too, and

might be compared to polo on foot if hockey sticks were used instead of racquets. These latter are long in the handle, and terminate in a sort of saucer-shaped combination of catgut and netting, made for catching and picking up the india-rubber ball. The sides are composed each of a dozen players, and there are goals as at polo. But it is a livelier game, it appeared to us, than polo; affording scope for more skill and activity, and certainly calling for a greater amount of exertion in the way of running than cricket, or even football. In fact, speed is the first point, it appears to us, at La Crosse, and, rather to the surprise of the majority of the spectators, the Canadians beat the Iroquois in this matter. 'The untutored Indian'—though we should be sorry to affix this stigma on all the gentlemen in the blue small-clothes who helped to amuse us so much on that day—may probably stay a little better, but he has not the quickness of foot of his white brother of the Dominion, and so it came to pass that the latter scored the majority of goals. There is a knack, too, in the way the ball is caught in the racquet, in the way it is knocked out by an opponent (the Indians were particularly good at this), and in the back-hander deftly given by the pursued, just as the pursuer is about to strike his racquet, all of which points were much appreciated by the spectators. There is fun too in the game, for white men and red men sometimes roll over each other in a *mêlée*, and we fancy there must be some hard knocks now and then, chiefly on the head, and there we should say the Indians had the pull. The general verdict was that it was a capital game; but whether it is one that will take root among our braves, we can hardly say. In the first place, the braves must be young; must lead regular lives; not sit up late, go to Cremorne, or drink too much Heidseck or Irroy. It is a game, in fact—so it struck us—for a pre-eminently virtuous and fit young man: none others need apply.

The next bit of 'leafiness' is a meet of the Coaching Club on the 7th (for particulars see daily papers *passim*), with a drive to Richmond, and a dinner at The Queen's as a pleasant finale. The only drawback was that the guests at the dinner, though fit, were few; and some around the board, remembering the days of old, were inclined to lament over the present state of things. The C. C. used to dine, and well too—at least as well as certain hotel-keepers would allow them; and pleasant were the drives through the Dulwich lanes to the Palace; pleasant even was Greenwich and its tram, pleasanter yet trotting up amidst admiring glances from the Lass of Richmond Hill. There were a good many lasses, by-the-way, on the hill the afternoon we are referring to. They had been holding a bazaar, the darlings! for some deserving orphans, and our private opinion is that they intended getting the C. C. into their nets. But unfortunately only few of the Club coaches went down; and though the members and their friends dared do aught that did become men, the little band felt that storming a bazaar was just a little too much. An advance-guard of assistant stall-holders took up position in skirmishing order at the entrance; but though there was a stalwart warrior or two among the C. C.'s guests, discretion was the better part of valour, and the orphans' necessities were not relieved. Another thing to mention, by-the-way, is that you may now dine at Richmond without fear, and imbibe the sparkling without a twinge. Time was, and not very long ago either, when you could not do this—at least no one turned of thirty, who valued his constitution, could. We believe that it was the badness of the dinners at some of the hostelrys within the twelve miles radius which has caused these pleasant meets of the C. C. to fall away. The dinners at that well-known hotel The Cow and Snuffers, for

instance—what remembrances did they not leave behind the next morning! The manager was an autocrat, and would always insist on our drinking the wine he chose. He had views on the fitness of hock after fish, and that a certain quantity of sherry must be imbibed at certain intervals, while we only wanted to drink champagne. We remember the gallant Hon. Sec. of the C. C. reading the Riot Act to him, on the occasion of a big dinner of the Club at The Cow and Snuffers, which much astonished him. There was an ancient waiter, too, at the C. and S. who, after the *rôti*, used to come round and say, 'Bur-gundy, sir?' which, in a thoughtless moment, we took—and how we cursed that ancient one on the next morning. All this is changed, we hear, now, and The Cow and Snuffers does you well. We can speak of our own knowledge of The Queen's at Richmond as being excellent in every way. The landlord, Mr. Ferrar, knows how things should be done and sees to their doing himself. The dinner to which the C. C. sat down on the occasion above referred to was excellent in every way, from soup to dessert, and the Irroy (in magnums) left not a regret behind.

The posters on the omnibuses reminded us that the judging day for the Islington Horse Show was on the 31d of June, and on that day we found ourselves at an early hour at the Agricultural Hall. We will not weary the readers of 'Baily' with the stale accounts of the various merits and defects of horses that have made the round of every showyard in the kingdom. Suffice it to say that Mr. Richard Barker's Liverpool carried off the 60*l.* for hunters equal to 15 stone, and that Mr. Musgrave's Talisman, looking more beautiful than ever, was equally successful in the class for hunters without condition as to weight. We will turn at once to the four-year-old class, always, to our mind, the most interesting part of these exhibitions. Their Lordships upon the Bench—Lords Coventry, Shannon, and Macclesfield—picked out, as the best of the lot, Mr. Joseph Shepherd of Beverley's dark brown colt Colonel, by Newland. This is a fine slashing animal, standing 16 hands and an inch, with enormous bone, measuring fully 9 inches below the knee. He may, in some people's opinion, be a bit too high and short, but all must agree that he is a wonderful goer. So impressed were their Lordships with his merits, that they subsequently awarded to him the Agricultural Hall Cup, as being the best horse in the four hunter classes. Only a few months back Mr. Joseph Shepherd bought this colt in Newcastle fair for 70*l.* They gave the second prize to Mr. Hutchinson's Glengyle, by Knowsley, a light, thoroughbred chestnut colt, that carried all before him in the three-year-old classes last season.

'Different men have different opinions,  
Some likes apples, and some likes inions.'

And it is as well that it should be so, or else we should all want the same wife and the same horse and the same everything. But it was a matter of wonderment to those around the ring how any one could prefer Glengyle to Colonel Barlow's beautiful colt Vandyck, the winner in the four-year-old classes at Manchester and at Lillie Bridge. You may judge of a beast, but you cannot judge of a horse, without getting upon his back, and it was to be regretted that on this occasion all the judges should have had on their best Sunday trousers. Glengyle has not wintered well, and he has disappointed the expectations that were formed of him when he first appeared as a three-year-old, at Croydon, last year. We then recorded our opinion of him in 'Our Van' (July, 1875) in these words: 'He will never make more than a 12-stone horse.' Since that time he has

not improved a bit, and, with his weak hocks, he is only fit to carry a light whipper-in. It was not surprising that the judges should pass over Sir George Wombwell's Pollux, who carried his head in the air and could not be persuaded to settle down in his paces. It is not every loose-seated rider that could have kept upon his back. Mr. John Cooper showed a powerful chestnut mare with white legs, by Gavazzi, and Mr. Newton of Malton a useful black mare by Claret, but the rest of the animals in this class appeared to us to be a moderate lot. Lady Sykes gained the prize for hunters not exceeding  $15\frac{1}{2}$  hands with Enterprise by Volturmo. The old horse was worked hard last hunting season, and has not quite retained the fine action that he showed when he was the property of Sir George Wombwell.

Hay-cutting in Middlesex commenced quite a fortnight later than usual, and not a scythe had been put into the grass in the fields around Hornsey, through which the Great Northern Railway whisked us, on the 20th of June, on our way to the Alexandra Park Horse Show. A quarter of an hour sufficed to take us to the station at Wood Green, and in a few minutes more we were leaning upon the rails of the Alexandra racecourse, enjoying the fresh air, and looking over the horses at our ease, without being crushed, or having our toes trod upon. Besides, the horses are seen to so much greater advantage when they have ample scope of ground to extend themselves upon, although the turf was a bit hard, and had to be well-watered on the second day. These natural advantages the Alexandra Park Horse Show possesses over every other show where an equal amount of money is given away in prizes. Judging commenced in two rings at the same time, and we of course stuck to the hunters. Triumph, own sister to the well-known Talisman, carried off the first prize for three-year-olds. This filly inherits all the grand quality of the family, but she lacks power, and it is quite a misnomer to call her a hunter—a nice riding-horse for a lady, if you like. Mr. Battams showed a colt that may, some day or other, grow into a weight-carrier, Pomeroy by Gemma di Vergy, which took second prize.

Carlos, by Theobald, bought at Sir George Cholmley's sale for 340 guineas, was third. This is a niceish colt, but there might be a little more of him, and his action is over gaudy. In his case, also, the hunting field would not seem to be his place. The grey mare, Bellona, by King Caradoc, had much more of a wear-and-tear appearance, but even she did not promise to be up to any great weight. Altogether, we could not consider the class to be a very grand one.

The show of four-year-olds was limited in number but excellent in quality. The award of the judges, in giving the first prize to Colonel Barlow's Vandyck was generally approved. His present owner bought this colt during last Doncaster races, at a moderate figure, under the very nose of certain Yorkshire gentlemen who are supposed to be up to a thing or two. Glengyle was considered by the judges to be the next best. Mr. Barker's Perfection, a horse upon a much larger scale than those others, was third. He had put on quite two stone more flesh since we saw him at Manchester. Two other horses, of considerable scope in this class, were Mr. Trist's Carew, by Paul Clifford, and Mr. Battams' Emperor, the last-named having won the first prize at the West of England Show, at Hereford, a short time back.

In the classes of older horses, the first prizes were monopolised by very old acquaintances: by The Jester for hunters up to not less than 12 stone, by Liverpool for hunters up to not less than 14 stone, and for stallions, to get hunters, by Citadel. Such celebrities frighten away many a horse owner who would be inclined to bring a fresh horse to compete, if he thought he had a

chance of obtaining a prize. We would suggest to the authorities that it would be an improvement to have one class in which the old stagers of the circus might fight out the battle amongst themselves, and a distinct class for horses that have never won a prize previously. This would insure every year an infusion of fresh blood, and it would, to some extent, check the humbug of keeping horses merely for the purpose of winning prizes. We hear that Liverpool and The Jester are regularly hunted in Yorkshire; but we have known many show horses, nominally hunters, that were thrown up during the winter and never hunted at all, or, if shown the hounds, were only ridden tenderly, so as not to run the risk of getting a blow or a stub. It is only a year or two ago that a horse that had never jumped a hurdle in his life carried off nearly a thousand pounds in prizes for hunters.

The Alexandra Show was enlivened on two successive days, the 21st and 22nd, by the coaches of the Four-in-Hand and Coaching Clubs, and a prettier sight on each of these dates, than the long file winding in and out through the park terraces to their destination in front of the luncheon marquee and *vis-à-vis* to the jumping ground, could not be imagined. Both clubs made a goodly show, the Duke of Beaufort as President of the Four-in-Hand bringing down the Prince of Wales on Wednesday, and Lord Carington having the Duke of Connaught with him. The Prince was charmed with the drive, which avoided a good deal of the town, the Duke taking his royal passenger by a country road his grace picked out last summer. Upwards of eighty members and their friends lunched, and Bertram and Roberts, with the royal Princes to entertain, determined to show how they could do things, and we need scarcely say the luncheon came in for high encomiums. Some Pommery of 1865 was pronounced, by even such guests as sat round the board, perfect, and the whole thing was admirably well arranged. The C.C. came down in force, on the following day twenty-four coaches entering the gates, and whereas luncheon had been ordered for one hundred, Messrs. B. and R. suddenly found they had one hundred and seventy people to eat it. But the resources of Alexandra were fully equal to the strain, and no one was sent empty away. Again did the Duke of Beaufort head the line, and again were the many beautiful teams objects of much admiration. There are one or two that are so well known that people always make a rush at them, and so when Mr. Alfred Rothschild's magnificent browns were seen they were quickly surrounded, as were also Mr. Murrietta's, the greys of Major Le Gendre Starkie, Mr. Carter Wood's good-looking lot, Colonel Chaplin's chesnuts, &c. Some people rate Alexandra cockney, but we cannot help thinking it is as good a place for a drive as any about London, particularly if coachmen will take the Duke's road, a lovely one, and where you might fancy yourselves miles away from the great Babylon. We were almost forgetting to mention that Mrs. Reginald Riddell and her sister were again among the prize-takers for jumping, though the former was not so well mounted as she was last year. Her nerve and hand, however, were the same.

It is satisfactory to find that the growing taste for coaching does not confine itself to London and its environs, but is being developed also in the provinces. As a further proof of this, we have great pleasure in mentioning that, on the 1st July, Messrs. J. Hargreaves, J. A. Platt, R. Chapman, and Captain Steeds intend running a four-horse coach daily from Cheltenham to Malvern and back, a lovely drive of some twenty-three miles each way, allowing a stay of four hours at the last-named fashionable watering-place. With Timmins for a professional whip when required, and as a caterer at the Belle Vue Hotel, Malvern, and with a stud of twenty horses to cover the ground, we pro-



phesy a successful career for the new venture. While upon this subject we may remind excursionists in the above neighbourhood that Mr. Pryce Hamilton is now running the coach to Ross, and Mr. Crawshay that between Gloucester and Newnham, so that a most delightful tour might be enjoyed amidst scenery which can be best appreciated from the top of a well-appointed four-horse coach.

Those for whom next Monday's journey to Newmarket makes a broken day of it, can do no better than 'take the wings of the morning' to Easton Lodge, near Dunmow, a most pleasant half-way halting place, where Lord Rosslyn holds his annual yearling sale. The eighteen lots belonging to his Lordship, among which will be found specimens of the stock of Blair Athol, Scottish Chief, Adventurer, Macaroni, Thormanby, Grouse, and other sires, will be followed by six young Gladiateurs and a Macaroni, the property of Captain Ray, of Brick House, Dunmow. There is no more charming locality for a sale, and a 'special' will run from Newmarket to Elsenham on the morning of July 3rd, and voyageurs to the Turf metropolis can return this way, instead of *via* Dunmow. There will be every facility for the conveyance of those desirous of being present, and we need hardly mention that hospitality will be dispensed in the same princely manner as on the last occasion.

A great deal is written about Ascot each recurring year that must needs be repetition, and some of it of a wearisome character. We go into fits about the meeting, and heap up the adjectives tremendously, but much of the enthusiasm, we cannot help thinking, is fictitious. Ascot is very nice if you have a house or snug cottage down there, and can either drive or stroll quietly on to the course without trouble or fuss; but it is weary work, the going up and down, and people who do not care sixpence about racing go through a good deal in order that they may be seen at Ascot, or say they have been there. But this is their affair, of course, and one with which we have nought to do. Ascot as a spectacle is a fine sight, the racing on the first days very good indeed—the best of the year, in fact—and we see nothing approaching to it before Doncaster and the back end. This year, from some cause or another, the meeting, though brilliant as a fête, lacked 'go' in it as far as racing was concerned, and in the face of a brilliant Tuesday and a very fair Wednesday failed to rouse much enthusiasm. The feature of the first day was the rehabilitation of Petrarch by his win in the Prince of Wales' Stakes, and the cracking up of Julius Cæsar, for whom Mr. Gee had given Robert Peck 5,000 guineas. Petrarch's exhibition in the Derby was that apparently of a non-stayer, and though Lord Dupplin declared he would win here, and that the course would suit him better, it seemed a hard nut to crack, and Julius Cæsar, who had beaten him at Epsom, looked bound to beat him here. So of course Mr. Gee's horse was a great favourite, and Petrarch's friends took all the twos to one about him they could get. He looked better than he did on the Derby day, it struck us, and we heard nothing about his being 'not trained' on this occasion. He laid off until coming round the bend into the straight, and then the rubbish being done with Morris took him to the front. Julius Cæsar was the first to go, and the only one that made a fight with Petrarch was Great Tom. For a moment or two the former's backers were uneasy, as the horse opposite the stand showed symptoms of having had nearly enough of it, and hung on Great Tom; but Morris kept him up to the mark, and he won cleverly by a length. There were no demonstrations of satisfaction or the contrary, but still 'all the world wondered,' and the question of how he got beaten in the Derby was freely discussed, without, however, any very clear explanation

being arrived at. The horse was fitter at Ascot, no doubt, and he did not probably like the Epsom gradients—as no horse of proper feeling ever does. Perhaps he got knocked about and turned it up in disgust. But one thing is certain, that admirably ridden as he was here, and with nothing to interfere with him, he beat the horse that had beaten him fair and square, and Julius Cæsar's cups will not adorn Mr. Gee's dining-room. Thunder showed us that he is as great a horse over two miles as he is over one, for he beat Freeman for the Gold Vase in a canter, Freeman favourite at 7 to 4. How long, by-the-way, will the good horse go on running? He has earned a little repose by this time, but 'tis not the custom in this country to give horses rest until—they break down. Of course, the Queen's Stand Plate was only an exercise canter for Lowlander, seeing he had nothing to beat, and that circumstance brought a good many people to grief the next day in the match between him and Controversy. The Ascot Stakes brought out a good field, and was, we should say, a good betting race, for there were a lot of fancies, and nearly everything backed without there being any very strong favourite. That wretched weed Harriet Laws was made so at last, why we cannot pretend to say, unless it was that Morgan rode her; and Chancellor was so much liked by people who knew a horse from a handsaw, that 5 to 1 was freely taken about him. Then, of course, Conseil, though he had gone back in the betting, had plenty of friends, who declared he would repeat his Manchester performance; and there was some talk about Bersaglier also, and many were the sharps who were on him. The Blues were on Whitebait up to their neck—at least, if they were not they ought to have been—but the outside public fancied him only a little. The everlasting Pageant came once more upon the scene, and he looked and went as well as he did on that Cesarewitch which he would have won if the Duke of Parma had not gone to the sea-side. Mr. Gretton backed him too, and so did the many who had backed him before; but we don't think they will again. Perhaps over a mile and a half he may be worth following; but he is not a stayer, and so we very heartily, as far as we are concerned, bid him farewell. It was a chapter of accidents, the race. Chancellor again showed he was a difficult horse for a boy to ride by bolting with Weedon at the top turn, and taking Hengist, Hopbloom, Escort, and Correggio with him. Here was a clearance of the field with a vengeance, and as Harriet Laws cut it early in the race, and Pageant and Conseil were beaten when fairly in the straight, the fielders plucked up their spirits, and seeing Bersaglier apparently walking in with only Whitebait near him—felt easy in their minds. It was a race between the two, and we must say, without the slightest reflection on Chesterman, who rode Bersaglier, that Captain Stirling was a very lucky man to have won. Newhouse is a man with a boy's weight, or something like it; Chesterman can ride 5 st. 10 lb. When it comes to close quarters under these circumstances the feather has generally to give way, and though Chesterman rode admirably, his strength failed him at the finish, and Whitebait won by half a length. A good Blair Athol was introduced to us in Rob Roy, who gave us one of the Ascot surprises when he beat Chevron by half a length in the 19th Biennial. A fine lengthy colt, evidently not fit, Rob Roy is as yet the best we have seen; and he is the property of a gentleman who never had a racehorse before, has now only this one, and when he gave 390 guineas for him last year at Cobham lighted on this treasure.

Of course the Match was the event of the second day, and the Hunt Cup well-nigh lost its savour except to the regular gamblers. Lowlander was made favourite, for the public took care to do that, and the public were what they are not often, wrong. It was asking the great miler to do a little too much.

In the first place he was out of his course, and on that course was asked to give a very good horse indeed 16 lbs. It was to some extent a leap in the dark, for, much as Controversy had done, we did not quite know—at least Mr. H. Bird did not—how good he really was. The match was made, too, with as clever a matcher as there is out, one who rarely makes mistakes, and the public ought to have thought of that when they laid 6 to 4 on Lowlander, who was never in it from the time the flag fell. He laid off some half-a-dozen lengths, and when he tried to get on terms with Controversy in the straight was not able to touch him, and Lord Rosebery's horse won in a canter. It was no disgrace to Lowlander to be beaten; as we have before said, he was asked to do a very great thing and could not, and the match does not say very much for the judgment of the Lowlander party. As Lord Rosebery was in such form, he must needs supply a favourite for the Hunt Cup, and so the most ridiculous *canards* were afloat as to what Spinoza, a dark one from the Ilsley stable, was, and what he had done with Controversy, &c. Bookmakers were only too glad to humour the notion, and offered 5 to 1 about the horse, who left off favourite, though Little Harry had the call at one time. Indeed, there was no lack of favourites, and Mr. A. Baltazzi, singularly enough, furnished two in Hesper and Cœruleus, about which you paid your money and took your choice, Hesper being a little the better favourite of the two. 'Ambergrease,' as the horse was called by the ring, was also backed for a great deal of money, and Dalham, Thorn, Mandarin, and Hopbloom were among the outsiders that carried the most coin. Thorn never looked better, and as he ran well in this race last year, was much fancied now, Mr. Batt backing him for a place also. Hopbloom, who had been among the leading favourites at one time, declined to 25 to 1, at which price Sir John Astley supported him; but somehow his Newmarket running good as it was, when he beat Athelney and his field in a canter over the last six furlongs of the D.M., was overlooked by the public, who greedily swallowed everything that was said about Spinoza. The latter ran well for a certain distance, perhaps five furlongs, and then was done with, Hesper, Little Harry, and some other favourites following suit. Hopbloom had the lead at the Stand, but Thorn, Dalham, and The Mandarin were all going well enough to encourage their backers, and a very good race it was between the four, Hopbloom, however, holding his advantage to the end and winning by three-parts of a length, Dalham and Thorn second and third with only a head between them. That wonderful hidden treasure Jester won the Visitors' Plate in a canter, and the Duke of St. Albans did a good stroke of business with him. His Grace had claimed him for a thou. on the first day, after winning the Trial Stakes, and now, with the Visitors' Plate in his pocket, disposed of him to Mr. Gerard for 2,500*l.*—a very clever transaction indeed, we think, and we take off our hat to the noble Duke, and wish more power to him. The day was not to pass without one of those Ascot sensations, a flat contradiction to previous running, for which the royal meeting is rather celebrated. The presence of Petrarch in the Ascot Biennial reduced the field to a quartet, and though Lord Dupplin's horse went short on his way to the post, he was thought good enough to plunge on by those who care for that amusement to the tune of 100 to 15 on him. Lord Dudley has an amiable weakness for this sort of game, and laid Mr. Steel 10,000 to 2,000 cheerfully, Mr. Steel taking it with equal cheerfulness; so, when the latter gentleman saw Petrarch as they came into the straight hang persistently on the rails and refuse to go a yard, he would have been more than human if he had not loudly exulted. Petrarch, in fact, turned it up, and those who saw him on the previous day hang suspiciously towards Great Tom at the finish in the Prince of

Wales Stakes, were not perhaps altogether unprepared for the exhibition. Petrarch is not a game horse no doubt, but at the same time he was running now under the disadvantage of a severe race in him within four-and-twenty hours. He went short, as we have before said, and much better for his future would it have been if his owner had not run him. Like many of his breeding he is a delicate horse, not one of the rough-and-ready sort as Kisber, and to expect him to run every day is a fatal mistake, as Lord Dupplin has doubtless discovered by now. Coltness won by six lengths, and after Forerunner had polished off Skylark in the Ascot Derby, we returned to our respective domiciles with much food for reflection (particularly the layers of the odds) to amuse ourselves with.

Every Cup day is a great sight, and on this occasion it was a very great one indeed. The outside populace surpassed anything we remember at Ascot, and they covered the Heath in places and spots where in former years they were not, while locomotion inside the rails in front of the coaches was well-nigh impossible. We speak feelingly on this point, our journey to and from the enclosure, in search of luncheon, being performed under difficulties; and we should think Mr. Superintendent Mott and his men never had a harder time of it. All that was wanted was a little sun wherewith to light up my Lady Bareacres' robe of gold, and give an additional sparkle to Polly Perkins's pretty eyes. The robe of gold, by-the-way, very much resembled Lesbia's in one respect, that all so tight the nymph had laced it; but in another it differed, for the charms of beauty's mould certainly presumed to stay where Nature placed them—very much so indeed. Sufficient to say here that the fashion was fully followed, from her Ladyship of Bareacres before-mentioned down to Miss Blanche Vavasour (*née* Eliza Watts), of South Belgravia. An Eastern robe or two diversified the broadcloth of the royal enclosure; and though we could not altogether congratulate Prince Hassan of Egypt on his rose-coloured satin trousers, we dare say they were quite up to the Cairo mark. Many were the notabilities present not always seen on racecourses; and when the Prime Minister, on his way to the Paddock to see the Cup horses saddled, paused to shake hands with Mr. Frail, he told him that Ascot was one of the four meetings with which he was alone familiar. And yet he wrote that charming chapter, the opening one to 'Sybil.'

But space warns us that we must get on, though, sooth to say, we have not much to get on with. The sport on the Cup day was very poor, and that in the face of 1700*l.* added money. Why this is so, unless our horses are run out on the Tuesday and Wednesday, we can't exactly say. There really was nothing but the Cup, for when only two horses, and both from the same stable, ran for the All Aged Stakes, it was very much like a farce. The two were Lowlander (last year's winner) and Brigg Boy, and the result was a foregone conclusion—a novel term, for which we apologize to our readers. Six runners for the Cup is about the state of things we are accustomed to nowadays; thankful are we, indeed, if we can get together even that number from the lot of stayers with which we are deluged. Our stayers, as it is well known, are so numerous that, for fear of 'jostling' and overcrowding, their owners abstain from entering them for cup races; and so it was that Mr. Disraeli looked upon only six runners for the grand prize, and they were not, with the exception of Apology, very much to look at after all. Forerunner was favourite, we were going to say, of course, but upon second thoughts we don't quite see why. Apology had run badly at York, very badly, in fact, too badly to be her true running, and she had not much mended matters by beating the non-staying Lady Patricia at Manchester only by a head; but still there she was

in the paddock, looking very fit, and, what was quite, if not much more important, 'Johnny' very confident. Moreover, there were rumours that 'the Pusher' had put down the family plate to an unprecedented extent, and we will not trust ourselves to mention the sum we heard. Backers ought to have thought of that, and some of them did; but the majority were eaten up with Forerunner. Sufficient to say that Apology waited until Osborne took her boldly to the front a mile and a quarter from home, and that the race was never much in doubt after that. Forerunner showed us he was no wonder; and Craig Miller made a much better fight of it than we expected. Apology won, however, easily enough, and looks like returning to her three-year-old form.

Friday gave us some very good racing, and we are glad to have to record that the luck of The Mandarin's owner turned, and that his horse won the Wokingham in a canter, as from his forward position in the Hunt Cup he might have been expected to do. Controversy was never in the Ascot Plate, which was won after a good race by Dalham, and as if not satisfied with his performance on Wednesday, Lord Dupplin pulled out Petrarch again, and again was he badly beaten. There are some horse-masters who don't deserve to have a good horse, and while we should be sorry to put Lord Dupplin in this category, we hold him to blame in that he has done all he can to ruin Petrarch. What the horse requires now is rest, which, we presume, he will get for a while; and if he had rested after he won the Prince of Wales's Stakes, it would have been better for him. Horses are not kept to be looked at, we are aware, and to run them off their legs is indeed too much the habit and custom of the day. Here it was not so much the running Petrarch off his legs, as that he was, as we have before said, a delicate horse, and one therefore requiring the most delicate handling. This he cannot be said to have had. But we will not be prophets of evil, and trust we may meet Petrarch on the Leger day fit and well, and with no trace or recollection of currish propensities, and then he will render a good account of himself on that great northern battle-ground.

Of many clubs there is much weariness at present, but a somewhat novel idea taking club form has been started by that good sportsman, Dr. Hurman, and we think its novelty ought to recommend it. At 100 Piccadilly (a well-known spot) the Doctor has opened a club, having for its title the taking one of the Badminton; its object the association of men interested in hunting and coaching. The features that distinguish it from other clubs consist in there being an extensive range of stabling and loose boxes, and coach-houses adjoining the club house, together with a comfortable open-air lounge, Doctor Hurman's idea being that as stabling is so difficult to obtain in town, here would be a great inducement to belong to the Badminton. Another is that a thoroughly well-appointed coach and team will be kept for the use of members, while an experienced coachman will also be on the club staff, for those who really wish to learn to drive, and who want their horses broken, &c. The Badminton is not intended to be a dining club, and its accommodation consists of luncheon, reading, and billiard rooms alone. It will be an afternoon lounge, in fact, in the heart of the West End, to which members will resort to pick up items of hunting and coaching news; to hear of a man who has a pair of leaders to sell, who wants a weight-carrier, or who has the best polo pony in the world. The open-air lounge reads very taking this summer weather, and we cannot help thinking the club will do. The Duke of Beaufort is the President of the Committee, and the Honorary Secretary, Mr. G. W. Daniels, 100 Piccadilly, will afford every information required.

The Annual General Meeting of the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society was held at Tattersall's the day after the Derby, the Duke of Rutland in the chair; and the very large attendance of M. F. H., noblemen and gentlemen well known in the hunting world, testified to the soundness and usefulness of the institution, which is increasing so rapidly that not to be a member will soon be a solecism. The calls on the society's funds from the illness of or accidents to members have been large during the past year, and the society has been fortunate in securing so many voluntary collectors in the honorary members (ladies included), among whom we may mention Mrs. Boughy as having been most energetic and successful, and we wish there was a Mrs. Boughy in each hunt, money would come in fast enough then. To Colonel Bower, a gentleman residing in the Hambledon hunt, occurred the happy thought of sending a circular to every one hunting in that country, and that others may go and do likewise we subjoin a copy:—

'The propriety of this society being universally supported by hunting men, 'for whose amusement servants incur so many risks, is so obvious, that I 'believe its laudable objects have only to be made known, and a large influx 'of honorary members will be secured. The 5*l.* donation or more seems pre- 'ferable to the annual subscription at present, as it saves trouble, and goes at 'once towards strengthening the capital of the society. I shall be happy to 'receive subscriptions, or cheques may be sent direct to Mr. Cartledge, the 'Secretary, at Tattersall's. I solicit the co-operation of the members of the 'Hambledon, and of all who hunt with our hounds, to play a liberal part in 'this good cause.

(Signed) 'JOHN BOWER.'

Here followed the names of those gentlemen who had already joined as honorary members. Those who declined to subscribe were requested to put their initials.

To the honour and glory of this little Hunt there were only four who refused (one even going so far as to refuse his initials). All the others sent their 'livers' like genuine sportsmen. If other collectors will take this leaf out of Colonel Bower's book, the society will soon get the required twenty thousand pounds.

The Cobham sale and the 4,100 *gs.* yearling gave town something to talk about for four-and-twenty hours—a long period at this time of year. At many receptions, and in every club smoking-room, during that Saturday night men and women said to each other that the Duke of Westminster had given that fabulous sum for a son of Macaroni. His Grace had done nothing of the sort, but that was of no importance. Somebody had given the money, and as the Duke's shoulders were broad, and his pockets deep, as well father it on him as anybody else. The respectable religious world—and by that term we mean the twice-on-Sunday-and-have-done-with-it-for-the-rest-of-the-week world—was rather scandalised by the report, because it looks upon the Duke as in some sense belonging to the sect, and that such an eminently respectable and rich nobleman should buy yearlings at all, much less give such a sum as this, was rather a blow. We are not aware if it was mentioned in Belgravian pulpits (his Grace is great at foundation and corner-stones in that fashionable locality); probably respect for one who did so much for them sealed lips that might have taken up a parable against younger and poorer men. But, at all events, the respectable religion of Belgravia was troubled, and therefore heard with relief on the Monday morning that the Duke's trainer was the culprit, and that the Ducal character was free from this stain. Poor

Robert Peck! nobody cared about him: he might buy yearlings and go to Hongkong; but it was a relief to hear that the dear good Duke had not done it, and that he and his fellow Belgravian miserable sinners would meet on the next Sunday at St. Millefleurs and all would be peace.

A prodigious sale in every way, and we sincerely congratulate the Stud Company and Mr. Bell on this happy return for all their labour and money. Preaching homilies on high prices for young thoroughbred stock would be so much preaching in vain, and though we lectured young hot blood, in what is called the Hastings era, for doing these things, we feel lecturing middle-aged men now would be useless. Indeed there has been an almost unanimous condonation of Mr. Peck and Mr. Johnston's folly, and some of the sporting journals have gravely assured us that general opinion held that the yearling 'was well worth all the money!' It may be so; we cannot tell. This time two years the world may be holding up Mr. Peck's name for laudation, as the one far-seeing man who dared to give over 4,000 guineas for a future Derby winner. We hope for his sake that such may be the case, but we shall still have our own opinion on his act and deed.

Mr. Parrington—we believe he is 'Tom Parrington' throughout broad Yorkshire—is in the field with the programme of the meeting of the Yorkshire Agricultural Society, to be held this year at Skipton on the first three days of August. It comprises much the usual features, the show of horses, cattle, sheep, and pigs, the shoeing-smith's competition, the Grand Yorkshire Hound Show, generally worth all the journey to see, and the band of the Grenadier Guards. The judging of the hounds is one of the sights of the show, together with the awarding of prizes to masters and huntsmen, the latter being especially taken care of—a very excellent feature of the show. For instance, 'Every *huntsman* in charge of hounds not receiving a prize in any of the classes will be presented with a *gratuity* of 2*l.*, and a *dinner* will be given to all *huntsmen* and *whips* connected with the *packs* represented at the show.' Well done, Yorkshire and Tom Parrington.

We think the following *morceau* should not be lost to the world. It is the 'Times's' description of the race for the Grand Prix:—

'As for the races themselves, it can be easily imagined that only one, the Grand Prix de Paris, was anxiously watched. Even this, it must be confessed, had nothing remarkable about it; for as to the first place, one could hardly dream of disputing whether Kisber, the winner of the Derby, would be successful. If he had not been detained at the starting he would have arrived at such a distance that the other horses would not even have received a place. When the jockey gave the reins to Kisber he set off at such a gallop that at the last turning it was necessary to rein him in.'

The last two pars are exquisite, and we wish Mr. Baily would offer liberal terms to the writer if the 'Times' would only tell who he was. We should like to have him as a contributor to the 'Van.'

Notwithstanding the apologetic address in the 'Times' the other day, under the signature of Miss Henrietta Hodson, the fact remains that 'L'Etrangère' at the Haymarket as adapted into English, is not a desirable play to put before an English audience. The most that can be said of it is that it gives us a realistic picture of manners and customs peculiar to French society. Without setting ourselves up as an exceptionally virtuous nation, or free from all the other infirmities of the flesh, we venture to say that no such licence as exists in married life in France would be tolerated in any part of England. With the poetic construction of the plot so far as the author, M. Alexandre Dumas, is concerned, we have nothing to do. What we wish

to point out is how repugnant to English feeling is the vicious sentiment which pervades the piece from beginning to end. M. Dumas has already given sufficient proof of his great literary talent, but on this occasion his effort, however palatable to our neighbours, is not likely to add lustre to the reputation that has already been achieved. The piece has been admirably mounted and powerfully cast, and although we have taken exception to the play itself, it is due to those engaged in the representation to say that their rendering of the several parts assigned them calls forth the warmest expression of approbation.

'Les Danicheff,' with its brilliant Parisian career still asserting itself, has made its appearance at the St. James's. As a notable exception to the general run of French productions the plot in this instance is, comparatively speaking, free from taint, or we should rather say blemish. The conception is intensely Russian, and is worked out with an amount of vigour and freshness that leaves little to be desired. To give a complete description of the play would occupy too much space, all we need say is, that the incidents are chiefly associated with serfdom and its relative position in society prior to the decree of emancipation. There is some mystery, we believe, attaching to the authorship, which has of course excited a great deal of curiosity, and led to various speculations all tending to give increased vitality to the performance. The cunning hand of M. Alexandre Dumas is however visible in many of the scenes, although the writing abounds with touches of real dramatic art. On its merits therefore the play may be regarded as a legitimate success. Nearly all the characters who took part in the Paris version are now appearing at the St. James's. Madame Fargeuil, a leading artiste on the French stage, fills the important *rôle* of the mother, and invests the part with a force and completeness that not only places her beyond the reach of rivalry, but cannot fail to be appreciated by those who delight in refined and finished acting.

'Sport in Abyssinia,' by the Earl of Mayo, is an unpretentious but interesting little octavo volume of 252 pages, with five illustrations, published by Mr. John Murray. The author describes in frank and rollicking language, quoted from his daily Journal, and supplemented with remarks, his visit a year ago to the region of the river Tackazee in quest of sport; while his friend 'H.,' one of the same party of adventurous young Britons, struck out a different route, and met with better fortune in the country watered by the river Mareb. Important aid was freely given to our author by General Kirkham, an enterprising Englishman, who in the service of King Johannes has risen to be his prime minister and generalissimo. Furnished with the unusual privilege of an order under the seal of King Johannes, the present monarch of Abyssinia, Lord Mayo and his party were authorized to apply for protection, food, and necessities wherever and whenever requisite, and he racily describes the difficulties met in obtaining these, when very 'short commons' appeared to be the only rations within reach. The sport met with by the Earl included partridges, grouse, and similar small game, with wild pigs, gazelles, hartebeest or tora, hazagin or koodoo; he also shot at hippopotamus in the Tackazee, and came within range of wild elephants in the wilderness, for this great pachyderm is hunted, but never tamed in Abyssinia. His more fortunate friend 'H.,' in the Mareb country, and on the Cassoua and Sherraro plains, bagged one lion, twelve buffaloes, twenty hartebeest, two hagazin, two wadembie (deer larger than either hagazin or hartebeest), one leopard, one large deer with straight horns, thirty-six gazelles, two crocodiles, two pigs, a large turtle, and 'any amount' of guinea-fowl and partridges.

Our friend Jefferson has a faithful retainer of twenty years' standing, a



worthy man, who, for that period, had helped himself to the very best his master's cellar afforded. Lately, however, he has taken to selling little lots of something special to oblige his friends, and to this his master has gently demurred. 'Dawkins,' said he the other day, 'I know you have drunk my best wine for over twenty years, and of course have never complained, but when you want to sell any more kindly let me have the refusal.'

An ex-butcher was the subject of some merriment some time ago, when doing the grand with the harriers whose kennels are not a hundred miles from his estate of twenty-seven acres. Being asked at the meet by the writer of this story whether he didn't think well of the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society, he replied that, since he'd moved in a different *spear* of life (skewer would have been nearer the mark) he offered opinions on all matters with very great caution. However, he clearly belied his imaginary reticence, for after half an hour's spin a very weighty specimen of the 'timidus lepus' was killed in the open. The throw-back in pedigree soon developed the new sphere, for our former knight of the chopper shouted, amidst the laughter of all present, '*Nine pun an 'a 'arf, John, if 'ers a bounce!*'

A dreamy glorious day in June is before us. We pour out a libation to the clerk of the weather, and sally forth to enjoy the holiday that a generous guild annually provides for us. Over that broad stretch of scented turf the breeze is still laden with shouts of 'Apology wins! Apology wins!' And there hard by stands out in bold relief the royal tribune, filled with, as Byron wrote,

'A race of faces happy as the scene.'

With a last fond, lingering look, we speedily find ourselves taking stock of the motley four-legged beauties, most of whose gallant deeds in the Harrow country and elsewhere, are they not 'many a time and oft' recorded in the pages of 'Baily'? In duty bound we pay our devoirs also to the matrons of the chase, on nursing cares intent; while other junior members of the party are allowed to roam through brake and briar at their own sweet will. From first to last it was a treat to see what pains were bestowed on his charge by the guiding hand that holds the horn in the present year of grace. May his deer and his hounds show as good sport, if not better, next season than he has had yet, is our parting salute as we once more take the road. Ere long our chariot wheels have carried us deep into the sylvan recesses of the forest, and there, under the grateful shade of the royal oaks, we revel in the woodland haunts. Perhaps there were other charms—

'Where the green alleys windingly allure,'

but of these we must not speak. And now the word is passed that 'time is on the wing.' We have a passing peep at the goodly red deer taking their ease in the grass green paddocks of Swinley; then home to our hostelry by the heath, where wassail and feasting assert their hospitable rites until the bugle sounds a retreat, and it is time to speed the parting guest. The last rays of the setting sun rest lovingly on a wide expanse of wood and waste as we trot homeward-bound, carrying with us pleasant recollections of a day's enjoyment in the forest.

We have just seen an illustrated card for Thomas Humphrey of Mitcham's benefit, which was designed by F. G. of Mitcham, one of our contributors, and very cleverly drawn by Mr. Cyril Hallward, also of Mitcham. It records Thomas Humphrey's performances, with two sketches of cricket in 1876 and cricket in 1976, played by knights in armour. Attached to the

card is a voucher for admission, signed by Thomas Humphrey, on one day of the match at the Oval, North v. South, July 20, 21, and 22. A card will be sent by post, on receipt of 13 stamps, addressed to Mr. Frederick Gale, 43 Parliament Street, London, S.W.

We have before favourably mentioned in these columns the Masters of Hounds picture, brought out this spring by the Messrs. Tuck of Regent Street; and now, encouraged by the success of their first venture, the same gentlemen have published a companion picture of Masters of Hounds of 1875, in which also Masters of Staghounds and Masters of Harriers figure. We can bestow the same praise on this one as we did on the first. The grouping is admirable, the likenesses, with scarcely an exception, excellent; and we can especially mention those of Lord Hardwicke, Lord Wolverton, Lord Granville, Mr. Turner Newcomen, Sir Humphrey De Trafford, Lord Cork, Mr. James Dear, Sir D. Roche, Mr. J. Nevill, &c. &c. This picture will be followed by Past Masters (very interesting this should be), and pictures of the Jockey Club, the Coaching Club, and the Royal Yacht Squadron.

It is with much regret, in which all 'Baily' readers will share, we feel sure, that we have to mention the death, though at a good old age, of Mr. Charles Barnett of Stratton Park, near Biggleswade, for so many years Master of the Cambridgeshire. 'The Squire,' as he was familiarly called, was a sportsman, every inch of him, in every thought and deed. In 'Country Quarters,' in this magazine, his career has been ably sketched, and many are the anecdotes, had we time and space, that we could give of the kindly-hearted old English gentleman. In the hunting season he was often a contributor to the 'Van,' and was most thoughtful, when he had seen or heard of anything very good, in sending it to the driver. We have his last letter before us, written towards the end of October last year, in which he had enclosed an agreeable budget of doings with the Cambridgeshire and the Oakley; and we look on it now with saddened feelings. The hand and pen that wrote these few genial lines are cold and still; and again have we to regret a gap in the ranks of our hunting contributors that we can ill spare.

P.S.—There has been a good deal said about touting, and so many remarks have been made on both sides of the question that we do not wish to enter fully into the argument; but we have been asked by more than one owner of racehorses to suggest that the editors of the sporting papers can have no interest in prophesying the success of any horse for a handicap, the entries sometimes for which are not even made. It is very galling for an owner of racehorses to see in the touting intelligence, day after day, that his horse — goes so well at exercise that his running must be altered before the season is over, and a grand *coup* landed.

# BAILY'S

## Monthly Magazine of Sports and Pastimes.

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VOL. XXIX.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF MR. CRISTOBAL DE MURRIETA.

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1876.

# DIARY FOR AUGUST, 1876.

M. D.	W. D.	OCCURRENCES.
1	TU	Brighton and Chesterfield Races.
2	W	Brighton and Chesterfield Races. Cork Dog Show.
3	TH	Brighton Club Races. Yorkshire Hound Show at Skipton.
4	F	Lewes Races. Manchester Horse and Hound Show.
5	S	Lewes Races.
6	S	EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
7	M	Croydon and Ripon Races. Canterbury Cricket Week.
8	TU	Redcar, Chelmsford and Lambourne Races.
9	W	Redcar and Chelmsford Races. Whitby Dog Show.
10	TH	Redcar and Windsor Races.
11	F	Windsor Races.
12	S	Grouse Shooting begins. Southport Athletic Festival.
13	S	NINTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
14	M	Walsall Races.
15	TU	Walsall, Egham, and Stockton Races.
16	W	Egham and Stockton Races.
17	TH	Oxford and Stockton Races.
18	F	Oxford Races.
19	S	Oldham, Lancashire, Horse and Dog Show.
20	S	TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
21	M	Streatham Races.
22	TU	Devon and Exeter and York Races.
23	W	York Races.
24	TH	York and Plymouth Races.. Bury Dog Show.
25	F	Plymouth, Scarborough, and Croydon Races.
26	S	Croydon Races.
27	S	ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
28	M	Weymouth Races.
29	TU	Great Yarmouth and Sutton Park Races.
30	W	Aberdeen Races.
31	TH	Sandown Park and Wolverhampton Races.





*F. de Kullali*

# BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

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### MR. CRISTOBAL DE MURRIETA.

AT that presumably halcyon period known as 'the height of the 'season,' and in places where the world of fashion most does congregate—in royal inclosures and at Magazine meets—in polo tournaments at Hurlingham or on the lawn at Sandown—wherever, in fact, the laborious work of society is carried on—there are fewer faces better known to Londoners than the one that our artist has placed on the opposite page.

Mr. Cristobal de Murrieta is the son of a gentleman of the same name, a well-born and wealthy Spaniard, who about sixty years since came to this country and founded the well-known house of C. de Murrieta and Co. A member of an old Biscay family, Mr. Murrieta, senior, was much liked and respected not only in Spain, where his name was known as that of a great merchant, but also as the munificent founder of several schools of charity for the education of orphans. The subject of our present sketch was born in 1838, and educated in this country, and has become, to all intents and purposes, an English gentleman, with the tastes and pursuits of his class. A partner in the house that bears his name, Mr. Murrieta's leisure is given to most of those sports and pastimes that find favour in our eyes. He hunts, he drives, and he is about the best and most accomplished polo player of the day. Londoners know well his team of browns, than which the meets of the Coaching Club can show few better, and his polo ponies are the best that money and judgment can buy. The skill and nerve shown in that game stand him in good stead over Leicestershire pastures, and his seat and hands are both first-rate. He is exceedingly popular, and during the Carlist war he worked hard to collect help for the sick and wounded of both sides, and went out to Spain to see to the proper distribution of the money collected, and was present at several

engagements, superintending on one occasion the shipping to the rear of four hundred invalids on the steamer he took out, with the stores, from this country.

This was at the time of the relief of Bilbao, and as a reward the first thing he saw on his going up the river Nervion to this town, was the old family house, beautifully situated at the mouth of the river, a heap of ruins, owing to the bombardment by the government fleet.

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## A 'BROWN' STUDY IN THE MIDLANDS.

THE heart of England has for years boasted a more sincere attachment to the chase than to the Turf; and while racing tastes have thriven in the air of northern wolds and southern downs, the disciple of Nimrod has found his paradise in the shires. Now, however, a perfect constellation of depôts for the breeding and nurture of blood stock has sprung up within a short radius of the hardware town, clustered round the junction of Worcester, Warwick, and Stafford with the borderland of the 'proud Salopians.' Foremost amongst founders of these centres of thoroughbred commerce came the enthusiastic Mr. Eyke, an account of whose house and lineage we heard at Doncaster last year, when the owner of Brown Bread and Knight of Kars took up his parable behind Mr. Tattersall, with a running commentary on his family vicissitudes. Of the order of coming among the rest we know not; but while Fininstall Park and Waresley lie southwards of 'Brum,' Yardley displays its 'Duke's motto' in an opposite direction; and still facing the north-east wind, we cry a halt at Tamworth, the object of our pilgrimage on a certain red-letter day of the leafy month. But few of the breeding homes of England yet remained to be visited; and the courteous invitation to 'run down and look over the yearlings before the July 'week' did not need to be repeated, for we retained pleasant recollections concerning the Bonehill lot of last year, when Merry Thought and Harbinger set Pero Gomez on his legs at once, and filled his subscription outright for the ensuing year. Later in the season came Central Fire, to bring down the heavy Crawford biddings, and the tide of unaccountable dislike to the Bonehill brown set strongly at once in the opposite direction, bearing 'all enemies 'and opposers whatsoever' to bless instead of to curse the stalwart representative of the old Sheet Anchor line.

Thursday in Newmarket July week may henceforth assume the title of the 'Lady's day,' and may its morning long continue to be occupied by sales of the Mentmore and Bonehill yearlings. Both establishments are under the control of ladies, who take more than a mere passing interest in their welfare, and who would rather spend an afternoon among the boxes or in the paddocks, than lead the van of fashionable society, or dictate to the world of frivolity what it shall wear. Simple country tastes like these surely contrast agreeably



with the inanity of one perpetual round of pleasure, which must pall ere long upon those who pursue it, and too often leaves nothing but bitter recollections behind it. There is nothing unfeminine in the cultivation of a science (for such we hold breeding to be) which has for its end and object the perfection of the noblest of animals; and it is just one of those businesses which can be undertaken without any special qualification for its pursuit, beyond that 'love in the heart, and knowledge in the head,' without which success cannot be anticipated in any walk of life. All honour, therefore, to those who have had the courage to lead the forlorn hope against the forces of custom and conventionalism, and who have dared to strike out a new line of their own, showing that, in one department at least, the weaker sex can hold its own with the stronger, without in any degree outraging the staid propriety and decorous usages of 'high life.' The garden, the dairy, the kennel, and the poultry-yard have each their acknowledged queens as well as kings, but hitherto man's dominion in the stable has been supreme and undisputed, and an arbitrary line, hard and fast, has been drawn between the mysteries of the Herd Book and the Stud Book—now, however, rapidly suffering effacement at the hands of common sense, and more liberal ideas as regards the advantages of 'petticoat government.'

Our way towards the Midlands runs across many an acre rich in sporting associations, and through a country sacred to the echoes of the hunter's horn in the 'season of seasons.' The readers of 'Baily' have spent more than one pleasant half-hour in 'Country Quarters' hereabouts, when the faithful chronicler of men and manners, past and present, carries us along with him on winter rounds. The swathes of mellow hay lie thick and fragrant on the mead, sentinelled by Harrow's grey spire; the woodlands of pleasant Hertfordshire are in their full glory of summer foliage, and breadths of wheat, 'yellow as a kite's foot' a week or two since, and stunted and dwarfed under the blasts of lingering winter, borrow the sheeny gloss of health from softer gales. Still hurrying onward, the towers and pinnacles of Mentmore, the square-built palace of the Vale, attract our wandering eye, and Leighton, beloved of followers of the Baron's, is run through at a pace which carries us quick as thought over the county border, and soon we are careering over Northamptonshire pastures, meeting with our first check at Rugby, but speedily hitting off the scent again in the direction of Tamworth. Atherstone and Nuneaton are names as familiar to hunting men as to Stud Book students; but it is quite the depth of the dead season with horse and hound, and there is nothing to remind of the glories of the chase save a couple of spotted beauties waiting for the train at a country station, with their custodian nodding drowsily from his seat on the sunny platform. The ruddy uplands look ominously bare, with green patches peeping out at intervals, telling too surely of a wasted seed-time, and of a day of grace come and gone without benefit to the labours of the patient swain.

Tamworth, with its pinnacled church tower, grey embowered

keep, and sleepy streets, is soon left behind, and for a time we skirt the lazy stream, creeping along in all the soft languor of summer, until the white gate swings behind us, and winding through deep pastures and shady clumps, our road lies towards the seraglio of which Pero is sultan, with Musket perpetually on guard as his grand vizier. The name of Scott has a good old-fashioned Yorkshire ring about it, and is almost synonymous with sport, as witness Malton trainer, and his 'Melbourne' namesake, erst of Grimston celebrity, but now on Her Majesty's service. The master of the horse at Bonehill, after a horsey education, such as the North of England knew so well how to furnish in the olden days, graduated with Lord Henry Bentinck, 'the best of masters' (whose portrait adorns Mr. Scott's snugger), and has finally settled down as manager to Lady Emily Peel. True to the racing instincts instilled by a lifetime spent among the surroundings of sport, he has a tale at every turn, an anecdote at every halting-place, and, in place of family portraits, equine celebrities look down upon us from the walls. There is the hard bay Monarque, in whose outline just a trace of the Gladiateur angularity and power is perceptible; quite in contrast with the lengthy, elegantly-turned Orlando, with whose box at Hampton Court our earliest associations with stud experiences are connected. John Wells, in the rich livery so well beloved by the men of the cherry county, brings Beadsman jauntily along through the lower gate in Epsom paddock, with his henchman Fitz Roland at his heels; and forthwith there comes a polite invitation to exchange the counterfeit presentment of the sire for the living presence of his son, Pero Gomez. A 'brown study' indeed, and one over which we are content to linger as long as an excuse can be found for prolonging the interview. We entered Pero's box somewhat unduly prejudiced, perhaps, against its occupant, which we had mentally pictured, in accordance with Turf recollections of half-a-dozen years ago, as one of the three-cornered, angular sort, standing rather upright in front, and 'pinched' over loins and quarters. It would be undue flattery to state that traces of such drawbacks to perfect symmetry do not still exist in some degree; but surely no horse has ever altered so entirely for the better, since his laborious days at Kingsclere, than the St. Leger winner of 1869. When he stood for his portrait to Harry Hall after that 'king-making victory,' he was described by no inexperienced pen as 'fifteen three in height, 'with a plain head (not very nice in expression), a good neck, and 'well-laid shoulders, fine depth of girth, strong, muscular quarters, 'and a great big-jointed set of limbs.' Pero Gomez was, in short, while in training, a horse of a good deal of character, not of the ultra-attractive kind which sets people by the ears, but essentially of that honest type which makes most friends in the long run. More than one reputed good judge, who looked him over with an eye to future events after his Criterion dead-heat with the Goliath Wild Oats, averred that Pero would never see Epsom with that puppy forehead and 'joints round as soda-water bottles.'

Still he falsified all these mournful predictions, lived down the reproach of plainness and unsoundness, and proved himself most unequivocally the best of his year on Doncaster Town Moor. What most especially strikes any old acquaintance entering his box, is the marvellous manner in which he has filled up, let down, and lengthened out since he exchanged the post for the paddock a few years since. A whole-coloured brown, of the richest shade, and beautifully dappled, Pero Gomez now stands a good sixteen hands and half an inch in height; and though his forehead may be not altogether so elegant as those of his relatives, The Palmer and Rosicrucian, it is full of good points, if the same are not blended in perfect harmony. The head is a trifle plain, and neck inclined to be short, while his withers are high, and the shoulders, though well sloped, appear less lengthy to the eye at first than a more critical examination proves them to be. He has better girth, and shorter and stronger back than any other representative of the Beadsman tribe, while his arms and thighs are prodigal of muscle, in strict accordance with family traditions. Drooping quarters give a mean appearance behind; while his hocks and knees are not quite in proportion to his substance elsewhere, and the former are inclined to stand away from him. Below the knee, too, he might be slightly altered to please exacting critics, who might also take exception to his round joints; but these, if not congenital, had their origin very early in life, and stood him in good stead through such a year of strong preparation as would shake the most perfect understandings. As regards temper, we never stood up to a more amiable father of the stud, and we were glad to observe none of those mysterious preparations beforehand, which have for their object the temporary pacification of the noble savage, and the presentation of him to visitors duly cowed into obedience, with the rack-chain tightly drawn, and the everlasting ash-plant between his teeth. A firm but gentle hand, a striving after the horse's confidence and affection, and abundance of healthy exercise; these are sovereign remedies against the vices engendered by fear, by harsh words and blows, and by neglect of the enlargement so necessary to health.

It occasionally happens that a horse, whose name is unassociated with the Derby, St. Leger, or other leading three-year old events, has his good deeds put out of remembrance by the *lividæ obliviones* which are too apt to steal over records of past performances. No one can trace the career of Musket without admitting his claims to rank as a first-class horse to be of the very highest order; and we have always held that his head victory over Cardinal York at two miles in the Severn Cup at Shrewsbury, wherein he gave the stout son of Newminster his year, stamped him once for all as the best of his year. His two Alexandra Plate attempts (though not both successful), among the best Cup horses of the day, reflect infinite credit upon the Glasgow 'legacy horse;' and we don't quite know where to look for his equal as a ripe and good stayer of our own time, unless it be Doncaster. Here is another 'brown study' for the

lover of equine excellence, and we need to stand on something more than our stockings for a look over such a back and loins as distinguish this giant of sixteen two. Looking at what Toxophilite has achieved, we cannot quite bring ourselves to believe that Musket is a 'chance' horse; but his sire always laboured under the stigma of cowardice, and it must be the grand cross of Melbourne and Camel in the 'West Australian mare,' from which her son derives his wonderful stamina; a gift which, not in one solitary instance, but over and over again, he was proved to possess in so remarkable a degree. Still the Musket yearlings have been rather disappointing as yet, and we have our doubts whether Mr. Payne's old favourite is not too big for stud purposes. The larger the horse the greater the need of almost absolute perfection in symmetry, all defects in his stock tending to become exaggerated in proportion as they are built on the same immense scale as their sire. This is no modern theory propounded by ourselves, but a reasonable deduction from older and wiser experiences than our own; and we incline to the opinion of one of our most practical breeders, that the sixteen-hand limit should in no case be greatly exceeded.

No plan, embracing all the requisites of comfort, durability, and situation, could have been carried out in more substantial style, than that which is shown in the arrangement of the Bonehill Stud Farm. All has evidently been designed under the eye of one intimately acquainted with the instincts and habits of the animals for the purposes of which the buildings were erected. 'Robinson of Tamworth,' that stormy petrel whose advent with the well-known flat-iron was a signal for dismay among backers of musical favourites, was, we believe, the former occupant of the place, which is most delightfully placed on an eminence overlooking rich undulating tracts, well wooded and watered, with many a landmark in the shape of black shafts, the sole outward and visible signs of mineral wealth below. Nothing can wear a more cheerful or healthier aspect than the sunny quadrangles of whitened brick, with their cincture of roomy boxes, and perfect system of ventilation. The palaces of the Sultans are roomy and luxurious, with ample yards attached for purposes of private exercise; but there is no stint in the daily walks abroad of each, and Mr. Scott is no advocate for that vicious custom, now happily fast dying out, of confining stallions like stalled oxen, and racking them up until, like Jeshurun, they wax fat, and overbearing in their lusty condition. The foaling boxes are models of what such important adjuncts should be, each having gas and water fittings, and well-devised means of equalizing their temperature. Large paddocks, with high leafy screens of hawthorn hedges, and every variety of exercise ground, stretch away from the homesteads ankle-deep in the most luxuriant of juicy grasses, and beautifully sheltered by hedgerow trees. At the sound of a well-known voice, the troupe came trotting up, the foals breaking into a canter at last when they found themselves unable to go the pace. As they sweep past, and wheel round under the ash tree, we are struck at once with the

‘prevailing tints’ of bay and brown, and, save the massive Pompadour, true to her Stockwell descent, there is no chestnut among their tribes. Hollandaise has hardly yet lost the neatness of her figure at the stud, and is still the well-moulded little beauty that troubled the early two-year-old fields in the violet and canary of Mr. ‘Heene.’ Alhambra has more the Dutchman cut than that of Newminster, but all the latter’s fine length and quality are conspicuous in Coup de Grace. There are but few of ‘foreign production’ among the foals, for Nightingale’s young Favonius is dead, and sister to Victorious alone shows a bay Blinkhoolie, neat and tight and precocious as most of the illustrious exile’s stock. Nightjar’s foal no one could pass by without inquiring its lineage, and ‘Pero’ has marked it most unmistakably. Astonishment has no reason to be ashamed of her Musket pledge; and so one brown bantling after another comes before us, pricking a pair of curious ears, plucking sily at our sleeve, or nibbling at the fluttering leaves of our note-book.

Fashionable and crowded resorts of society in the everlasting whirl of a London season; the dusty crush at Epsom or Ascot; the decorous primness of the Park; the sweltering circle at Lords; the languid boredom of a dusty day among the pictures—are not such sights and sounds as charm our ears and eyes in this Midland heart of England worth all your garish attractions? So at least thought we, as in a veritable ‘brown study’ on the lords and beauties of Bonchill we wend our way, ‘all in the blue unclouded weather,’ through quiet lanes, redolent of hay, towards the old red town, disturbing many an afternoon siesta with the unwonted rattle of wheels. We pass the boundary of Stafford into Warwick once again, not without the wish to revisit scenes, we trust, not ‘beloved in vain.’

AMPHION.

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## FRANK RALEIGH OF WATERCOMBE.

### CHAPTER XXVII.

THE next morning after his return from Cheltenham, at an early hour and while the stars were yet twinkling in the sky, Frank was at length roused from his heavy sleep by the appearance of Potts at his bed-side, bearing a lighted candle and doing his utmost to make his master understand the serious purport of the message he had been ordered to convey.

‘If you please, sir,’ he reiterated again and again, ‘the Dean’s compliments to you, sir, and he wishes to see you in his rooms at ten o’clock without fail.’

‘Then, if that’s all, why on earth have you disturbed me two hours before the usual time?’ said Frank, growling out a malediction, and half inclined to throw a boot at the scout’s head.

‘ ‘Cause, sir, I’m afeared there’s summut up ; and the sooner you know’d it the better. I brought the message yesterday morning and again last night ; but, as you wasn’t come in, I was forced to tell the Dean so.

‘ Did he ask any questions, Potts ? ’

‘ Not a word, sir, only sent for the porter and asked for the gate-list ; and that makes me think he’s a got wind o’ summut—kept me awake, it did, the blessed night ; but there, I knows nothing, and that I’ll stand to before a college meeting.’

That was the awful tribunal before which undergraduates and scouts were alike arraigned, when a breach of discipline was inquired into by the college authorities ; and as immediate dismissal from his lucrative post would have been the certain fate of a scout, if, knowing that a master had slept out, he had not reported the fact to the Dean or to one of the tutors, Potts fairly trembled with alarm, lest it should be discovered that Frank had been absent for the night, and that he had connived at his absence by not giving, as he was bound to do, the required information.

On the morning of Frank’s departure for Cheltenham, his bed having been carefully made by the scout, the former had thrown himself on it and tumbled it up directly after the latter had cleared away the breakfast things and quitted the apartments ; so that, on the following day, as the bed again required adjustment, Potts could not positively assert it had not been occupied during the previous night ; indeed, the visible inference was that it had been so occupied ; and this view being supported by the weight of a sovereign, Potts was prepared to undergo torture rather than reveal the well-founded suspicion he entertained on the subject.

‘ I shall tell him the truth, Potts ; if he asks me point-blank ‘ whether I slept in or out of college on the night before,’ said Frank, becoming aware of the probability of such a question being put by the Dean in his interview with him.

‘ Then, sir,’ gasped out Potts in a tone of real agony, ‘ you’ll ruin me for life.’

‘ Not a bit of it, man : I don’t mean to implicate you in any way ; and no one can prove you knew aught of the matter. But for myself, I’d rather be sent away than tell him a lie.’

‘ You would, sir ? ’ exclaimed Potts in utter amazement. ‘ Then it’s lucky there isn’t many as follows that rule ; if there was, this here college wouldn’t be quite so full as it is in a short time. No ! I’m for pleading “not guilty ;” that’s allowed by law and has pulled many a gentleman through worse scrapes than only breaking a college rule.’

Exactly at ten o’clock Frank’s rap with his knuckles on the Dean’s door was responded to by a shrill ‘ Come in ; ’ and as he instantly obeyed the summons, the Dean, pointing to a vacant chair on the opposite side of the table at which he was writing, and with the light falling directly on Frank’s face, begged him to be seated.

‘ I believe, Mr. Raleigh,’ he commenced very gravely, ‘ that you

‘left Oxford in a tandem on the day before yesterday; and, as I fear, did not return to your college at all that night. Be good enough to answer me categorically; am I right or wrong in this belief?’

‘Quite right, sir,’ responded Frank, without a shadow of hesitation, but at the same time in a tone of deference and modesty far from displeasing to the man in power. ‘Being vacation time, sir, I thought I might take the liberty of running down to Cheltenham and sleeping there for one night, in order to rest our horses, without asking permission to do so.’

‘A very great liberty, sir, and a direct infringement both of the college rules and the University statutes. The penalty is expulsion; but as you have candidly admitted your error, I am disposed to take a lenient view of it, and to pass it over this time by confining you to gates and putting a cross against your name on the buttery books, for the remainder of the vacation. And this, I trust, will be a warning to you never to repeat so grave an offence, so long as you continue to be a member of this college.’

In the same shrill, unmasculine voice, coupled with a frigidity of manner that well-nigh chilled the marrow in Frank’s bones, the Dean then bade him a good morning and, to his great relief, dismissed him from his rooms.

The punishment simply meant no commons from the College buttery and no hunting for the next fortnight; but, had the sentence of expulsion been passed upon him, Frank could scarcely have felt deeper disgust and disappointment than under the ban of this latter prohibition; he felt as a bird might feel whose wings had been unmercifully clipped; he called to mind, too, the tyranny of old Twigg in former days, and pronounced it a trifle compared with the imprisonment he was now doomed to bear. The cross against his name, however, was, as he well knew, a penalty he could afford to laugh at, one that would affect his father’s pocket far more than his own comfort; Cox, Dickenson or Cripps would administer to his daily wants *ad libitum*; and if the cost were heavier, the supplies at least would be more appetising than the ordinary fare of the buttery hatch. Therefore, so far as the present time was concerned—the only time he gave any thought to—he considered he was rather a gainer than a loser by that prohibition.

On Frank’s return to his own rooms the first person he encountered was Potts; who, emerging from the scouts’ pantry, where he had been waiting in painful suspense to hear the verdict of the Dean, betrayed by his woe-begone countenance the anxiety he felt on his own account.

‘Rustication, sir, or a college meeting?’ he inquired in a voice tremulous with fear.

‘Neither, Potts; but a cross at the buttery and imprisonment for the next fortnight within these dismal old walls—an awful sell, neither to be able to hunt nor visit my friends all that time.’

‘Well, sir,’ suggested the scout, his courage rising at the leniency

of the punishment, and his eye brightening at the prospect of being sent to the hotels and pastry-cooks' shops for Frank's daily supplies, 'you'll fare none the worse for the cross against your name, sir; 'and, as to your friends, if you can't go to them, they can come to 'you.'

'So they shall, Potts: and I'll have a jolly dinner-party in my 'rooms, just to keep up my spirits, every day till the beginning of 'term.'

And so he did: nor were his friends slack in gathering round him during this festive period: and if debarred himself from enjoying the sport of hunting, they at least kept him well posted in all the performances of the neighbouring packs. Consequently, breakfasts, luncheons, dinners and suppers, the last invariably followed by bacchanalian orgies, and all supplied by the nearest hotels, prevailed from morning till late night; and never was open house better kept than in these rooms. But, pleasant as it was for the time being, the piper must be paid in the end; and a pretty reckoning it amounted to, a pretty commotion it caused, before his claims could be all satisfied.

We will not, however, anticipate that settlement, nor attempt to explain how it was at length accomplished; suffice it to say Watercombe was encumbered with a heavy debt, and that the fetters he had forged for himself, he was only released from by his own death.

During the whole of this riotous period, however, and, indeed, ever since he had come into residence, Frank, with the consent of her mother, had kept up a warm and regular correspondence with Mary Cornish; and among the many presents he had sent her was a beautiful old clock of the Henri Quatre period, which he had purchased from an Oxford jeweller at a fabulous price. Now it so happened that, when this clock was brought to Heathercot by the Buckbury carrier, Parson Barker and his niece, a Miss Caroline Cuthbert, who lived with him as his housekeeper, had arrived there and were just sitting down to luncheon, when the servant, to whom it was delivered, immediately rushed into the dining-room and announced aloud, 'A package from Oxford for you, Miss Mary; and 'if you please Martin says there's eight and sixpence paid on and he 'wants another shilling for bringing it from Buckbury.'

Here then was a revelation for Miss Cuthbert, who having been long but unsuccessfully busied with her own flirtations, had now turned her attention to those of others; in discovering which, on the principle of setting a thief to catch a thief, she had become quite an expert. Yet, shrewd and prescient as she had proved herself to be in that art, not a glimmer of suspicion had as yet crossed her mind in this particular case: she had been away on a visit at the time of the picnic at Holne Chase; and if her uncle had noticed Frank's decided partiality for Mary Cornish on that occasion, he would have thought twice before he would have hinted at the matter before his gossiping niece.

'A box from Oxford, and for Mary, too,' she exclaimed, with a



look in which surprise and curiosity were alike blended; 'I wonder what it contains.'

'A collar of brawn, from St. Ebb's, I should say,' blurted out the parson; 'this is just the season, and they are famous for it at that college.'

'Very likely indeed; and from young Raleigh—the schoolboy, you remember, who went with us to Holne Chase last summer,' said Mrs. Cornish with some little confusion, which did not escape the notice of the astute Miss Cuthbert.

The maid-servant, however, quickly dispelled that notion by bringing the package, on which was printed with large letters 'Glass with care,' within the range of the latter lady's vision; who exclaimed with increasing curiosity, 'Brawn indeed, uncle; it's no such thing; there's something far more precious in that case than a pig's head.'

Mary's face became crimson to the very roots of her hair at this remark; and fearing, if a mystery were made of the matter, that it would only excite the irrepressible curiosity of at least one of their guests and probably give rise to some unpleasant report, she directed the maid to put down the case near the sideboard, and after luncheon to bring a hammer and reveal its contents. Accordingly, after sundry efforts to force the lid, in which Miss Cuthbert, dropping on her knees, insisted on taking a prominent part, the beautiful old clock was unearthed; but, alas! with a label attached to it, on which was written in characters only too legible the following sentence: 'From F. R. for his own sweet Mary.'

'Foolish fellow,' exclaimed Mrs. Cornish, scarcely knowing what she was saying, 'to throw away his money in this way; I hope, when he grows older, he'll know better how to use it. I dare say he thinks it good fun addressing Mary in those affectionate terms, —a style far more pointed than pleasant, to my mind; still he is but a boy, and of course no notice can be taken of it.'

The fair widow would have thrown dust in her visitors' eyes by the tone of indifference and almost of censure in which she spoke of the matter; but one of them, the Parson, had already seen enough on the day of the picnic to convince him that Frank had conceived a passionate preference for Mary Cornish, and that his attentions were anything but distasteful to the artless girl; so, in spite of Mrs. Cornish's explanation, Parson Barker jumped to the not unreasonable conclusion that the youthful pair had a mutual understanding between them, and that the mother knew more than she cared to own at that stage of the affair. And as to Miss Cuthbert; after reading with her own eyes the language of that label, had Mrs. Cornish been educated in all the wiles of diplomacy, she could have said nothing to divert that lady from a like settled conviction; possessing too the instincts of a sleuth-hound, no difficulty deterred her in working out a line of cold scent, and even sometimes in throwing her tongue freely when the scent had all but failed.

No wonder, then, that, at a tea-party that same night at Buck-

bury, she hesitated not to announce, but of course confidentially to a few friends, the private engagement of Frank to Mary Cornish. 'Talk of people being born,' she said, 'with silver spoons in their mouths; that girl has found a golden one in hers! But, oh! how I should like to be a mouse behind the tapestry at Watercombe, just to hear what Lady Susan, with her proud spirit, says of the affair, though I don't feel certain that she knows all about it as yet. "My sweet Mary," indeed, will be a bitter pill for her, when she does, that's certain.'

The report of a positive engagement, coming from so good an authority as the friend of both families, spread, as might be expected, like wild-fire throughout the community of Buckbury; and during the next few days became the all-engrossing subject of conversation in many a country house miles away from that town. Consequently, almost every post brought congratulatory letters to Watercombe, written, of course, with the kindest intentions by Lady Susan's friends, some of whom apparently knew nothing of the long-standing feud existing between the heads of the two families, and some not even the name of the lady to whom Frank was said to be engaged. But still the letters poured in, and if the metamorphosis so earnestly wished for by Miss Cuthbert had been granted, her ears would certainly have been pleasantly tickled by the unsparing invectives of Lady Susan's tongue, as she commented aloud on those unwelcome epistles.

Fox hunting having come to a close and the rivers being as yet too high and too cold for the pursuit of the otter, they were hard times for the Squire at home during this period. Now, some tenant would drop in with a petition for repairs in and around his homestead; the roof of a barn had fallen in, or a rush-grown plot of ground, which would barely feed a goose per acre, needed draining: and now, a farmer's wife, with a long bill for damage done by foxes, would beset him in clamorous tones for full compensation, as she enumerated the exact number of ducks, geese, chickens and even lambs, destroyed by those 'nasty varminths.' The last, however, the Squire never paid for except under protest, asserting, as he always did most stoutly, and as there is good ground for believing, most correctly, that a fox never kills a live lamb.

From these importunities, however, the Squire could and did frequently make his escape to the wild moor; where, communing with nature amid the silent and rugged solitudes of the forest, he seemed to shake off and leave behind him, for a time at least, the worry of the post and the petty vexations of his home life.

But when he returned to it, whither could he flee from the querulous and nagging tones of his discontented wife? Day after day and night after night the refrain was always the same: 'Tis 'that Buckbury education has done it all;' till the continuous harping on that one note had almost fretted him into a fiddle-string.

In addition, however, to these daily trials came one which, far more than the reported engagement of Frank to the daughter of his

old enemy, troubled the Squire's mind with the deepest anxiety. A letter from Oxford, written by the senior tutor of St. Columb's, informed him that his son, besides utterly disregarding the college lectures, had become associated with an out-college set of men, who, from their reckless and extravagant habits, were leading him, the tutor feared, into serious debt and difficulties. Subjoined to this letter was a postscript intimating that, if Frank was intended for the army, the sooner he obtained his commission the better; as it would probably save both his father and himself from the mortification of seeing his name erased from the college books.

'There, madam,' said the Squire, tossing the letter across the breakfast-table to Lady Susan to read; 'that's a pretty finale to Frank's Oxford career, and exactly what I predicted from his association with men of expensive habits and larger means than his own. It will be utter ruin to him if he remains there any longer; he must come home at once.'

'No, no, Mr. Raleigh; that will never do, at least for the present,' said Lady Susan, who, with the instinct of a woman in such matters, foresaw that Frank would not be twenty-four hours at home before devising some plan for paying a visit to Heathercot. 'Why not send him into Wales to my cousin Herbert's? He would give him some good fishing in the Taff; and among those pretty girls of his the foolish fellow would probably soon be weaned from the juvenile attachment into which he has been so unfortunately entrapped in this neighbourhood.'

'A very good thought,' replied the Squire; 'and if Herbert will have him, that would be a quiet and complete change for him.'

To be of one mind on any point connected with the disposal of their son, had been for many years a matter of rare occurrence between the husband and his wife; and even now their accord, with respect to his banishment into Wales, was due to very different motives. His mother—the dream of whose life it had been to see her son connected in marriage with some noble family—while she deplored his removal from the high-bred set of men who had received and welcomed him at St. Ebb's, only thought of the absolute danger he would incur if allowed to return to Watercombe, whence he would be certain to slip away and feed the flame she would have given the world to see extinguished.

Mr. Raleigh, on the other hand, troubled himself not a jot about Frank's love-affair, being fully persuaded it was a mere boy's passion, and would probably burn out as speedily as it was kindled, and that as he grew older, he would see the importance and find many an opportunity of making a better selection. But the Squire's chief object was to separate his son from those very men, who, if not exceeding their own resources, were by their expensive habits leading Frank at a hand-gallop into inextricable ruin. So, accepting Lady Susan's proposal, he said cordially, 'By all means, let him go to your cousin's; and in the meantime I'll stir up the Horse Guards and get him his commission without loss of time.'

The Easter vacation was then just at hand, and Frank, having accepted an invitation from Gore Leveson to visit him at Foxbury Grange, in Northamptonshire, had quitted Oxford on the very morning that a letter arrived from his father; in which the angry parent commented bitterly on his reckless extravagance; bade him take his name off the University books, before that disgrace was inflicted on him by the authorities of his own college; and finally commended him to repair to Penhafod, his cousin's place in Glamorganshire, till he heard again from him. Frank, too, had written to his father, simply telling him he had gone on a visit to a friend in Northamptonshire, but without giving any further address. The two letters had crossed on the road, and that from his father to him remained unopened on Frank's table till his return to Oxford in the following term.

'By this time,' said he to his steady old friend Harry Somers, whose advice, although he had shamefully neglected him of late, he was too glad to profit by in the hour of need; 'by this time my father's wrath will have expended itself, and I dare say when he reconsiders the matter, that he would much prefer my holding on as a member of the University, if not of this college, till I get my commission; but how to manage it I cannot exactly see.'

'Change the venue, Frank; get your name entered on the books of St. Andrew's Hall, a refuge for the destitute; where, however bad your character may be, they are sure to take you in. There you may live as you like; knock in or knock out at any hour; cut chapel and lectures as you please; and hunt, if you wish it, every day in the week. But write to your father and consult him; he is an old Oxford man, and will understand what you mean by a migration to that hospice.'

'My father's letters have not been over and above civil of late, Harry; and catch me writing to him, on this or any other subject, till he becomes more respectful to his son-and-heir. No; I shall act on my own hook this time; and if they won't keep me longer at St. Columb's, I'll migrate to St. Andrew's Hall forthwith. The boat-races take place next term; and, as my friend Gore Leveson has backed Brazen-Nose to bump St. Ebb's for a heavy sum, I don't mean to go down till after that event. Besides, I intend getting a fiver or two upon it myself; for, Leveson assures me, St. Lbb's has a worse crew than usual this year—a weedy lot that must be beaten; so we are sure to pocket our tin.'

'No! don't bet, Frank; for, win or lose, that vice must bring you to grief; if you win on this occasion, you will be encouraged to venture a larger sum on another, and so establish a most dangerous habit; and if you lose, your father will be the real sufferer, as you will of course call on him for the extra supply.'

'Not a bit of it, Harry; I've now two strings to my bow, and when one fails, I can pull the other. There's a fellow called Skinner here, who is always ready to accommodate me with any sum I may require; he was introduced to me by my friend Leveson,

‘and every man at St. Ebb’s, who wants money, goes to him and gets it. He must have a mine somewhere, or a bank at his back; for if, as the old song says, “All mankind are birds,” beyond doubt he must be a goldfinch.’

‘And you, Frank, a green-finch, whose vitals he’ll feed on when he is transformed, as he assuredly will be some day, into a rapacious bird of prey. Be advised in time, my dear old school-fellow, and have nothing more to do with so dangerous a scoundrel. Go to your father; tell him your embarrassment; and then, I am quite sure, he’ll do all he can to extricate and save you from this harpy’s claws.’

Frank, who was deeply impressed by this honest advice, might in all probability have escaped the tortures of a life-time, if he had then acted on his friend’s counsel with promptitude and decision. But his intentions, however sincere they might have been, were scattered to the winds and vanished, as so many more had vanished before them, to that place which is said to be already widely paved with good intentions, by the entrance of Gore Leveson at that instant.

‘Now then, old stick-in-the-mud! there’s a hurdle-race coming off on Bullingdon, and we shall miss it to a certainty, if you hang fire in this fashion,’ said Leveson, catching Frank by the arm, and at the same time looking Harry Somers over from head to foot, as if wondering, from his homely attire, who or what he could be, and where he could have come from—a process of inspection, saying nothing and meaning so much, that, if Harry had still been a school-boy, he certainly would have sent his fist with full force into the insolent coxcomb’s face.

‘It’s a match,’ continued he, ‘for 50*l.* each, weight for inches, between Wodehouse’s pony, Gazelle, and Logan’s Norna, the latter a perfect heavy-weight hunter, and a well-known mare in Warwickshire; but, except with hounds, she is very apt to refuse, and, I hear, hates a hurdle: so I mean to back the pony. Come along, old fellow!’

The temptation was irresistible. Frank, having already seen the Gazelle triumphant in so many spins over Bullingdon and in Port Meadow (although she barely topped 14.2, and displayed all the characteristics of a thoroughbred weed, being ewe-necked, and stunted in growth by the want of food), at once seized his ‘beaver’ and, with a significant nod to his friendly Mentor, as much as to say, ‘I will hear thee again of this matter,’ he and Leveson marched off together.

It was simply a misnomer to call the match a hurdle-race; for instead of a slight and frangible hurdle, a single heavy larch-pole, swathed round with furze, formed each of the six barriers to be jumped; and as these stood four feet and a half from the ground, and were almost as high as the little mare’s back, it was surmised they would prove a most formidable fence for her, and, if not cleared, would probably bring even the big one to grief. Still, being so well known for her jumping and staying powers, Gazelle, looking like a

star and carrying her natty rider, whose seat and hopeful countenance implied winning to a certainty, became the decided favourite, as she bounded to the post with the spring of an antelope.

Norna, on the other hand, with dear old Logan on her back, a broad-shouldered, resolute man, sitting square in his saddle, and possessing nerves of iron, stood full sixteen hands high, and from her long sinewy thighs, flat hocks, and great girth, seemed big enough and strong enough to carry him over, or even through, a park-wall. She was well-bred, too—a dark chestnut, with one eye only, and with a turn of speed fast enough, it was said, to go for a King's Plate. But without hounds, such was her temper, that, at times, no one but her owner could get her to face the most insignificant fence; and on this ground the backers of the pony chiefly relied.

'They're off! they're off!' shouted a hundred voices, as the little mare, leading up to the first bar, cleared it without an effort; while at a distance of ten or twelve yards in her wake came Norna 'of the fitful head,' so firmly held and so well put at it, that to refuse, had she been so inclined, would have been next to impossible. But the grand old mare knew better; for just pricking her ears, she hopped over it as if it had been no higher than a fender; while instantly the set, firm features of her jockey, as he caught the 'Hurrah!' of a well-known Trinity man called Way, relaxed at once into a pleasant and confident smile.

Wodehouse, not wisely as many thought, now mended the pace; for, light-weight as he was, the ground, owing to recent rain, proved heavy going for the little mare. Still, she led gallantly over the second, third, and fourth bar, never touching a twig of the gorse, and increasing the distance between herself and opponent at every stride.

'The little one wins for a hundred!' shouted Leveson, wildly, little suspecting that the old mare had as yet only been going at three-quarter speed, and had a reserve of power in her known to none but her judicious rider.

'Done! done!' responded two of the Trinity men, in one breath, as they caught sight of Gazelle, now making, for the first time, a slight mistake at the fifth fence.

Old Logan saw it too, and taking a fresh hold of Norna's head, he appeared to impart new life to the mare, for she instantly extended her stride, and swung over the fence as if she meant flying into the next county. In a few seconds she had raced up to the quarters of the pony, and as they both went at top pace, head and head for the last fence, it became too evident that the latter was all but pumped-out, while the big mare was going without an effort, and was still fresh as paint.

'It's all over but shouting!' exclaimed Way, as the game little mare, now all abroad, but struggling gallantly to maintain her lead, breasted the bar and fell over it with a crash and a thud that made every man on the ground hold his breath for very fear. She was up again in one second, however; and before any one could come to

his assistance, Wodehouse, who had held on to his reins, had sprung into his saddle, determined to fight the now unequal battle to the bitter end.

But it was not to be; Gazelle, having badly strained her off fore-leg, was unable to put it to the ground; and the old mare, amid the shouts of all Trinity, cantered home an easy winner.

That same night there was a supper and heavy drinking at St. Columb's; and the next morning, in order to meet the claims against him, for he had lost a heavy sum by betting against the winner, Frank was compelled to solicit a further advance of money from Skinner, in whose fatal meshes he now found himself as fairly entangled as a fly might be in those of a hungry spider.

## SHOWS CONSIDERED IN THEIR RELATION TO SPORT.

ONE of the great manias of the present day is undoubtedly Shows—or to speak in a strain more in accordance with the ideas of secretaries and promoters, Exhibitions. There is scarcely anything we do not in the present day exhibit—horses, dogs, cattle, sheep, pigs, babies, barmaids, flowers, donkeys, cats, goats, rabbits, fowls; and every conceivable thing, even to costumes, has come in for its share of gape-seed within the last few years.

There is, no doubt, much good in this, and some breeds of animals and fowls have been considerably improved thereby, though in others, more especially dogs, we are under the impression that it has led to a system of crossing, as the means of producing extravagant show-points, which must be detrimental to purity of blood, and injurious to working dogs in their several vocations (though it may improve their appearance on the show-bench), as the effects of a cross are often felt long enough after all trace of its appearance has been eradicated by breeding back to the original strain. Thus we know that spaniels of apparently as pure blood as it is possible to obtain, and in the hands of the most scientific breaker, have persisted in the worst fault a spaniel can have, that of running scut in spite of all efforts to stop them, the cause being neither more nor less than a very remote cross with a beagle. Horse shows, again, certainly have not done what might have been expected of them in the way of encouraging a good and useful breed of horses; the cause being, possibly, that the managers look only to making a paying speculation of it. Hence the classes which are not popular with the sight-seeing public, but which would, more than any others, encourage breeding, are passed over—such as brood mares—two, three, and four-year-olds being, in a great measure, made to give place in the prize list to older hunters, hacks, and so forth, while the rewards for stallions are not handsome enough to bring very first-class horses from home.

The consequence of this is that, instead of benefiting the general breed of horses to the extent they should have done, shows have developed what we may term a special class of horse, whose business it is to perform in the ring, quite as much as any steed that ever pawed the sawdust at Astley's. We have hunters exhibited and taking prizes, who would be at as great a loss, if set going across a country, as would one of the gallant piebalds on which Mademoiselle de Dancey exhibits her shortness of skirt and plenitude of muscle to the admiring spectators. These horses are kept for the show-yard and nothing else. We do not say that they have never seen hounds, but we do say that most of them, if they ever see hounds at all, only do so in the same way as the so-called hunters which are now to be met at most race meetings; that is, they go to the fixture, are trotted about through gates for half an hour, and then taken home again. We are told this horse has really been hunted, and that horse has really been ridden, and asked to believe it. Our answer is, 'Look at the state of their legs.' All men who have ever owned horses, and *ridden them*, know to their cost that knocks, strains, and bruises are the very birthright of a hunter. They know also that it takes a summer's rest to put them straight again, and that the marks remain probably as long as the horse lives. Let us instance two cases of show-yard horses that have been worked, King Charming and Lady Mary: the former landed on the stump of a tree in taking a fence, and a big knee, which he will carry to the grave with him, is the consequence; the latter came to grief in a steeplechase (we think at Sandown), and has a scar by which she will be 'good to know' for years to come. In spite of these facts, we are asked to believe that horses brought out in early summer with their legs as fine and clean as on the day they were foaled, horses seven and eight years old, have been regularly hunted. Many of them by the time they are done with in the show-yard have earned from five or six hundred to a thousand pounds, and then are only fit to be sold abroad, or to carry a dyspeptic old gentleman out for an airing. They don't know their business as hunters, and are too old to learn. Worse than that, however, they have either prevented true hunters being shown, or have kept them in the background when sent into the ring, where nothing tells so much as condition; and in that point, of course, the horse who has honestly earned his corn, under, say, fifteen stone, all the winter, can have no chance with the regular circuit goer, who never did half a day's work in his life.

Our quarrel with shows, as regards their relation to sport, does not, however, end here. So far we have considered only offences of omission; now let us come to those of commission. It has for some time been found out that the British public does not care enough about horses to put a handsome surplus in the pockets of the projectors and managers of shows without stronger meat to tickle their palates than the pleasure of seeing which animals the judges consider the best. Extra excitement must be provided, and jumping



prizes are the result. These, as a paying speculation, have been eminently successful; as a means to bring the incidents and pleasure of the hunting-field within easy view of a lot of people occupying seats at so much per head, a decided failure. Perhaps there could by any possibility be no two things more unlike than the leaping in a show-yard and the leaping after hounds. Even a steeplechase gives but a very faint idea of the way a country is crossed by really good men riding to hounds. How, then, can it be accomplished in a ring of a hundred or a hundred and fifty yards long? These contests have developed another class of horse, which is strictly and purely a show-yard creation—the animal that jumps for prizes. Of course no sane man would send a good hunter to knock himself about on hard ground; equally of course the prize-takers who do not jump in their legitimate, or what by a nice fiction is supposed to be their legitimate business, do not jump here. Demand, however, always creates a supply, and straightway we see a lot of jumpers at every show who must have been in very bad circumstances ere the game began, for what other occupation they are fit for, as a rule, except drawing a cab, it would be hard to divine. Most of them leap in such a headlong, rushing form—now a mile too high, then right through without rising at all—that they certainly could not go for any length of time in a strongly-inclosed country, as, even supposing the obstacles did not bring them down, the unnecessary exertion they make must perforce soon stop them. Many of them which gain the greatest distinction are mere ponies, not up to the weight of a pair of boots, and as to value, why, one known hunter would, we should imagine, realise enough to buy the lot. In fact, the courage of the man who ate the first oyster would sink into nothing in comparison with any one who essayed to ride them over a country; it would be as Thersites to Achilles. So far we have shown that energetic managers and secretaries have pandered to what we cannot but think is a somewhat depraved taste for excitement on the part of those who, as Assheton Smith said of men who ran horses at, or cared to witness, steeplechases, like to see others do what they are afraid to do themselves, and have succeeded in introducing what, if announced as a burlesque of sport, we might laugh at, but which we do not like to see sailing in false colours, as it were, under the wing of horse shows. They have done this, and put money in their pockets; but the end is not yet.

Some two or three years ago an elderly gentleman, standing by our side as some jumping was taking place, remarked that it would be a great improvement to introduce a trained fox and some hounds. Perhaps he has since then taken the management of a show in hand, or at any rate given some one a hint as to making improvements in the programme; for what was our surprise not long ago when the following circular was laid on our breakfast-table: ‘Third great International Exhibition. Horses, Ponies, Hounds, Harriers, and Fox-terriers.’ Here follows a list of judges and stewards, and then, in the notice to exhibitors, in large letters, ‘Drag Hunt. *At the request of a*

'number of gentlemen, it is proposed to have A TRAIL HUNT with aniseed, on Saturday, August 5th, *confined to hounds and harriers entered at the show*, and to be *optional* with exhibitors. First prize 5*l.*, second prize 2*l.*, third prize 1*l.* No 'entrance fee.' Shades of Meynell, John Warde, and Assheton Smith! what shall we come to next? Fancy a man with either fox-hounds or harriers worth the value of the halter that it would take to hang them, allowing his hounds to run aniseed for a 'fiver' round a hundred-acre paddock, wall-fenced! Let us hope that the souls of the departed do not know what takes place in this world, or surely Hugo Meynell, Mr. Barry, Colonel Thornton, and the Duke of Northumberland will once more come beneath the glimpses of the moon, and haunt this energetic secretary to his dying day; not to mention Will Crane, who, if he had him as a fox in the Elysian Fields, would cheer his Wanton and Bluecap on his line with a gusto he never knew in this world.

To be serious, it would have been bad enough to prostitute the powers of the foxhound to running a drag even over the magnificent expanse of Newmarket Heath for 500*l.* a side, had it not served to give us some estimate of his glorious powers, and to show that over a distance of ground the racehorse is not his superior; but the idea of running round a hundred-acre inclosure for the delectation of townspeople, and the reward of a 'fiver,' is a degradation to which we never expected hounds to be reduced.

A drag is very well as the means of letting off steam for a field who think all sport consists in galloping and jumping, when the line is a stiff one and the gates all locked, and, as is usual in such cases, the hounds of a character which *nothing could spoil*. For be it known that the kennels of a regular drag hunt stand to the hound-world in something the same relation as a convict establishment to a country—a place for all evil-doers. The only quality they need is speed, and if they have it not, a broken back soon relieves them from all further trouble. But what can we say of a drag hunt at a *hound show*?

Well may the competition be optional, or the catalogue would have pretty plainly shown the estimation in which masters of hounds hold the man who could ask them to let their favourites run aniseed!

No doubt the trail hunt, held at the request of a number of gentlemen (*sic*), will come off, and we shall read columns of nauseous twaddle about it in the daily papers, and in one in particular; but we venture to predict it will be by hounds that are not worth the meal on which they are fed for one day even, and that they will be drawn from the benches of some hole-in-the-corner pack, whose owner will hunt any and everything that he can come across—hounds which, as we said of drag hounds, nothing could spoil.

We advise all managers of shows to let hound trials alone; they are far beyond their province, and will never become popular with masters whose support and patronage is worth having; and if held

will only tend to bring those who exhibit thereat into ridicule with all real sportsmen. Far too much has been done already in the way of bringing, or attempting to bring, sport into the heart of cities, and this 'aniseed run,' if it takes place, although free from the cruelty, will be to the full as degrading as the coursing trapped hares in an inclosure, which was so properly nipped in the bud a few years ago. We only know of one trial that could be carried out with success in the precincts of a town, which is that of bloodhounds in running down a man (of course properly muzzled so that they could not hurt him). That, if the old legends of their prowess are true, would not be out of place, and would serve to show us whether, in breeding for wrinkled foreheads and big dewlaps, we have lost the scenting power of the hound. All other hounds should be left to their legitimate game, or masters will look with a more suspicious eye on those 'summer hounds,' as we once heard one term those that are exhibited, than they do at present.

J. T.

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### HOW TOM STRETCHER LOST THE BIG PIKE.

TOM was a most enthusiastic fisherman—at least he thought he was, and repeatedly said he was, so that what he firmly believed himself, by dint of repeated asseveration, he got his friends to believe also. He was not a salmon fisher even theoretically; not even after his third tumbler; for his sense of the fitness of things kept him at least within the bounds of probability when relating his piscatorial exploits, and his friends knew that Tom was so far glued to his office stool that the pursuit of the monarch of the stream was out of his reach. In consequence, he spoke rather slightly of the sport. Neither was he great in the matter of capturing trout, looking down on them as very small deer indeed; while as to punt fishing, he scouted the idea. When asked what he did so for, Tom was wont to answer with great dignity, 'The pike, sir, the pike, the freshwater shark, the mighty luce, that, sir, is my prey—a fish worth catching, sir. What raptures when you feel the rush of the line which succeeds the snap of his jaws, as they close like a steel trap on the bait. What excitement lest the gimp should snap as the rod bends with his weight, increasing each moment as you winch him in, until it culminates as your finger and thumb are thrust triumphantly into his eye-sockets, and you haul him into your boat or see his fair proportions displayed on the verdant bank. That is sport worthy of a man.' Then Tom, having delivered himself, was wont to bridle up to the full extent of his five feet one and a half in his boots, light a meerschaum nearly as large as himself, and smoke furiously for the space of at least one minute, and, if not interrupted, quote a long passage from 'Gay's Rural Sports' more or less correctly, according to the

time of day in which the performance took place, though he never failed to roll out, with an unctiousness that told how thoroughly he appreciated it, the line,

‘And one slight hair the mighty bulk commands.’

It so chanced I was chatting with Tom one winter evening, not so many years ago, when the postman’s double knock interrupted our chat, and Tom received a letter from a friend who was in the same office as himself to the intent that one of the fishermen of —— had written to say there was a particularly large pike he knew of feeding just above the town, and asking him to come down next day and try for him; and Tom was invited to bear him company. ‘By Jove, that’s capital,’ said Tom; ‘you come with us, old fellow. We’ll meet at Waterloo, run down in no time, and have a good day’s sport. Won’t it be glorious if we can only get hold of the big one?’

Now I have no objection to the river in fine summer weather, and can stand a punt fairly well in company with a good big hamper of provisions; but with the chance of a north-east wind, and the mercury down to freezing point, I cannot say that I care so very much about it. However, Tom would take no denial; go I must, and go I should; so at length I was forced to give way, and promise to meet him at Waterloo in good time the next morning.

There by times was little Tom, with a rod of portentous dimensions, and a pannier which, to put it mildly, would have held an amount of fish equal in weight to the little hero himself. But the friend himself was missing, a telegram received that morning said that important business would keep him in town; so Tom was forced, nothing loth I fancy, to sally forth and attack the monster fish alone. I say nothing loth, from having an idea that the missing friend was a workman whose presence somewhat overshadowed the enthusiastic little angler, who, although he liked well enough when the thing was all over to tell his friends, ‘I was fishing with —— last Wednesday,’ or, ‘—— told me so-and-so when we were out together,’ and gather reflected glory from an acknowledged first-rate fisherman, felt himself constrained to play a very secondary part when in that fisherman’s company.

As it was, with only a humble neophyte like myself for audience, he was very great; and no sooner were we seated in our compartment, and the door locked to save us from fear of interruption, than he lugged forth before my eyes all kinds of strange devices, which he assured me could not fail to kill, but which, in my humble opinion, looked far more calculated to scare any right-minded fish into seeking fresh feeding grounds than attracting him into the snares laid for his capture—an opinion, however, which I discreetly kept to myself, as Tom is irascible to a degree, and there is no point on which he more prides himself than the excellence of his fishing-tackle, save, perhaps, the skill with which he uses it. In fact, his rooms might very well be taken by the uninitiated for a tackle-shop,

and I have more than once been rendered uncomfortable by the idea that I was probably sitting when there in close proximity to jars of worms, gentles, maggots, or some similar abomination, until I reflected that I had nowhere read of their being used in the capture of his favourite quarry the pike. I still have an idea that an assortment of fine lively frogs might at any time have been found in his bedroom. Well, in due time we arrived at —, and, with pannier on hip and rod in hand, Tom set boldly forward for the river-side; before going far, however, we met a man who eyed the little angler with a sort of sarcastic smile, that I by no means took as a compliment to his prowess; nevertheless on he pressed, and reached the river to find that it was in a state of flood. The man's smile was now accounted for; I cannot say but I should have felt somewhat inclined to indulge in one myself had I seen an individual, thus heavily armed, wending towards the stream, when it was not in a condition to fish. The fact was there had been a heavy fall of snow away up the river, which, quickly melting, had caused it to rise very rapidly, and now it was in a regular state of flood. My friend pulled a long face at the sight, and I took a notion into my head that his friend must, by some mysterious means, have been forewarned of what was about to happen, and thus elected to stay in town rather than make his appearance at —.

'This is a bad job,' said Tom, as the boatman rolled out of his cabin and touched his hat.

'Never mind, yer honour; the river is a bit high to be sure, but I think we can manage to catch a nice fish or two. But where is Mr. —?'

'Oh, he could not get away; and I think we may as well go back again.'

'Oh no, yer honour; I have got some of the beautifulest bait you ever saw; don't talk about going back again,' replied the boatman, who had a keen eye to the seven-and-sixpence for his day's work, not to mention casting sundry longing glances at the fish pannier, which he probably knew had come down full, if it was destined to go back empty; for Tom's eagerness in taking advantage of the hunger of the pike never precluded his looking well out for the means of appeasing his own.

'No use to think of spinning,' remarked Tom, casting a rueful glance at the pea-soup coloured water.

'No, but we'll live-bait for 'em, sir,' said the boatman, proceeding to put a lot of fish into the well of a boat, and at the same time laying a couple of dilapidated looking rods on the thwarts. 'Now, gentlemen, will you step in, please? We'll go a good bit up the river and work down.'

'Before we scarcely knew what we were at we found ourselves seated in the stern of a boat, and the sturdy oarsman with a vigorous stroke or two had pulled us away from the shore and well out into the stream. It took him some little time to work across to the opposite side, but when he had done so he fixed a rope to the boat,

and throwing it over his shoulder, proceeded to tow us up for a mile or two; when, having reached the ground where he intended to commence, the rope was stowed away, and he rowed us across to an island which was nearly submerged, and having got into a comfortable berth, looked at me and said, with a nod of his head my way, 'Gentleman fish, sir?' addressing himself to Tom.

'No,' I answered; 'I merely came out to see my friend catch this big fish you wrote about.'

'Well then, sir, if I may make so bold, if you'd just ketch hold of these ere stems, you're sure to keep the boat from driften.' And so I found myself transformed into a sort of living anchor.

'There, if you gets hold of a twenty-pounder I'll warrant he don't break that tackle,' said he, as he impaled a couple of nice lively fish of different sizes on the hooks and put the rod into Tom's hand. 'Throw well in under the boughs, sir, and strike sharp when you finds 'em bite, and be sure you don't slack your line.'

'But—but—I thought I should give time for him to gorge the bait,' said Tom, with hesitation.

'Aye, aye, right enough, but you do as I tell ye to-day; strike sharp and keep a tight line, if you wants to catch him.'

Tom took the rod, and looked at it as if he did not quite know what to do with it; then commenced swinging it about as if he had some intention of belabouring me over head and ears with his baits. Finally he plumped them into the water behind him, and then with a jerk, executed with great exertion, sent them about three or four yards to the front, making as much splash as a Newfoundland dog jumping in would have done.

'That won't do,' said the boatman, who by this time had baited the other line. 'Look here, sir, this is the way;' and with a slight swing and turn of the wrist, apparently without an effort, sent his bait straight and true into the water, with the slightest possible amount of disturbance. Neither his skill nor Tom's awkwardness, however, availed to get a bite.

'There goes a good fish,' said he, pointing across the submerged meadows. 'Aye, and there's another.'

'What beauties,' holloed Tom, staring, in the direction indicated, with that vacant look which always betokens that a man wants you to believe he sees something when he does not. As for my own part, I must freely confess that although I stared with all the eyes nature had kindly given me, I saw no more likeness or similitude of a fish in the water than I did in the sky. The boatman made a superb cast or two in the direction he saw the fish, and Tom splashed about under the bushes until his live-bait had become dead-bait, when they decided the pike were not going to bite, and that it was better to move.

Arrived at another likely place the rope was brought into request, and the boat made fast to a willow, while our attention was turned to the pannier which had such an attractive influence for the boatman's eyes, and the contents thereof I am bound to say did no-

discredit to his discernment. Very mysterious things came forth one after the other from that pannier; and remembering its size, and the way that it was stuffed, I have often wondered how my little friend managed to struggle along so successfully from the station to the river, under a weight that would have borne stronger men to the earth. But what can a man not do when upheld by a sense of duty—and a duty Tom certainly considered it to live as well as he could on each and every occasion. ‘Real good ham this,’ said our boatman, fishing up a huge slice with his knife from the dish in which it was deposited, and placing it on a hunch of bread the size of a brick.

‘Yes,’ answered Tom. ‘No good ham to be had here; always get mine from Devonshire; best place in the world for ham,’ though, by-the-way, he took good care not to eat it, but devoted himself to more savoury viands. Bass and Guinness were tapped and appreciated, but the crowning triumph came with a bottle of cold punch, such an one as no doubt was the cause of worthy Mr. Pickwick being wheeled into the ground. But the weather was colder than when he deigned to witness the slaughter of partridges, and perchance we were less enthusiastic, for no like disaster occurred; but after a glass round, pipes were lighted, and all seemed more disposed for a gossip than fishing. It was wonderful how Guinness, combined with punch, loosened the tongue of our boatman. What tales he had to tell of his own exploits in the piscatorial line! how he could send a spinning bait ‘right across to the land yonder,’ or ‘drop a fly into a teacup.’ Now as to the first, had Robin Hood, who must surely have been his patron saint in the matter of the long bow, been there, it would have taken his clothyard shaft all its time to reach the said land; and as to dropping a fly into a teacup, it would be about the only use he would, we fancy, ever be likely to make of that domestic utensil. Then he had been a rival to Blondin, he had sat on a chair on the tight-rope, he had walked from steeple to steeple, carried children on his back, and indulged in all those freaks which form such exhilarating spectacles to a British crowd. Verily he was either a wonderful man or a wonderful liar, which I should be sorry to determine, though I have my private opinion on the subject.

However, the boatman’s yarns and our pipes at length came to a conclusion. Tom poured out another glass of punch all round, and the man of many tales, having rebaited the hooks, took his oars leisurely in hand to row farther down the river. Never, save on that occasion, has it been my luck to see any one fishing in the pleasure-grounds of a thorough stranger without leave asked or given, but floods do strange things, as many people know to their cost, and thus we, the river having been rising all the time we were out, had invaded the pleasure of some city don. I forget who it was, whether ‘Swallow and Night,’ ‘Aaron and Son,’ ‘Atheling and Cignet,’ or to what other well-known firm the owner belonged, though the man told us all about him; how he had built the house, laid out the grounds, and what a pot of money he was

supposed to possess; and then, having rowed up to the almost submerged wall of his domain, bid Tom cast his bait into the waters beyond, where, he said, a fish was very likely to be found, and so the bait went flying into the sacred precincts of croquet-ground and flower-beds. What execution might have been done here deponent sayeth not, for ere there was time to ascertain whether pike have a *penchant* for landscape gardening, the boatman sang out, 'By Jove! there's a horse in the river,' and prepared to make a move to the rescue.

'It's a big dog,' said Tom; 'he's all right.'

'It's a horse, I saw him go in; shall we go and save him?' asked the boatman.

By this time we could plainly see something struggling towards the bank, and vainly endeavouring to climb it out of the water. 'Pull away,' holloed Tom, and very quickly, the current helping us, we were at the spot where a black pony was struggling in the water and a boy wringing his hands and blubbering for bare life on the bank. It was clear the pony, for such he proved to be, had somehow entangled himself in his harness, and unless prompt assistance was rendered was in a very fair way of being drowned, for his bridle had come off in the struggle, and there was nothing by which to get a good hold of his head. If ever we saw a horse in a fix that pony was the one; and if he had any intention of committing suicide when he started, the feel of the water quickly altered his views with regard to death by drowning. Luckily for him, our boatman was a man of energy; he quickly had out his ropes, got them round the pony's neck, hauled him up so as to keep his head above water, and, having done this, shouted lustily for help to some labourers in the fields near, in which process he was ably seconded by the boy, who took the cue with alacrity. Help soon came; more ropes were adjusted, and then some seven or eight of us putting our shoulders to the wheel, or rather hand to the rope, with a will, the poor struggling little beast was hauled bodily out and deposited on *terra firma* with protruding eye, extended nostril, and shaking in every limb as if he had been violently galloped.

'Now, boy, take him home and clean him, and the harness, as soon as you can before master comes,' said this wrecker, and right glad the boy seemed to take his advice, while we pulled into an eyot for Tom to once more try and ensnare a fish. We were hard under the willows by an island—where, if all be true, there is a good deal of snipe-shooting carried on by people who have never paid the gun licence—a nice quiet spot, and Tom was just using his bait in the forlorn sort of way of a man who has given up hope after having 'toiled all day and caught nothing,' when, as he was lifting it out for another throw, there was a rush through the water and a jump that seemed to electrify us, nay so eager was the fish that he came right against the side of the boat. A second sooner and he would have been hooked, but unfortunately the bait was just beyond his reach.



‘Well, I never saw such a rise as that,’ said our Charon, ‘in all my experience; I thought he meant to have boat and all the lot: it’s the big fish for a quart. Wait a little, and then throw again in the same place.’ So he did, but without any response; again and again he tried it in vain.

‘Now throw right away down stream beyond those bushes.’

Tom, whose performance in this line had greatly improved since luncheon, sent the bait out straight and well with very little splash, and within three seconds, though there was no tug, his rod was bending like a willow in a strong breeze. ‘Keep tight, and wind him in; keep tight, and you will have him,’ shouted the boatman. Tom shook like an aspen, and the perspiration streamed off him with excitement, as his rod bent more and more; he fumbled at the winch, but could not make it work; he tried to see what was the matter, for one unlucky moment lowered his top, and the next drew in a slack line without any trouble. The boatman looked at the bait, whose sides were scored as if with a knife, and remarked, ‘That’s him; he did not come so free this time, and was not hooked; but if you’d kept a tight line, we should have had him fast enough: for, you see, if you hold ’em hard when they bites like that, they can’t get free; slack ever so little, and they are gone in an instant.’ Without more ado he commenced rowing homewards. When we landed, I asked, ‘Well, waterman, if you had had the rod do you think you could have got that fish?’ ‘*Perhaps* I might, sir,’ said he, using strong emphasis on the *perhaps*, ‘and very well he’d a looked stuffed in the King’s Arms parlour.’

Tom related the whole story to his friend in my presence a few nights afterwards, when the monosyllable ‘muff,’ jerked out between the puffs of smoke from that gentleman’s meerschaum, had such an effect upon him, that he did not speak again until he had mixed and emptied his second tumbler, and never once since has he boasted of going angling with that crack disciple of old Izaak.

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## CRICKET.

Two very seasonable letters on the subject of cricket have lately been addressed to the Editor of ‘Bell’s Life’ by the Secretary of the Marylebone Club, Mr. R. A. Fitzgerald, for whose speedy and complete restoration to health we, in common with all cricketers, past or present, who have enjoyed the pleasure of his acquaintance, beg to express our most sincere wishes. Both deal to a certain extent with the plethora of cricket, with the tedious repetition of the same matches over and over again, with the neglect of the study of bowling on the part of amateurs, and with the difficulties to which secretaries of clubs are exposed, in consequence of the men they want for their matches being wanted in half-a-dozen other places, here, there, and everywhere, on the same day. Mr. Fitzgerald’s

remarks on these points are, in the main, thoroughly sound, but we are afraid they are addressed to deaf ears. In this railway age, the demands on well-known cricketers, as on any other persons who are able to contribute to the public amusement, are heavier and heavier every season. It is not in human nature to refuse to respond to the demand, especially when the inducement of good pay is offered, and accordingly those who make their summer living by their summer cricket are nowadays worked pretty well off their legs. It is all very well to talk of a bowler saving himself: what the bowler wants to do is to save money. Wisden may have allowed himself plenty of rest, and consequently have never bowled badly; but then he may have been able to afford to take his rest, and, besides, in his day the number of matches in which he would have cared to take part was very limited. It must not be forgotten that the professional cricketer's sun does not shine for a very long period; and while it does shine he is bound to make his hay. With few exceptions, the professional cricketer does not play because he likes cricket, but because it is a convenient method of obtaining an income by no means to be despised. We have said on previous occasions that, considering the class from which the majority of them spring, professional cricketers are overpaid. We are of the same opinion still; but that is the affair of the public, which is practically the paymaster, and as long as the public continues to offer such high wages, so long will there be candidates ready to receive them. The public also is very *exigant* in regard to its cricket favourites. The absence of this or that well-known professional—who is perhaps snatching a few hours of that rest which Mr. Fitzgerald claims as a necessity for him—in any great match gives rise to much grumbling and growling. The public is disappointed, and a few such disappointments will produce some feelings of resentment in the mind of the cricketer's best patron. So the cricketer must go on grinding at the mill, unless he is fortunate enough to be independent of public patronage. Even during the late broiling days of July there must needs be three North and South matches, in addition to the two noticed in our last number, and we dare say there will be three more in August. One would have thought that the very name, from constant repetition, had become nauseous; but the appetite of the public seems insatiable. As for amateurs they have only themselves to blame if they are overworked. They pay the penalty for their own foolishness by losing the particular matches on which they have most set their hearts. What could be more disastrous to the chances of Oxford than the five days of downright hard work they had to go through, in very fatiguing weather, just on the eve of the University match? At the end of the third of the five days their bowlers were quite knocked up; at the end of the fifth, bowlers and fieldsmen were equally exhausted. When the eventful Monday came, therefore, the dark blues were altogether stale; and hence their decisive defeat. The difficulties, of which Mr. Fitzgerald complains, by which secretaries of clubs are beset in selecting their elevens, are

the natural result of the increase of cricket, and the pressure put on men to play everywhere except where some aggrieved Secretary fancies he ought to be playing. In former years, the Marylebone Club has been a sad sufferer through the unwillingness of its members to take a fair share in its contests ; but we must say that the old club has done pretty well this season so far. The eleven that turned out to meet Nottingham was certainly a failure ; but, with that exception, we think the Secretary may be pretty well satisfied with the result of the matches in which the M.C.C. has taken part. The experiment of electing as members promising young cricketers who will be likely for a year or two, at least, to do service for the club has already been attended with success. Formerly men joined the M.C.C. by hundreds, not one of whom had the slightest intention to take any part in the game of cricket. The cricketing element of the club was rapidly becoming more and more insignificant in numbers, while the lounging element grew and waxed strong. Under such circumstances how was it likely that a programme of forty or fifty matches could be carried through, save by relying mainly on the groundmen ? As for the fashion of Lord's having faded, and for the superior attractions of other grounds, it is unfortunately true that neither pleasure nor business is free from competition. We are also bound to say that if in a certain sense Lord's is now outdone by another metropolitan cricket-ground, it was Lord's that first set the example of paying court to Fashion. The Grand Stand—a hideous structure, and an objectionable nuisance—was the first commencement of the departure from the pristine simplicity of the old ground : then came that utter abomination at cricket, military bands ; and then, as a still further solicitation to Fashion at the great matches, more and more space was allotted to carriage company, and the area of the playing ground was proportionately contracted. All that could be done to attract visitors has been done, that we readily admit ; and the only thing is that the rival ground in the fashionable quarter of London has gone ahead in the same direction a little faster still. The shady trees, and the umbrella tents, and the skating rink, and other attractions have proved irresistible. But we do not see that there is any reason for repining at this. If Fashion would desert Lord's altogether, so much the better for cricket, and so much the better prospect of the game being played as heretofore in all its rigour, without reference to the whims or the wishes of a few hundreds of dilettante lookers-on. One word more before leaving this branch of the subject. Mr. Fitzgerald says that the whole of the large income of the Marylebone Club is spent on cricket and cricketers. We fully believe this, and we think that members have just cause for complaint that such is the case. But that is a matter to which it would be out of place to refer further in these pages. Then, lastly, there is the amateur bowling difficulty. Every one sees this difficulty, which is likely to increase year by year ; but no one can point out a remedy, for the simple reason that you cannot by any means compel amateurs, after their school days,

to practise any department of the game except that which just hits their fancy. Nothing can be better than the suggestions of the Secretary of the M.C.C., that boys under sixteen should not bowl more than twenty yards; that 'the bowler should never be allowed to take any place in the field which involves throwing over forty yards; that length should be obtained by steady practice at a certain mark, easily fixed by the professional coach; that an exact number of steps to the bowling crease should be made a point of by the bowler, and invariably adhered to;' but what prospect is there that this early and excellent training will be turned to good account in after-life? At the universities there are any number of professional and semi-professional bowlers, and the young amateur soon finds that it is much more enjoyable to be bowled to than to bowl. Bowling, especially out of a match, is irksome work when a man has not to get his living by it; and an amateur always imagines that when there is a match, and his blood is up, he will be sure to get some wickets whether he has kept up his practice or not; and so he decides that he may as well keep on instead at his batting, which is fine exercise, and in which he is rapidly improving. You cannot alter this disposition, and we fear we shall have to look a long time for the successor to Mr. Appleby, the only first-class fast amateur bowler in England, when that gentleman retires from active play. National games go through various phases, and are perpetually changing, and it is vain to attempt to fix them down to any one particular standard. You can no more revive the steady, methodical days of cricket, when bowlers were not overworked, and batsmen did not make two hundred runs, and the field were not fagged and jaded beyond endurance, than you can revive the old days of slow, solemn hunting, or of four-mile heats in racing, or of stage-coaches. We must take cricket as we happen to find it, and though we are much impressed with the good sense of the M.C.C. Secretary's observations, we cannot indulge the hope that they will produce much effect.

The three Gentlemen *v.* Players matches were an instance in point of the mischief caused by the constant repetition of the same contests. The second followed close on the heels of the first, and as soon as the second was finished the third began. The first was a really interesting and well-contested match, and both sides tried hard for the victory; but in the second the Players were quite stale and jaded, and the third was regarded with utter indifference. The Oval was the scene of the first contest, and both elevens were as nearly as possible the best that could have been selected. Perhaps Oscroft instead of Selby would have been an improvement on the Players' side, but it would be hypercritical to find fault. The match was remarkable for the even scoring all through, only one on each side failing to score in the first innings, namely, Greenwood for the Players, and Mr. W. G. Grace for the Gentlemen. The latter was clean bowled by Emmett's third ball, to the huge delight of the Yorkshireman. He, however, according to his wont, amply made

up for this misfortune in the second innings. The scoring, though, as we have said, well sustained all through, was not oppressively gigantic, and the totals of 237, 257, and 229, were just what two powerful elevens might have been expected to obtain. On the Players' side we may draw especial attention to the batting of Daft (48 and 61), who is quite in his best form this year, and who, if this is really his last season, will retire from active participation in cricket in the full prime of his powers. Barlow (27 and 33) was also particularly worthy of commendation. His steadiness and patience justly entitle him to be considered the Jupp of the North; and the Committee of the Surrey Club showed excellent judgment in giving him a place in the Players' eleven. Ulyett (48 and 14) is another who well deserved his place. He is one of the best all-round cricketers in England—a good bat, a useful change bowler, and a brilliant field. Of the batting strength of the Gentlemen we need only say that it was powerful from first to last. The last three wickets were Mr. F. Penn, Mr. I. D. Walker, and Mr. E. F. S. Tylecote, so it may be judged what a task was set for the Players to accomplish. Mr. F. Penn (52) again showed himself a finished batsman against the best bowling that England could produce, and his frequent ill-luck when playing for his county becomes quite incomprehensible. Time alone saved the Players from a decisive defeat, for in the second innings of the Gentlemen four wickets only had fallen for 200 runs, and but 60 or 70 more were required. Mr. W. G. Grace (90) played in his best style, and broke the back of the Players' bowling, and Mr. Ridley and Mr. Penn were well in when time was called. Of the bowling we may say that A. Shaw, as usual, was wonderfully precise, and that the fast bowling proved somewhat expensive; while on the Gentlemen's side the two Graces had a hand in most of the Players' wickets, Mr. Ridley doing some good service in the second innings. A word must be added in praise of Mr. Tylecote's wicket-keeping. At Lord's, the Players' side was not by any means so well selected as at the Oval. A. Shrewsbury is not nearly so good a man as Barlow, and with Hill and Emmett in the field Morley was not wanted. Morley got six wickets, it is true, and we shall be told that the proof of the pudding is in the eating; but for all that he has bowled very indifferently this season, and as a batsman he is not worth taking into consideration. Ulyett, in our opinion, ought to have been played in his place. As it turned out, however, no alteration would have made much difference, for as the Gentlemen won the toss, and Mr. W. G. Grace was in his best Midsummer form, the first two hours' play practically settled the match. Mr. Grace hit, and Mr. Ottaway played, and the weather being intensely hot the Players, with three days' cricket at the Oval already in them, gradually waxed fainter and fainter. At the close of the day the Players had only secured six wickets for 433 runs, and could hardly drag one leg after another. Mr. W. G. Grace (169) made the highest score he has ever obtained at Lord's, and Mr. Ridley's 103 was a brilliant performance. Mr. Ottaway (42), as usual, did good

service by his steadiness at the outset. There seemed no reason why, as at the Oval, the last four wickets of the Gentlemen should not be as difficult to take as the first four; but by one of those strange accidents that sometimes happen at cricket Morley, on the second morning of the match, bowled twenty-seven balls for four wickets and one run. Something of this form the day before would have been more to the purpose. Winning the match was now out of the question for the Players; but there was a chance of their making a draw of it. It is an uphill game, however, playing against 450 runs, and professionals seldom excel in uphill games. On the whole, considering the fatigue they had undergone and the heat of the weather, the Players did pretty well to put together 219, especially as Mr. Appleby was very much on the spot. Daft, Oscroft (58), Jupp, and Greenwood were the chief scorers, and Mr. Appleby got six wickets and Mr. W. G. Grace three. The score we have named did not suffice to save the innings, and so the Players were under the disadvantage of having to go in a second time when the light was not particularly good. Their second essay was not even so successful as their first; five wickets had fallen when the time came for drawing the stumps; and the remaining five were disposed of the next morning in little more than an hour. Daft (39, not out) again upheld the honour of professional cricket, and Jupp and Lockwood both played the game; but, on the whole, it was a poor show. The two Graces got all the wickets, Mr. W. G. taking six and Mr. G. F. three; and that is not the least remarkable part of the story. As soon as this one-sided contest was over, off went the two elevens to Prince's to begin over again, and once more the Players were doomed to experience defeat, though not such a crushing defeat as had befallen them at Lord's. As usual, the wicket at Prince's was none of the easiest, and the play was occasionally interrupted by rain. Run-getting, therefore, fell off in proportion. For the Players, Lillywhite and Barlow played in place of Greenwood and Morley, while on the side of the Gentlemen Mr. Longman and Mr. Patterson appeared in lieu of Lord Harris and Mr. Appleby; and Mr. Patterson, who took seven of the Players' wickets, kept up the bowling average he has maintained almost uninterruptedly throughout the season. For the Players Lockwood (70) did well, though he had a fair share of luck; but Barlow's 45 (not out) was a most praiseworthy exhibition of patient defence. Mr. W. G. Grace was got rid of (for him) pretty easily in both innings, but very large scores were not wanted, and his brother and Mr. Penn got well set in the second innings and hit off the required runs, the Gentlemen winning by five wickets after a fairly-contested match which did not exhaust the energies of either side. Mr. Lucas also played very steadily. A. Shaw always finds Prince's to his liking, and his analysis in the first innings—66 overs, 46 maidens, 39 runs, 3 wickets—shows what difficulty some of the best batsman in England found in getting runs off his bowling. The general conclusion from this long-protracted trial between the professionals and amateurs of

England is that the former have very little chance for the present of getting the best of their opponents. All their splendid bowling and wicket-keeping, as well as their undeniably good fielding, are of no avail against the tremendous batting strength of the Gentlemen; and though most of them can bat more or less, and some, like Daft, Lockwood, and Oscroft, may fairly be considered masters of the art, yet somehow they fail in real punishing ability, and they never manage to knock off the not very formidable bowling they have to meet. Mr. Appleby, it is true, is a formidable bowler, and on his day there is no knocking him off; but the two Graces ought surely to be often hit far more than they are. We saw them pretty well knocked about at Huddersfield a few weeks ago, but of that hereafter. We suspect that their name and fame have something to do with the number of wickets they get. It must be added that the Gentlemen have got a superb fielding team now, not one of whom often makes a mistake, and we well know what a difference it makes to a bowler when he can safely trust his field. In wicket-keeping, also, the Gentlemen are by no means badly off, and there seems every probability that the Players will have to bide their time before they can hope to take their revenge for the many disastrous defeats that have of late years been inflicted on them. Soon after these three matches came a trio of encounters between North and South; and, as we before remarked, in the first three months of the season five matches under this title have been played. The first of the three took place at Huddersfield, where the weather and the wicket were perfection, but the space for playing was so limited that the least tap went for three, and so a good deal of running and fielding were saved, to the satisfaction, no doubt, of those who had to play under an almost tropical sun. The Northern eleven consisted of nine Yorkshiremen, including most of the cracks, and two Derbyshire men. The Southern was quite a scratch eleven, made up of the two Graces, Mr. Gilbert, Charlwood, Fillery, and Lillywhite, and some odds and ends. The match was therefore Yorkshire, with Mycroft and Mr. R. P. Smith, against a very mixed eleven, and as far as the South were concerned it was obvious that they had not the ghost of a chance, unless Mr. W. G. Grace happened to be in a great run-getting mood. From a cricketing point of view the match was a very poor affair, though it seemed to give mighty satisfaction to the thousands of Yorkshiremen who stood it out to the end, and as dawdle, dawdle was the order of the day, and as almost unlimited time was allowed for luncheon and for various other intervals, the game was spun out into the afternoon of the third day. Well, Mr. W. G. Grace, who had just arrived from Grimsby, where he had been batting for the best part of three days, and had scored 400 (not out) against twenty-two in the field, with only one chance, which was offered to a fat and bewildered fieldsman when he had got about 350, and was dropped with a yell of despair, was not at all at home at Huddersfield either in batting or bowling, and perhaps was not sorry for a

few hours' rest. His brother, however, played an effective innings of 95, and a hitter like Lillywhite naturally took advantage of a small ground, and made some excellent shots at and over the boundaries. Charlwood also made some fine drives and cuts, and it is a pity that a player with so much brilliancy of execution—in certain points of batting no professional can come near him—should not have more patience and self-restraint. Mycroft bowled admirably for the North, and the break on the ball was remarkable, although the ground gave him no assistance, and Hill bowled well at times. The Southern bowling proved very plain stuff to the Northern batsmen. Greenwood and Lockwood did much what they pleased with Mr. W. G. Grace—why cannot they show the same form on London grounds?—and there was a good deal of luck in Mr. G. F. Grace's four wickets. Greenwood's innings (111) was meritorious; but the South had no wicket-keeper, and, as we have said, a very mild hit counted three. In the end the North won by seven wickets. Very different was the next match played under the same title. This was for the benefit of Daft at Nottingham, and though we are happy to know that Daft is in no want of benefits, yet we doubt not he appreciated the compliment, which could not have been paid to a more genuine cricketer or a more estimable man. On this occasion the North eleven was made up of five Yorkshiremen, Hill, Lockwood, Greenwood, Ulyett, and Pinder; four of Nottingham, Daft himself, Morley, and A. Shaw; one of Derbyshire, Mr. R. P. Smith; and one of Lancashire, Mr. Hornby. The Southern eleven included the two Graces, Messrs. Webbe, I. D. Walker, and Gilbert, Jupp, Pooley, Southerton, and R. Humphrey. There was nothing very particular about the first innings of either side, save that Mr. G. F. Grace took eight of the Northern wickets, and that A. Shaw bowled 100 overs for 48 runs and 5 wickets. The bowling was, in fact, in the ascendancy on both sides, and Pooley's 49 (not out) was the highest contribution on either side. In the second innings, however, the batting element began to assert itself in earnest. Mr. Hornby and Daft set the example, which Lockwood (57, not out) and Mr. R. P. Smith followed with much success, and despite Southerton's bowling, and Pooley's wicket-keeping, the total reached close upon 250. The Southerners proved quite equal to the emergency, Mr. Webbe, who has played rather unequally of late, getting a good 41, and Mr. W. G. Grace, with 114 (not out), effectually settling the matter, and winning the match for the South by eight wickets. The last of the series was also a benefit match, and the recipient of the compliment was T. Humphrey, who, in the palmy days of Surrey, used to go in first with Jupp, and generally stayed there till 100 was up on the telegraph. Humphrey was a fine batsman for a short man, and his cutting was particularly brilliant. He went off comparatively early, and should have had a good many years' more work in him for his county; but we suspect his county rather spoiled him. However, his name recalls a brilliant epoch of Surrey cricket, and no one will



grudge him his benefit, which we are happy to hear was a success. The North was not quite so strong as at Nottingham, as Daft was unable to play; while for the South Mr. Lucas and Mr. Buller took the places of Mr. Webbe and Mr. I. D. Walker. Owing to the delays which are now so common at cricket, the three days were not sufficient to bring the match to a conclusion; and when it was drawn the South had three wickets to fall, and about 160 runs to get. Of course, therefore, it was all in favour of the North; but at the same time Mr. W. G. Grace (50) and Pooley (41) were well in, and there was Charlwood to follow. The Southern bowling was terribly knocked about; and when Lillywhite, Southerton, and the two Graces could do no more, Mr. Townsend was introduced and managed to secure four wickets. Mr. Hornby—who has rarely gone in this season without doing his side good service—hit in his accustomed vigorous style for 48 and 72; and Lockwood, who partnered him in both innings, profited by the good example (56 and 52). Thereafter the scoring fell off, though Emmett—who can bat when he chooses, but who does not always seem willing to take the trouble—made 70 in the first, and Selby 62 in the second innings. The batting of the South fell decidedly short of what might have been expected. Mr. W. G. Grace (69 and 50 not out) was the largest contributor; and Mr. Townsend and Pooley came next. Charlwood hit well, but he seems somehow to stick in the twenties, and to be deficient in staying power, except when he is playing for his own county. The bowling of Hill was very destructive in the first innings of the South; and in the second the erratic Emmett came off, while A. Shaw, as usual, kept up his end with great steadiness. We do not know how many more matches are going to be played this season between the North and the South; but we have quite enough *data* now to form a pretty accurate estimate of the comparative merits, in a cricketing sense, of the two divisions of England. The North have, of course, the best bowling, and the South have a whole army of powerful batsmen, with Mr. Grace at their head. Mr. Hornby, however, is the equal of any batsman in England, bar Mr. Grace; and if the North could only dig up a second Mr. Hornby, there would be probably little to choose between the two elevens. As it is, the South would always have to fight hard for victory, and if they won three matches out of five that would be as much as they could hope to accomplish.

We must now glance rapidly at the county matches of the past month, reserving those which took place during the last week of July for our next number. Two very capital encounters between the old antagonists, Kent and Sussex, have been fought out, and the honours have been fairly divided. In the first, at Brighton, the splendid innings of Charlwood (40 and 123) gave the victory to his county; and even then there was not much to spare, Kent only losing by 57 runs. As usual on the Brighton ground, there was pretty free scoring; and as there is no Hill or Emmett on the side either of Kent or of Sussex, it would be odd if runs were not piled

up. Amateur bowling—that, namely, of Mr. Foord-Kelcey and Mr. Absolom—did most execution for Kent; and Sussex has dug up a fast bowler in the person of Mr. Brown, who proved himself quite worth his place in the eleven. Lord Harris, with never-failing certainty, put together two good scores for his county, and Mr. Penn for once did for Kent what he has been doing every week against the best bowling in England. The match was well fought out, and it was only Charlwood's big innings that turned the scale in favour of Sussex. It was the universal opinion that this was one of the most brilliant performances ever accomplished by Charlwood since he has played for his county. The return match at Tunbridge Wells was closer still, and the issue hung in the balance up to the very last moment. In the first innings Kent was somewhat behind, the mainstay of the eleven, Lord Harris, being caught at the wicket without scoring. Hearne, however, and Mr. Foord-Kelcey averted a total discomfiture; and Mr. Yardley—whose grand style is too seldom witnessed now—gave signs that he had not lost his old form. For Sussex, Fillery (71) was the largest contributor—and certainly this player, despite his very stiff style, has done good service for Sussex this season. In the second innings of Sussex, Mr. Greenfield (52) and Lillywhite (51) had most of the batting to themselves; but 20 extras and a few small contributions swelled the total, so that Kent had a rather alarming score to go in against. Mr. Yardley played right well, but it was Lord Harris who won the match; his 84 (not out) was the salvation of his side, and great must have been his satisfaction when Henty, the last man, made a leg hit for two and won the match for Kent. No man has ever worked harder for his county than Lord Harris has worked for Kent; and as well as working he has given an example, both in batting and in fielding, which only requires following to insure many more victories for Kent, and a restoration of her old wicket prestige. He has had an uphill task, but, notwithstanding defeat after defeat, he has persevered, till at length he has had the satisfaction of achieving a double victory in the Tunbridge Wells week. The second match of the week was against Derbyshire, and this also was well contested from first to last, Kent only winning by two wickets. There were only two runs between the counties in the first innings, and Platts and Mycroft were as deadly on one side as was Mr. Foord-Kelcey on the other. Mr. Rigley (51) was the chief scorer for Derbyshire, and Mr. F. Penn (61, not out) for Kent—and it was quite time that this gentleman showed his real form among his neighbours. The second innings of Derbyshire was a very poor thing, and only Platts (53)—he had scored 36 (not out) in the first innings—saved it from insignificance. Mr. Absolom was very busy in this innings, bowling three and catching three. Kent had now only 115 to get to win, but the Tunbridge Wells wickets do not improve with wear, and it took the Kent men all their time to get through their task. They had some luck also, for we understand that Mr. F. Penn (28) had a decided life at the hands of the umpire. Lord Harris (43)

had again the pleasure of contributing largely to the success of his county, and though there was a natural flutter when the ninth man came in, and a few more runs were still wanted, the suspense was soon over and the victory was proclaimed. Mycroft bowled very well in this innings, and all credit must be given to Derbyshire for the plucky struggle they made. It can hardly be that these gallant triumphs of Kent will not excite an enthusiasm throughout the famous old cricketing county, the fruits of which will be made manifest in future years. It is a convenient opportunity now to allude to another match in which Derbyshire took part, against Lancashire, although it was not of a particularly interesting character. Lancashire had to put up with the loss of Mr. Hornby, and the eleven altogether was of a somewhat 'scratchy' description; yet Derbyshire could not make much head, and all the bowling of Mycroft, Platts, and Hickton was of no avail to stop the triumph of the County Palatine. The Derbyshire batting, in fact, proved to be weak all though; and neither Watson nor W. McIntyre was changed in either innings. Lancashire, however, has had to put up with two defeats from Yorkshire. The first match was much interfered with by rain, and only Mr. Hornby (23, not out, and 43) made anything of a stand against the bowling of Hill, Armitage, and Ullyett. Thanks to him, Lancashire just managed to save a one-innings defeat and that was all. Myers (36) was the highest scorer on the Yorkshire side. In the return match Lancashire looked like taking her revenge, and it was only in the last half-hour that the cup of victory was fairly snatched from her lips. The two sides were close together in the first innings—Lancashire 127, out of which Mr. Hornby and Barlow made 74, and Yorkshire 129, towards which Armitage and Champion were the largest contributors—and then in the second innings Mr. Appleby and W. McIntyre got rid of Yorkshire for 86 runs, Mr. Appleby's bowling being especially fine. Lancashire had now only 89 to get to win, and beginning well, the game looked a good thing for the in-side. A magnificent catch at point, however, got rid of Mr. Hornby just when he was getting dangerous, and only about 40 runs were wanted. Then the Yorkshiremen set to work with a will, and Hill and Emmett bowled in such style that the Lancashire wickets went down like ninepins, and Yorkshire won the match by 18 runs. The last six Lancashire wickets fell for 8 runs, and Hill clean bowled five wickets in four overs for 1 run. This was something like pulling a game out of the fire, and only Yorkshire and Gloucestershire can do these feats of cricket. The Yorkshiremen are indeed a downright well-plucked eleven, and they always play the game without flinching: so they richly deserve their many successes. Nottingham, however, would probably have beaten the county of broad acres, but so much time was muddled away that even in these long days the match could not be completed. At the very first Nottingham astonished her old antagonist, for her two first batsmen, Daft and A. Shrewsbury, scored respectively 81 and 118. Minor contributions raised the total to close upon 300,

against which Yorkshire could only put 208—a good score, but one which, unfortunately, did not prevent a ‘follow on.’ Eastwood (56) and Greenwood (40) were the principal contributors. The second essay of Yorkshire was of about a similar character, 175 runs being realised, and again Eastwood (43) was to the fore. Clayton’s 44 was also a useful contribution. The bowling of A. Shaw in this innings was very remarkable, and his analysis is worth preserving—71 overs, 47 maidens, 51 runs, and 7 wickets. Nottingham had now 85 runs to get, and they had obtained 60 of them for the loss of four wickets when time was called. These wickets, by-the-way, included three of the best, namely, Daft, Oscroft, and A. Shrewsbury; but still Wild and Selby were well in, and there were only 25 runs more wanted, so that unless Hill and Emmett had done prodigies Nottingham could hardly have lost. Fancy, however, what the waste of time must have been that prevented the match from being played out. In London the Nottingham men were deprived of a still more certain victory over Middlesex, but from a much more unfortunate cause. Just in the moment of their victory the game had to be abandoned on account of the sudden death of Tom Box, the veteran Sussex wicket-keeper, and for some years the ground-keeper at Prince’s. The amateur bowling of Middlesex had been treated with the greatest indifference by the Nottingham eleven almost from first to last. Nine of the eleven got into double figures, Daft (82), Barnes (53, not out), and Oscroft (45), being the largest scorers. On the other side only Mr. I. D. Walker (78) and Mr. Hadow (46) stood against Shaw and Morley—the analysis of the former being excellent as usual—but in the second innings Mr. Ottaway (106) defied all the attacks of the Northerners, and fell at length to a new bowler, Tye, who did well for his county, getting five wickets for 45 runs. After these two disappointments Nottingham deserved a victory, and gained it after a desperate struggle against Lancashire at the old Trafford ground. For Lancashire Mr. D. Q. Steel (82) made his first appearance as a county player, and showed that his Uppingham training had fitted him to play the best professional as well as the worst amateur bowling. Mr. Hornby (39) was the next largest scorer on the Lancashire side. Tye again bowled well for Nottingham, getting nine wickets in the match. Nottingham was a good bit behind in the first innings, but in the second A. Shrewsbury (49) and Oscroft (53) made a gallant stand, and quite altered the aspect of affairs. The game was fought out inch by inch, and when the last Nottingham batsman went to the wickets there were still several runs wanting. It was a nervous time, for Morley is a very shaky batsman, but he managed to stay in, and Nottingham won this great match by one wicket. In reference to this match we have received a letter from a correspondent, signing himself ‘A Cricketer,’ in which, we regret to say, grave charges are brought against the umpires. ‘Both Oscroft and ‘Shrewsbury,’ says ‘A Cricketer,’ ‘were out and given in by the ‘umpires. The first was run out three yards, the latter caught at

' the wicket. There was no possibility of any mistake in either ' case, unless the habit of betting, unfortunately too prevalent in ' northern counties, had affected the umpires' vision. They (*i.e.* ' Oscroft and Shrewsbury) made eighty runs between them after ' these two events . . . . . It was much discussed whether a gen- ' tleman should not always umpire. Any inquiry from players in ' the match will convince you of the truth of the above.' Now we did not see the match in question, but we presume that 'A ' Cricketer,' if he is worthy of the name, could not make such strong statements—to which, we may add, it is his own desire that publicity should be given—unless he had ample grounds for them. Our own experience of umpiring is that it is a very arduous task, in which very few men excel; that the majority of umpires commit serious mistakes, and often give their decisions by chance, rather than by judgment; that many men are put to stand umpires who have no qualifications for this post; and that a good many of them are extremely inattentive, and at times almost go to sleep—for which we must say we can hardly blame them. We can believe pretty nearly anything about the mistakes of umpires, having seen so many—there were two palpable blunders, for instance, in the Oxford and Cambridge match this year—and knowing that many umpires have not acquired even an elementary knowledge of the laws of cricket. Umpires, however, are not the only persons who make mistakes, or perform their duties in a negligent manner. If 'A Cricketer' were to inquire a little more deeply he would find that scorers make perhaps even more blunders than umpires. But we should be sorry to think that either the one or the other were capable of giving wrong decisions, or wrongly registering the runs from corrupt motives. The facts may be as our correspondent narrates them, but if he has any suspicions of unfair play, a complaint should have been lodged with the committee of the county club which appointed the umpire in question. We are satisfied that no county committee would hesitate to institute an inquiry into the conduct of their servants, if sufficient evidence were forthcoming to justify its necessity. Nothing, of course, could be more grossly improper than that an umpire should have bets on a match, or any pecuniary interest in its result, one way or another. If, as we gather from 'A Cricketer's' letter, there is evidence to show that the umpire in question gave his decisions from corrupt motives, the committee responsible for his appointment will doubtless take cognizance of the matter, if that evidence is laid before them. In the suggestion as to amateur umpires, we confess we have little faith. We do not know half-a-dozen amateurs who would be competent to take the post of umpire, and we doubt very much whether a single one of them would undertake it if he were asked.

The cricket curiosity of the past month was of course the gigantic score of 400 (not out) made by Mr. W. G. Grace at Grimsby, against twenty-two in the field. We can find no names of note among the bowlers, and very likely the great man had it pretty

much all his own way ; yet the feat is an extraordinary one, particularly as we learn that only one chance was offered, and nothing like it has ever been accomplished. Mr. E. F. S. Tylecote is reputed to have made 404 (not out) at Clifton College, but he played his inning in little instalments, whenever there happened to be a half-holiday, and thus adroitly managed to go in at the beginning of the season and carry his bat at the close. We never regarded this performance as much of a cricket feat, but rather as the inhuman attempt of a big boy to monopolize all the batting, and to prevent the little boys from having an innings. The mere act of running 400 runs straight off, in intensely hot weather, is not so easy as it looks ; and surely if the Grimsby men were not Hills and Shaws in bowling, some of the twenty-two must have been able to catch and field. Just about the same time the Grace family generally were visited with a fit of extraordinary run-getting. There was Dr. Grace, for instance, who made a little item at Thornbury of 327 (not out) out of a total of 502 (four wickets down), which must have been nice for the opposite eleven, hailing from a place called Chewton Reynsham ; and then there was Mr. G. F. Grace, also at Thornbury, with 192 (not out) out of a total of 278 (one wicket down), while the other side had been diddled out by ' the Doctor ' for forty-eight runs. And, on the whole, from what we have seen of the scores in that part of England, we should strongly recommend any of our young friends, who may be travelling west and looking out here and there for a day's game, not to play against Thornbury.

We shall not waste many words on the Eton and Harrow match. This is one of those concessions to fashion which may have brought grist to the mill of the Marylebone Club, but which has been of little service to good cricket, and which genuine cricketers leave more and more every year to such people as care for picnicing under difficulties in St. John's Wood. And as there are thousands, and probably tens of thousands, who would picnic in Houndsditch, if it was thought the correct thing to do so, the vacant places are speedily filled up. Well, as to this match, it was a poor affair from the first. Harrow were overmatched in every department of the game, and received with meekness the hollow beating that every one took for granted would be inflicted on them. All through the season Eton had been scoring largely ; and, whoever were their opponents, the Etonians seldom fell far short of a couple of hundred runs. Winchester had been smashed up to nothing in a single innings, and a hundred runs to spare, and various elevens of varying strength that travelled down to Eton had returned with rueful countenances. On the other hand, Harrow had made a very poor show in trial matches, and the warmest friends of the dark blues had little hope of their success. And the match answered exactly to the expectations that had been formed of it. Eton won the toss, and Mr. Forbes, already a batsman of finished attainments, made fearful havoc of the Harrow bowling, which was certainly as poor as poor could be. With Mr. Forbes's 113, Mr. Bury's 72, and minor

scores, the Eton total reached 308—a figure which Harrow, in two attempts, could not reach. The Harrow batting was not particularly bad—indeed, 157 is a very creditable score for a set of lads playing under the eyes of fifteen thousand spectators, and probably agitated by unwonted feelings. But it was not good enough nearly to save the follow on; and cricketers at that age are quite demoralized by having to go in a second time to make up a number of runs to the bad. The last effort of the Harrow eleven was worse than the first, and Eton remained the victors in a single innings, with twenty-four runs to spare. According to the present school arrangements the handicap is all in favour of Eton, and the slight interest that would be excited if the sides were tolerably even, is now indefinitely reduced, when it is known that the sides never are and never can be on an equality. But taking the match at its best, when one can see Hill and Shaw bowling and Mr. Grace batting every week of the season, who would care to look at the immature efforts of boys?

The following remarks on the career of Box, the celebrated wicket-keeper and bat, have been most obligingly communicated to us by a well-known Sussex cricketer, who knew Box well, and who was witness of many of his most brilliant performances:

‘The first time I ever saw Tom Box was in a famous match at the old Hanover Ground, Brighton, in 1833, when Sussex played against All England, and lost by 1 run. It was a strange contrast to the matches of to-day. England only made 89 and 30, and Sussex 52 and 66, while the top scorer was the then veteran W. Ward with 22. Some of the finest players in England were there, Pilch, Marsden, Wenman, Lillywhite, Broadbridge, and Hooker, while the celebrated A. Mynn, and Harenc (then an excellent amateur bowler), assisted England, and Lanaway, Meads, and Brown (who had taken part in the great matches of 1827), were on the side of Sussex.

‘Box was not then, or indeed for several seasons afterwards, very successful with the bat, but his style was already extremely elegant, while the older players prophesied that he would rival the glories of “old Will Slater” (who had just then retired from the Sussex ranks), owing to his great dexterity behind the stumps. He excited my admiration and wonder by the number of balls he took from Lillywhite and Broadbridge, and still more so by his even taking many from “Brown of Brighton,” for the latter bowled even then with tremendous speed.

‘Box was certainly a most finished performer behind the bails, and with his slight, well-knit figure, his cheery smile, and his knowing white hat (fancy playing cricket in a chimney-pot hat), he was quite the beau ideal of a young cricketer. He speedily took rank as one of “the dauntless three,” who far surpassed all the men of that day as wicket-keepers. The other two were E. G. Wenman and Herbert Jenner. Each had his own merits. Jenner was perhaps the greatest genius, as, not content with having

‘ the wicket to look after, he would often take short slip or short leg, standing close up in the latter post in order to catch his man out off “the draw,” while his quickness in putting down a wicket was marvellous. Wenman was especially clever with his left hand, and he had a far greater reach than Box, while he was quicker and more eager after balls played to short square leg. He won the very match I spoke of by throwing out Good from such a hit.

‘ But for straight bowling, just rising over the bails, or at the off, Box could hardly be surpassed. Luckily for him he served his apprenticeship to Lillywhite and Broadbridge and others of the early school of round bowling, which was of moderate pace, so that when Mynn set the fashion of terrific speed he was able to cope even with him. And wicket-keeping was no joke then. No pads, no gloves had been heard of. Even a kid glove cut down into a mitten was considered rather effeminate; and grounds were far more bumpy and dangerous than the “billiard-tables” of to-day. Box’s career must therefore be reckoned a most remarkable one, considering how many years he played, and how successful he was with all sorts of bowling. He was a most fair man, too. I never knew him try to snap a decision or take an undue advantage; nor did he ever ask, “How’s that,” unless he thought he had good grounds for doing so. His great fault as a general was, that he used rather to expect too much of his field, and shouted at them when they were doing all they knew.

‘ After a few years he became a most accomplished bat. He had great defence, and his cutting was most brilliant, while his leg hitting was at times excellent. Driving was little practised then, but to see him make himself up for a late cut, and “let her have it,” was a treat. For two or three seasons he had the highest average of any man, though playing very often against twenty-twos. He was also a fair lob bowler at a pinch, and take him all round few players have excelled him.’

## YACHTING AND ROWING.

IN spite of the badness of the times, which has so severely affected many of our national sports this season, and especially in the racing world occasioned a marked falling-off in gate-moneys and attendance, the London yachting season has produced some capital sport, though several well-known names, in the list of craft as well as their owners, are conspicuous by their absence; some of the clippers of former seasons being devoted exclusively to pleasure yachting, while others have been undergoing alterations in hull and rigging with the hope of improving their speed. It is gratifying to notice that the Prince of Wales has been having the *Hildegard* fitted out, and his Royal Highness it may be hoped will before long take an active part in yachting matters, as befits a Commodore of the Royal Thames.

The trio of cutter matches sailed by the London Clubs were as usual fixed for three following days, and the Royal Thames opened the ball, the yachts



being divided into classes over and under 40 tons, starting from Rosherville to go round the Mouse and back. The first class consisted of Vol-au-Vent (Colonel Markham), Cuckoo (Mr. Hall), Fiona (Mr. E. Boutcher), Iona (Mr. Ashbury, M.P.), Neva (Mr. Holmes Ker), and Neptune (Mr. N. Stewart), while the smaller class, all forty-tonners, were Britannia (Mr. Quilter), Bloodhound (Marquis of Ailsa), Coralie (Sir F. Gooch), Ellida (Mr. R. Borwick), and Myosotis (Mr. D. McMaster). A light S.E. breeze freshened during the voyage and most of the first class overhauled the second division above the Nore, the leaders rounding the Mouse in this order—Vol-au-Vent, Cuckoo, Fiona, Iona, Coralie, Britannia, and Myosotis. On the homeward voyage the wind died away again, which helped the bigger ships' allowances, and at the finish Vol-au-Vent, Cuckoo, and Fiona passed the flag in advance of the rest, Fiona being within her time of the leader, which took second honors. Among the forty-tonners, Coralie was first home, but was protested against, and the Committee's decision gave the first prize to Myosotis, and second to Britannia. The Royal London on the following day had three classes, some of the entries running down to 15 tons, and they started at Erith to go round the Nore and finish at Rosherville, except the 20-tonners and under, which rounded the east buoy off Leigh Middle. All the fleet of the day before started again, except Coralie, whose place was filled by the Glance (Mr. E. Rushton), and the small ones were Vanessa (Mr. F. Cox), Fleetwing (Mr. F. Little) Butterfly (Mr. J. F. Williams), Aveyron (Mr. W. Read), and Dudu (Mr. Sparvel-Bayly), all cracks in their class. With a nice N.E. wind, which improved as the day wore on, the whole fleet were started together, and Vol-au-Vent, which had a good lead off the Chapman, was first round the Nore and kept ahead to the end, Fiona and Neva next, the latter winning by time, and the Bloodhound taking the second-class prize. The small boats got home in the following order—Vanessa, Dudu (winner by time), Aveyron, and Butterfly, the Fleetwing having come to grief, but owing to a protest against Dudu the prize was not awarded at the time, the dispute being referred to the Committee, who subsequently overruled the objection. The New Thames had the last of the three days' cutter racing, and got together a fair entry, Fiona and Ellida again taking part in the proceedings, while the other big ships engaged were Alerte (Mr. Armytage, R.A.), the old Cygnet, and Vigilant (Mr. H. Willis). The middle class did not fill, and the smaller lot consisted of Butterfly, Aveyron, and Dachshund (Mr. F. W. Primrose). The course was from Rosherville round the West Oaze buoy and back, and for the small vessels round the Nore. The latter were started first, in a fresh S.W. breeze, and when the others followed a quarter of an hour later, Mr. Boutcher's clipper soon showed the way, and had the match in hand, bar accidents. Alerte and Cygnet were second and third in rounding, and the latter had a great chance of second honours until her bowsprit gave way off the Mucking, thus leaving the prizes to Alerte and Ellida. In the third class Aveyron won by time from Butterfly, which took second prize. The Club's Channel match, Southend to Harwich, secured half-a-dozen entries, Fiona again having a benefit. Ellida and Vigilant completed the cutter list, und Rosabelle (Mr. T. Pim), Surf (Mr. F. Williams), and Mignonette (Mr. T. Hall), made up the yawl contingent. Starting with a light W.S.W. breeze, Surf, Rosabelle, and Fiona soon slid away from the other moiety of the fleet, Fiona, Rosabelle, Surf, and Ellida arriving at Harwich Harbour in this order, Mr. Boutcher again taking first prize, while the prize for first of another rig went to the Surf, and the Ellida took one as second of the winner's rig.

The Channel match to Harwich under the joint auspices of the Royal

London and Royal Harwich Yacht Clubs, secured a splendid entry, and with a strong N.E. wind, there was every prospect of a great race. Owing to the rough weather the Vice-Commodore R.L.Y.C., Mr. J. S. Earle, made use of his power to alter the course, and ordered it to be down the Swin Channel instead of round the Kentish Knock. The match was open to all rigs, and three schooners, six yawls, and a baker's half dozen of cutters were entered, consisting of schooners, Olga (Mr. Hankey), Egeria (Mr. Mulholland), and Phantom (Mr. A. O. Wilkinson); cutters, Cuckoo, Fiona, Iona, Surge (Mr. W. H. Trego), Britannia, Ellida, and Glance; yawls, Corisande (Mr. J. Richardson), which has been considerably altered during the winter, Rosabelle, Gertrude (Sir A. Fairbairn), Arethusa (Captain Murphy), Neptune, and Surf. Corisande, Olga, and Egeria led the way after a few miles had been travelled, Mr. Hankey's big ship getting first home, though owing to a protest against her from the Egeria, the prize was withheld. Meanwhile Corisande took the yawl prize, and Cuckoo, which was fourth in, that for cutters. The Royal Harwich Club's Regatta came off very successfully, matches for schooners and yawls, cutters over forty, cutters under forty, and for any rig between ten and twenty-five tons, being satisfactorily contested. The first event brought together Egeria and Olga, schooners; and Gertrude, Surf, Rosabelle, Neptune, Arethusa, and Raven (Lieut.-Col. Stirling). The last is a new ship from Cowes, and her *début* found her many admirers. Egeria won the first prize, having an advantage over her big rival throughout, whilst of the yawls, the new arrival Raven was right away from the others, being a good third to the crack schooners, and winning the yawl race with something to spare. The cutters' match between Vol-au-Vent, Cuckoo, Fiona, and Iona, fell to the first-named, Cuckoo taking second honors, though Mr. Ashbury's ship pressed her hard until close home. It was clearly not the Fiona's day at all, and she was on this occasion not in the hunt. Among the forty tonners the Marquis of Ailsa and Sir F. Gooch took the honors, Bloodhound and Coralie showing the way throughout, and Vanessa scored another victory over the small fry. This, with a match for ten tonners, brought a capital Harwich Regatta to a conclusion. The match home again from Harwich to Southend had, like the outward voyage, a splendid list of entries—in fact, most of the same vessels were engaged. The same schooners, all the yawls except Corisande, whose place was well occupied by the new clipper Raven, and most of the cutters, made up a fine fleet, but owing to the old complaint, lack of wind, the result was unsatisfactory, probably even to the winners. In the end Cuckoo was home first, winning Mr. Ashbury's prize, Phantom and Raven taking those for the other rigs.

The schooner and yawl matches on the Thames were principally interesting on account of the meeting of the crack yawls Florinda and Corisande. The race was as usual from Gravesend round the Mouse and back. Olga and Egeria were also expected to afford a good race, but in each case the bigger of the pair had bad luck, and lost the prize. Schooners, Olga, Egeria, Phantom, and Pantomime; yawls, Corisande and Florinda; and in a second class, Rosabelle, Gertrude, Raven, Surf, and Neptune. The yawls were started first in a good S.W. breeze, and Corisande being hampered, owing to Gertrude and Rosabelle fouling, Florinda got a nice lead, which was improved by Corisande's topmast giving way off Thames Haven. Florinda was accordingly first round at the Mouse, Corisande close up, and the rest, with the exception of Rosabelle, which had fallen astern, pretty much together. On the journey home, Corisande got in front, but not enough to save her allowance to Florinda, which won the chief prize, Neptune getting the second class one. Of the

schooners, Olga, Egeria, and Phantom were making a pretty race of it until Olga's bobstay gave in, and she had to content herself with third place at the Mouse, and though she regained the lead afterwards, and was first home, both Phantom and Egeria beat her by time, and the latter, being well within her time of Phantom, took the first prize. The next day's sailing, under the Royal London flag, had pretty much the same entries; the course was the same, and the two big schooners again tried conclusions with the same result. The wind, S.W., was however much lighter, and veered about a good deal during the day. Florinda, Corisande, Surf, and Neptune were the competing yawls, and in the light wind Florinda had it all her own way, getting home well ahead of the fleet, though she could not give the time away to Neptune, which thus took the yawl prize. The New Thames Yawl Match lay between Rosabelle and Surf, and, after a nice day's sailing with a good S.E. breeze, Surf got home well within her time.

The R.T.Y.C. Channel Match from the Nore to Dover had an entry of seventeen, all of which came to stations excepting the Pantomime, which had become *hors de combat* in the Club Match round the Mouse, when she ran full tilt at the lightship. All rigs were well represented—Olga, Egeria, Phantom, and Australia, schooners; Arrow (Mr. T. Chamberlayne), Vol-au-Vent, Cuckoo, Fiona, and some other cutters; and yawls, Florinda, Raven, Surf, Rosabelle, and Gertrude (Lord Rendlesham). With a fine wind Olga, Florinda, Vol-au-Vent, Cuckoo, Egeria, and Arrow, led the way for the greater part of the distance, and the first four arrived in the order named. Arrow, which went the wrong side of the mark-boat not being officially timed. Egeria being the same rig as Olga and within her time took first prize, and Florinda second, while Cuckoo just did Vol-au-Vent for the third.

The Royal Cinque Ports Regatta, which, owing principally to the energy of Mr. T. Brassey, M.P., has been so rapidly raised to a high position, this season arranged a three days' programme, and from the number and value of the prizes offered there was apparent justification for it; but owing to the first day being a dead calm seven events had to be decided on the second. Olga and Egeria again tried conclusions, and the big ship looked all over a winner until the jaws of the gaff gave way, letting up Egeria, which afterwards held her own and got home within her time, which, but for the *contretemps*, she was not likely to do, Olga having worked a long way ahead in the first round. In the yawl match Florinda was again *facile princeps*, the Gertrude making a bit of a race with her for a good part of the distance; while Rosabelle and Raven were disabled, the former's gaff jaws coming to grief, and the Raven losing a topmast. In the first-class cutter race, Arrow and Cuckoo had matters pretty much to themselves, Fiona and Vol-au-Vent losing any chance they had by a sad accident to one of Mr. Boucher's men, who fell into the sea off the cross-trees, owing to the topmast breaking. Fiona's men threw a buoy, but not within the poor fellow's reach; and the Vol-au-Vent, just astern, luffed-to, and got one close to him, but he was unable to grasp it, and sank before the Fiona's boat, which was promptly lowered, could reach him. In the meantime the Arrow and Cuckoo were making a grand race of it, and Mr. Chamberlayne's old clipper finally arrived home far enough ahead to give the time to the Cuckoo, with about half a minute to spare. In the second class Neptune had an easy win, and Vanessa and Dudu scored in their respective classes. A match for *bona fide* cruising yawls and schooners produced three starters, and a good deal of discussion as to the meaning of the definition. The Medora was held to be ineligible, as was the Hirondelle; while Rosebud was adjudged qualified, but the winner

turned up in Mr. Meade-Waldo's Dream. The Ocean Race to Boulogne and back, for the Dover Town Cup, was well contested, nearly all the cracks engaged in the previous races taking part in it. Three schooners, Olga, Egeria, and Australia; five yawls, Florinda, Rosabelle, Gertrude, Raven, and Heron; and seven cutters, including such celebrities as Arrow, Vol-au-Vent, Cuckoo, and Fiona, made up a pretty flotilla. The steamer Castalia was chartered to follow the race, but started ahead of it instead; so, owing to some mismanagement, her passengers did not get as good a view of the match as they should have done. With a fine N.E. breeze the fleet were despatched. Olga and Florinda and Egeria made the best of the journey across, and retained their positions when they reached home again, Olga taking first honours, Florinda the second, and Vol-au-Vent, which was fourth in, getting the third prize easily. The Channel Match, from Dover to Cowes in cruising trim, was blessed with a thick fog, and for a great part of the distance no one could tell the position of his opponents, and maybe not always his own. In the end all the cracks were out of it, the smallest of the lot, Captain Murphy's cutter Arethusa, not merely winning, but absolutely getting in ten minutes ahead of the Egeria, which took the schooner prize. The Prince of Wales Yacht Club, which affords a good deal of sport to small yacht-owners, many of whom are in fact better sailors than their richer brethren, had a good array, ranging from fifty-four to ten tonners, entered for their match from Gravesend to Ramsgate, which owing to the wind being quite paltry was a most tedious affair. The Dudu, which was nearly always in front, got first home, and the other prizes were taken by Cygnet and Surge. The Royal London had rather better luck in their handicap from Ramsgate to Boulogne, in which several of the same vessels were engaged. Belladonna and Watersprite had a very tight race until close to Boulogne, but both lost by time allowance to the Snow-Fleck.

The Barge Match, under the fostering care of Mr. Dodd, has year by year increased in attraction and importance, and if, as on this occasion and several previous ones, the day has been too hot and calm to put adequately to the test the sailing powers of the competing craft, the very heat and thirstiness of the day is almost a merit in the opinion of many of the sightseers, who find therein pretexts for another bottle, and make every sunbeam 'an excuse for the glass.' The company arrived at the scene of action, if not like the guests at an historic wedding, 'in every sort of van or cart,' at any rate in every sort of ship or craft — billyboys, barges from the Medway, bearing father, mother, and the rest of the family, all of whom appeared to be intensely enjoying themselves; select parties on small steam-tugs, who sat in a circle round the bin case as if they were emptying it against time; several steamers with room to walk about in, and some where there scarcely was; and if later on certain gentlemen did dance quadrilles and polkas *à la* Spurgeon, what boots it. Owing to the lightness of the wind the topsails rounded by the Chapman, and the stumpies off Hole Haven, and the lead was soon taken and kept by the Challenger owned by Messrs. Burford and Son, who won the twenty-guinea cup given by the members of Lloyd's, some of whom chartered a steamer for the occasion. Mr. Keep's Laura won the Spritsail Match, and the success of so consistent a supporter of the affair was very well received.

Professional rowing has experienced quite a revival this season, and, contrary to the custom of a few years ago, the Tynesiders have been getting rather the worst of it. At Newcastle Lumsden beat Bagnall, who was at one time considered the coming man, but has recently lost his sculling form

Thomas, of Hammersmith, then won from Winship, another North countryman of promise, and Higgins, by beating Boyd in very fast time, marked himself as a dangerous customer. Excitement culminated in the meeting of Sadler, the champion, with Trickett, a gigantic Australian, who, under the tutelage of Harry Kelly, has made remarkable improvement since his stay in England; and his easy victory over Sadler stamped him as a very tough opponent. Sadler was confessedly not in good condition, but still it was expected that his speed would serve him for a distance, if it did not carry him through. The Australian, however, ran right away from him.

The four-oared match between the London and Frankfort Clubs, from Putney to Mortlake, created comparatively little attention, first from its being arranged in a hurry, and also from its being deemed a foregone conclusion. The result, however, showed that it was not such a very hollow affair, and as the Londoners, to accommodate the visitors, agreed to carry a coxswain whom they didn't want, and having no boat built for a sitter, had to order one, and it turned out not big enough, matters were somewhat equalized, and the Frankfort men held their own for about a mile, the Londoners going off in rather slovenly fashion. After this the Putney men drew away and won easily, but as the same crew beat all opponents at Henley, the Frankforters have nothing to be ashamed of at their defeat. Most extravagant odds were given on the Englishmen, four, six, and even fifteen to one being laid to money.

Henley Regatta, which is always a most enjoyable reunion, was this year especially fortunate, the rain, which is almost invariably associated with one of the days, holding off until half an hour after the prizes were distributed, when there fell just enough to maintain the time-honoured precedent, though fortunately not sufficient to damage the ladies' toilettes. On the first day there was an unusually good attendance, but the second appeared scarcely up to the average, though there were quite boats enough on the river to keep the Conservancy men fully employed, and Mr. Lord had a pretty hard time of it. The Fawley Court Meadows and the upper end of the towing path were as usual the scene of innumerable picnics, and the novelty of eating their provisions in a field and without a table, we presume, reconciled the consumers to the blazing sun. The nigger fraternity were perhaps not more obsteperous than usual, but there were certainly enough and to spare of the lamp-black division, who will not always take 'no' for an answer soon enough, as a noisy chorus is rather heating than otherwise on a warm day, nor is an allusion to 'silver threads among the gold' always welcome to the fair sex, some of whom are possibly invoking Mrs. Allen or an equally well-puffed magician to banish the unwelcome strangers. A more agreeable feature of the scene was a neat four, manned, as the Irish would say (when one says anything stupid we always father it across St. George's Channel), by young ladies prettily dressed, *en suite*, who rowed about in capital style, and, the ribbons in the stern sheets being handled with skill and dexterity, kept clear of competitors and loungers alike, in a manner several of the masculine contingent would do well to imitate. Racing commenced punctually at mid-day, and as seventeen events had to be decided there was little time to spare. The Grand Challenge as usual opened the ball; in the first heat Jesus (Cambridge) beat Moulsey pretty easily, and in the next Thames disposed of London; the third, between a mixed crew of Brasenose and University Colleges (Oxford), Leander and Kingston, was a nearer thing for the first two, Kingston tailing from the start, but the station told as usual in favour of the Oxonians, and the grand trials were thus all won by the Berks side. In the

final, the Thames Club conclusively showed their decided superiority to all the crews at the regatta, a fact which despite their having in their trial heat done the fastest time on record, the admirers of Jesus were naturally disposed to doubt, but the Cantabs, though they had the pull of the station and notwithstanding some erratic steering of the Thames men, could not really press them after half the distance, and the Oxonians coming up towards the finish made a great race for second place, which, however, Jesus secured by a trifle. The winners were a splendidly powerful lot, and none need grudge them their success, as they have had several attempts before achieving the great race, and on this occasion the crew has been unremitting in practice for a long time. Hastie rowed stroke with great judgment, and the success of the evergreen Slater was generally popular. The Stewards' Cup again went to the London Rowing Club, who won their trial against the Oxonians and Kingston with great ease. Thames, who had beaten Moulsey and Dublin in the trial heat, made a race of it, but their watermanship was sadly defective, and had they come in first they would have been disqualified by a foul. The pairs also fell to the London men, Gulston, who had this time Le Blanc Smith as partner, being warned by last year's *contretemps* not to play any tricks, kept at work and won pretty easily from Campbell and Davey, who had settled Chillingworth and Herbert in their trial heat. The Diamond Sculls really suffered from a plethora of entries, some of whom had apparently entered for a lark, as they did not come to the post, scratching the day before the event, while of the eleven coloured on the card two did not start. After the first round, Playford, Frere, Labat and Dicker were left in: Labat beat Frere, and the meeting of Playford and Dicker was looked forward to with much interest. Playford had a trifle the best of it in the first hundred yards, when Dicker, who though on the Berks shore was steering very wildly, broke his scull, leaving Playford to paddle over, and subsequently beat Labat on the final, which he did without much trouble. The last heat of the Ladies' Challenge Plate was left to Jesus and Caius, and the former in spite of their gruelling in the Grand had little trouble in scoring a win. The Thames Challenge Cup introduced a new name to the roll of Henley winners in the West London Club, who though they tried for the Wyfold in '61 and '62, and recently in this race, have hitherto failed to reach the bridge first. This year they showed in great form, carrying off in addition the Wyfold from the centre station against the Thames and London crews. Altogether the rowing during the two days' sport was fully up to the average. The Thames Club crew were undoubtedly the best, fastest and most level, and Exeter and Oxford, we thought, looked the prettiest, but on the handsome is as handsome does principle they are not entitled to much *kudos*, though they made a good race of it with Jesus and Dublin in a trial heat of the Ladies' Plate. The London Stewards, though perhaps not up to some former standards, was undoubtedly the best-looking and best-going four at Henley, and Gulston's watermanship gave them a decided advantage over the others, amongst whom the Oxford lots were remarkable for power, as was shown by their running away from Dublin in the final heat of the Visitors and doing the course unusually quickly. Playford's improvement in sculling and Dicker's loss of form were remarkable, and as both have been more than once confirmed by subsequent events there can be no doubt that the best man won the Diamonds, though at the time Dicker's partisans had good grounds for lamenting his hard luck.

The Metropolitan Regatta again bore out its character as a tidal repetition of Henley, as the Thames Club won the chief eights, and London the fours ;

Gulston and Smith were unopposed for the sculls, and Playford beat Labat, Frere, and Dicker for the sculls; and as the West London won the second eights, the resemblance becomes more and more complete the farther we go. The Scullers Race aforesaid was certainly responsible for the very poor attendance at the trial heat of the Wingfield Sculls on the following day, in which Labat, Frere, and Dicker were again engaged, as folks said, with some show of reason, it was certain to be a tame affair, and the men would assuredly finish in the same order. Those who thus reckoned on history repeating itself, and stopped away, missed a rare treat, as Labat, after leading well to Hammersmith, got more pressed by Frere the farther he went, and the latter, gaining very gradually on him, drew level at Barnes, and finally won after one of the finest races ever seen. Both men rowed with great determination, but up to Barnes Bridge Labat appeared the stronger, and for some time after Frere had taken the lead the other looked as if he must go in front again before the finish, so evenly were the pair matched. In the final, Playford gave his man no chance from the start, and as he may reasonably expect to improve, the Wingfield Sculls will probably remain in the same custody for some time to come.

For some time the conduct of steam launches on the upper Thames has been a growing evil, and a fatal accident at Caversham, whereby a four practising for Henley was swamped, and one of the crew drowned, has drawn renewed attention to the subject. In this case the launch called Flying Dutchman was undoubtedly going at a great rate, and instead of easing when it saw the racing boat, all but ignored its existence, so that the craft was of course filled, and the survivors only escaped by swimming. Fortunately for all who go down the river in boats, the case was promptly taken up by the local authorities, and the Henley magistrates inflicted a severe fine, which will probably be supplemented by an action for compensation on the part of the deceased gentleman's relatives; but as the ambition of oarsmen is to be left in peace rather than to be bringing actions on behalf of oneself or others against offending steamers, and the ambition of the launch-owners is to go so many miles an hour faster than some neighbouring lazybones who owns a rival puffing-billy, it is to be hoped that the owners of these nuisances will be put on their good behaviour by fear of consequences, if from no more worthy motives. Mr. Willan, who is well known as an oarsman, and is also a launch-owner, wrote a sensible, manly letter expressive of his regret and disgust at such reckless proceedings; but it is not sportsmen like himself who are likely to be the offenders in these cases. Men who row naturally sympathize with their brother oarsmen, and when on board a steamer up river, would take care that their wash was as little annoyance to smaller craft as possible; but it is from the indolent loafer, who could not row a distance to save his life, and who, with companions of the same breed, has probably hired a puffer for the day or week, that danger to pleasure parties or racing craft is mainly to be apprehended. Such casualties as the foregoing should, however, remind us of the imperative necessity of rowing men being as a matter of course swimmers, an accomplishment very easy to acquire, but of which too many rowers are even now ignorant. At Eton a boy must not row until he can swim, and though captains of rowing clubs can scarcely insist on such a qualification, it would be no bad thing if they had such power. There is in London a swimming club confined to members of amateur rowing clubs, but though the two sports have so palpable a connection, the club is comparatively badly supported, though many famous oarsmen are enrolled on its lists.



## 'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—'The warmth of its July.'

AND it does begin very warmly. The clean little metropolis of the Turf basks in a sunshine that makes cleaner and whiter yet the outside of the cup and platter, and suggests innocence itself to that abode of 'iniquity and ill-manners.' The straight road that leads to the July course is in a mirage of white heat and dust, and boxed up in a brougham, we feel envious of the men who walk or ride across the Heath to the gap. But the journey is soon accomplished, and we turn on to the elastic turf beyond the Ditch, and come in sight of the most charming racecourse that the United Kingdom—ay, or Europe—can show. A broad green ribbon, bordered by the green and white of the ditch and the darker green of the plantation; a collection of people and carriages which on the fullest day can hardly be termed a crowd; a primitive erection doing duty for a stand, a marquee or two for refreshments, and a group of ladies on the grass by the plantation—such is 'the July.' It is emphatically a country meeting, and in this respect has no parallel. Goodwood is in the country; but we come to Goodwood in all our feathers and war-paint, and the ladies' lawn is a reproduction of a Chiswick garden-party and an Ascot Royal inclosure. Beyond the Ditch we are free from the trammels of fashion, and my lady Duchess wears her simplest robe, and lords and commons are in dittos and wideawakes. If the roughs would only absent themselves, what a meeting would the July not be! As it is these objectionable followers of the racing body politic are perhaps less prominent than at other places. They get absorbed somehow. We know they are there, but they are not *en évidence*. Perhaps the rurality of the July is a little too much for them.

How comes it to pass that this meeting, of late years, has been such a bad one for backers? Is it in obedience to that law of humanity which ordains that the pleasantest of human institutions must have a dash of the sour to keep us in check. We had a good dose of sour last year and the year before, and we had a fair share this. Perhaps it would be too delightful if we always found the winner's name in our books; but at all events, backers don't often write it down beyond the Ditch, and that's a fact. Nevertheless the meeting has been, for the last two or three years, one of the best held at Newmarket, and this year was no exception. Matches were a great feature; the two-year-old running, of course, a greater. One of the former, between Levant and Corydalis, would have been interesting if both had been at their best; but Corydalis was reported good for naught, and jade as Levant is, she could not help winning here, for Mr. Baltazzi's filly could only live about half the Bunbury mile, so Lord Rosebery landed his thousand very easily. The July Stakes hardly fulfilled the promise of its entry, as but seven runners came to the post, and of these Lady Golightly and Count de Lagrange's two were the strangers. The first is a handsome, blood-like filly, and opened favourite; but there was a weight of money behind Warren Hastings, despite his Stockbridge defeat, and he left off with a very decided call. It was said Captain Machell and the stable fancied Orleans, Claremont's brother, and he and Covenanter were both backed, the latter perhaps the better favourite of the two. The betting foretold the result, for the race was a match between the two favourites, and Covenanter was third. In the bottom Lady Golightly



seemed to have the best of it; but Goater, patiently waiting with Warren Hastings, won a fine race by a head in the last stride or two. Whatever Orleans had done at home, he did not do it here; the Rover again cut up badly, and if Chamant and Pagnotte are worth anything, they did not exhibit their qualities on this occasion. Coomassie beat Mousquetaire very cleverly in the Cheveley Stakes, and so much for the first day.

The sale of the Dewhurst yearlings was the chief event of Wednesday; and when No. 3 in the catalogue, the colt by Thormanby out of Actress, went for 1,700 guineas, Mr. Gee's mind must have been relieved, and breeding appeared to him a more cheerful game than it did this time last year. They were, taken as a whole, a very good-looking lot; but at the same time they fetched, as we consider, very high prices, and when we say that the average reached was 365 guineas, we think our readers will agree with us. Yearling buying is a mystery. How dirt-cheap are some; what absurd prices are given for others! A large breeder and a fine judge, whose yearlings were disposed of this week at Newmarket, told us that he was perfectly astonished at the high prices one or two of his produced—and equally surprised at others being given away. We congratulate Mr. Gee on his sale, but think at the same time that he was a very fortunate man. Of course there were some cheap ones; and when Jarvis got a half-brother to Camballo for only 50 guineas, and Mr. Combe secured for 200 guineas a filly by Vespasian out of Flash, and Mr. 'Bob' Howett gave but 90 guineas for a Lady Ravensworth filly by Orest, we think these gentlemen got bargains. We hope the colt by King o' Scots out of Dulcibella will turn out better worth the 1,000 guineas Mr. Mitchell-Innes gave for him, than his half-brother, purchased last year, has done to Mr. Polak, who, we believe, would gladly part with him for a century. And yet, the produce of Lord Clifden and Dulcibella sounds like racing. Lord Stamford was among the purchasers; and we trust the son of Scottish Chief and Rupee, for whom his lordship gave 900 guineas, will turn out better than he looks. Robert Peck bought a nice-looking daughter of Virtue, by the same sire, for 58 guineas, and John Dawson took a dear one when he gave 620 guineas for a colt by Thunderbolt out of Edith. In the evening Mr. Waring's yearlings were disposed of, and the appearance of John Day among the buyers was the subject of much congratulation. It is no secret now that Lord Hardwicke is forming a racing-stud, and that his horses will be trained at Danebury; and most sincerely do we hope that better days will dawn for the trainer, and there will be something like a return of old times, when the sheeted strings of a Beaufort and a Hastings covered Danebury Down. The noble Master of the Buckhounds is so eminently popular, that his colours to the front would be also a good thing to see; so we will believe and trust that fresh blood will do wonders, and the new broom sweep clean. Another feature of Wednesday evening was the sale of Formosa, that daughter of Buccaneer who not only well deserved her name, but was as good as she was beautiful. Tom Jennings evidently wanted her to go to France; but Mr. Gee as evidently had intended she should remain here, and we are glad to say the latter carried out his intention, for she and her filly foal by Winslow was knocked down to him for 2,700 guineas.

But the Wednesday racing demands our attention, though there was not so much in it after all. Kitty Sprightly and Regimentstochter ran a dead-heat for the Exeter Stakes, with Popkins only a head behind the pair. Tom Cannon rode a splendid race on Baron Oppenheim's filly, and how he got her where he did was wonderful. King of Hearts turned the tables on old

Lincoln for his defeat at Stockbridge, as at the difference of weights he was almost bound to do; and the great Ambergris did what his stable always declared he would do—win a race some day. He cantered home in front of Golden Spur, another of those waited-for animals who win when we least expect them—though we did not expect him to-day. There was grief over Beauharnais in the T.Y.C. Sweepstakes, which Pluton won, and Captain Machell did not, we fancy, give too much for him when he bought him for 670 guineas. The Duke of St. Albans has got in Crann Tair as speedy a two-year-old, at half a mile, as there is in training—further, this deponent sayeth not. The way in which she won the Maiden Plate was a caution; but she could not touch Springfield in the July Cup, while Coomassie's win in the Beaufort Stakes makes Mousquetaire a great horse.

Thursday was emphatically the 'big day,' and conscientious doers laboured hard at their vocation. Mr. Tattersall was early at work before a distinguished audience in Hayhoe's paddocks—the cause of the assemblage, the sale of the Mentmore yearlings. Hardly perhaps such a good-looking lot as last year, but still there was little to find fault with. The Chopette filly at 600 guineas could not be called dear to John Nightingall, or rather one of his patrons, and Love Apple, by Lord Clifden from Tomato was another cheap one to Robert Peck, at 550 guineas. There was a fight for the brother to Carnelion, a fine-topped colt, but deficient in power behind, and he went to Mr. Moore for 1,700 guineas, and it was rumoured he was bought in. The pick of the lot was, we thought, Faversham, by Favonius out of Mahonia, a good-looking bay, racing all over stamped upon him, and John Nightingall—who, like many other of our trainers, seems to have the purse of Fortunatus behind him—took him, Robert Peck not interfering, for 700 guineas. The sum total for the seven was 4,420 guineas, or 631 guineas apiece. What a thing is 'fashionable blood!' The Bonehill lot followed, but Lady Emily Peel was not so successful as the Baroness. Her average amounted to only 268 guineas, but yet that must not be grumbled at. We can't all of us buy yearlings at thousands and two thousands, and some of us must be content with the nimble ninepence and not expect the colossal gains of Cobham. Robert Peck, we consider, has much to answer for on account of that deed of his on the Ascot Saturday. However, the Bonehill yearlings were not despised, and the irrepressible Nightingall was to the fore, buying the first two at moderate figures, though one was a son of Musket; and then Lord Zetland went in for the beautiful Allegra, by Pero Gomez out of Happy Thought, and John Day took Alcazar, a well-named Alhambra colt by the same sire, both at fair prices, 620 guineas and 430 guineas respectively, the colt worth all the money. With the exception of Red Comyn, a chestnut son of Scottish Chief and Astonishment, bought by Peck for 530 guineas, these were the two high-priced ones; and we believe Lady Emily was dissatisfied with the result. Unless breeders produce a thousand guinea one or two, we presume they are looked upon as 'small potatoes' by brother and sister breeders. Like the niggers at a sale in old Virginny, where the high-priced darkie regarded with contempt his brothers and sisters who did not run into three figures at least, so a big average, we believe, begets bumptiousness here. How Mr. Harvey Combe, in this case, must look down on Bonehill, and how must Bonehill despise Nailcote!

But there is the racing to attend to; and Mr. Edmund having disposed of two of his own on not disadvantageous terms, the first Martyrdom, being appropriately named The Early Martyr, we were all anxious to go and back winners—which of course we always do at Newmarket. Most of us missed the

first thing though,—Chancellor in the Summer Handicap,—his late owner amongst the number. Mr. Beddington had sold Chancellor for 600 guineas on the Monday previous, and directly he changed hands he comes and wins a race—a case not of rare occurrence, but riling all the same. Talisman was the great favourite, and though he looked well about three furlongs from home, he was done with soon afterwards, and Chancellor (who is going to India, we believe), with always the best of it, beat Flying Scotchman very cleverly. Such a villainous performance, for a favourite, as that of Antonio Perez in the Town Plate is not often seen, for he was beaten before he had gone a quarter of a mile, and Allumette, who had made all the running, won very easily. There was quite a crowd in the one little open space in the plantation to see some of the Chesterfield heroes and heroines going through their toilets. King Clovis, who has long been reported to be the Heath House crack two-year-old—the future father of our kings to be, in fact—was there attended to by Mat in person, who also had another dark one, Baronet, under his care. About King Clovis there was much diversity of opinion, a few maintaining he looked like a Derby horse, the majority pronouncing against him. A fine-topped horse undoubtedly, but, as he was evidently not as fit as he might be made, it may be as well to defer our opinion about him. Dee had run so fast for half a mile in the Biennial at Ascot, won by Rob Roy, and she looked here so wonderfully well, that she was favourite soon after the betting opened, and fortunate were they who could get 7 to 4. Warren Hastings, with his 7 lbs. extra, was among the runners, but there were only two backed in earnest, Dee and King Clovis. The former took up the running at about half the distance, and though she was challenged by King Clovis, want of condition told on him, and Mr. W. R. Marshall's mare won easily by three parts of a length. As for the others, Warren Hastings ran well under his penalty, as he only finished a head behind the second, and Baronet and Covenanter will in all probability perform better on a future day. Rosbach got beaten in his match with Mavis at 7 lbs., we cannot help thinking through mistaken orders given to Constable, and Ambergris gave us again a taste of his quality in the July Handicap, for he had his field in trouble at the Stand and won very easily. Heath House made a curious mistake with Bella in a sweepstakes over the T.Y.C. this afternoon. Everyone, looking at the card at breakfast, said, 'Here's a good thing for 'Bella;' but when the numbers went up, there was no one to support Bella—at least those who ought to have done so did not, and from 2 she retreated to 10 to 1, and no takers. Of course we all thought something was wrong, the more so, as there was a 'chalk' jockey, Murrell by name, in the saddle. The betting was between the other two runners, Tintern and Tangerine, the former the favourite, and he ran so unkindly that he was out of it before he had gone half the distance, Bella waiting upon Tangerine until close home, and then winning as easily as possible by half a length. Mr. Murrell showed that he could ride, for the half length might have been a good deal more if he had seen fit to make it so. We did not see Matthew Dawson after the race, and why he did not fancy Bella is a mystery.

Mr. Chaplin had a wonderful sale on Friday morning, his seven yearlings sold realising an average of 784 guineas, or a little over. Peck began by taking the Romping Girl colt, by Rosicrucian, for 600 guineas. John Day then came to the front and fought two desperate battles with Mr. A. Baltazzi for the possession of the filly by Hermit out of Kaleipyge, and the one by Hermit out of Salamanca, in both of which the veteran was victorious, and we trust they will carry Lord Hardwicke's colours to the front in many a field. Then a

*remnant* of Lord Rosslyn's went for what they would fetch, and then Organist, with marks of wear and tear about him, was disposed of to Mr. T. Hughes for 1,200 guineas. The horse looked as if he wanted rest, and with that he may pick up another race or two for his new owner. We almost wonder Mr. Vyner sold him. The last day was disastrous to backers, for one or two certainties were knocked over; and to commence with, Genuine could not beat La Coureuse in the Suffolk Stakes, though they laid 11 to 8 on him, and why Algarsyfe was preferred to Conjuror in the Selling Plate we can't say. Sir John Astley must not be allowed to make matches with Lord Rosebery. The former's fondness for Scamp blinds him to the real merits of that noble animal, and so he fell an easy victim to Snail. There was another mysterious favourite in Marshal Niel, who was actually, in the 100*l.* Plate, preferred to Polly Perkins, and the latter beat his head off, and Lord Vivian gave 700 guineas for her. Lady Golightly had nothing to beat but Orleans in the Stetchworth Stakes, and the way she beat him proved Claremont's brother to be a very bad horse; but of that we had a previous suspicion. The much looked-for Golden Spur won a race, the Newcastle Stakes, when no one looked for him, which is too often the way of our noble pastime to provoke comment here. Still people ground their teeth and said, 'they had always meant,' &c., &c., our readers probably know the formula. *We* were, we do not mind mentioning in the strictest confidence, among the number of those who always 'meant,' &c., but, alas, we were calmly lunching at the Rutland, our custom always of a Friday afternoon, when Golden Spur was landing his 10 to 1 chance. We were, however spared the final catastrophe, the defeat of Brigg Boy in his match with Nina, who, we saw it stated in a leading journal, 'was in trouble all the way,' Nina winning by three-quarters of a length. And so ends the July.

We were not up to Liverpool, but from what we heard about it it was a fairly successful meeting, though not much patronised by our racing swells, except those indefatigable gamblers to whom distance and weather, provided they 'know something,' are nothing. The ground, our readers need not be told, was hard, too, as the nether millstone, and this together with horses being in reserve for Goodwood, somewhat affected the meeting. Liverpool, too, in hot weather, is two or three degrees worse than London, which is saying much, and though it abounds in cooling drinks and Hebes cunning in their manufacture and eager to minister, yet it's a far cry to them, so we elected to stay at home and go to Sandown Park instead. Nevertheless, we dare say we should have been rewarded if we had gone, for on the first day for instance, we think, we should have backed 'the sheeted Polak,' on the Wolton Stakes, which we trust he did himself, and then wisely let the King of Hearts go. We should not have done much harm through Dee's dead-heat on the Mersey (by-the-way, here is a name for Mr. W. R. Marshall's next filly), albeit, she ought to have beaten Blue Riband, though it is just possible that the six furlongs were a little too much for her. We don't think we should have touched the Liver Stakes, having no exalted opinion of Sandwell, but we should certainly have been on our old friend Queen of the Bees in the Molyneux Cup, and our misfortune it was, not having diligently studied the programme, to be in ignorance of her being entered. There was grief over the two remaining events, and backers of first favourites had an awful bad day. Of course the Cup was the all-in-all on Thursday, and though Lord Rosebery was not present, the money was; and Controversy soon drove Little Harry from a position he had no title to, and 2 to 1 was with difficulty got about

him before the flag fell. We must say he looked the pick of the handicap, something like a Triton among minnows, when the weights appeared, and most good judges declined to listen to the advocates for Little Harry or Lady Patricia. The result of the race was that Controversy won 'pulling double,' and that neither of the other two was ever dangerous. Lord Rosebery must be tired of seeing himself called fortunate, so we forbear, and can only reiterate our hope that the Turf will not lose him entirely. Friday's racing was good, but disastrous, and there must have been a lot of money lost over Dalham in the Liverpool Plate. It did look a good thing for him certainly, and how he was beaten we can hardly say, except that Webb was disappointed in his attempt to get through his horses on coming into the straight, and when he tried to overhaul Tiber, who had made all the running, it was too late. Then the odds on Mungo Park were upset; King of Hearts led Jubilant, the favourite, for the Latham Welter; and worse still, Baronet could not carry his penalty in the Stanley Stakes, and was defeated by a head by Deluder; so we think Aintree dust must have been shaken off with rather heavy hearts.

Not that we who stopped at home and did what some of the papers call 'a Suburban Meeting' at Sandown Park, fared much better. By-the-way the Esher people will be very indignant at hearing that they live in a metropolitan suburb. They were inclined to believe that their pretty village, backed by Clarendon woods and watered by the sluggish Mole, and surrounded by breezy Surrey commons, was out of the suburbs at least, and they were right in so believing. Little, indeed, is there cockney about Esher or Sandown, and the pretty park, with its picturesque warren hill in all the glory of summer, was looking its best on the 14th, if there had been any one there to see it. Unfortunately the meeting clashed with the Eton and Harrow Match, an institution which it is well known 'fetches' all the women, and a good many men who ought to know better, to the exclusion of everything else. To put on light or blue silk stockings, to sit upon coaches and display the same; to lunch with a grand show of silver tankards and powdered Jeames's, *coram publico*; to shout, laugh, flirt (also publicly), and eat and drink more than is good for them, are the pastimes to which our dearest and best abandon themselves during the two days of the match. We have nothing to say against the silk stockings (conscientious women put on *jarretières* to match), indeed, the last time we were at Lord's we found much to say in their favour; but we do protest against the false enthusiasm and vulgar display with which the Eton and Harrow is now surrounded. To cricketing men, real lovers of the game, the thing must be a misnomer, for they have little part or parcel in it; and the whole area of Lord's is given up to a plutocracy that would rather have disgusted Etonians and Harrovians of a quarter of a century ago. But the evil, for it is getting that, will cure itself some day, let us hope. Till then plutocracy must *gang its ain gait*.

On Saturday, however, the second day, Sandown came out strong, and, honoured by the presence of royalty, made good its claim to be considered about the most charming place for racing, bar Goodwood, in the kingdom. We are thinking more of the ease and comfort of the spectators than anything else when we say this; and, seeing how little they see at some places of high repute in the racing world, we think this ought to be a consideration. There was a very good attendance of the right sort of people, and the Prince and Princess of Wales found most of their own intimate circle in the Club inclosure. The royal party consisted, in addition, of the King of Greece, Prince and Princess

Christian (the latter lady's first visit, we believe), and the Duke and Duchess of Teck. To mention that the Duchess of Manchester and Lady Ailesbury were there *va sans dire*, or that Lord Hartington was relaxing from the cares of opposition, and Mr. J. Lowther from those of office in the welcome shade of paddock or lawn. By-the-way, we would venture to suggest to the Committee that some seats in the paddock, close to the railings, would be appreciated. Many ladies are able to do at Sandown what they cannot do elsewhere—look at the horses in comparative peace and quietness, as the second lady in the land did on that Saturday, and two or three benches would be very welcome. It was a pretty sight to see our Princess and her brother, under the appropriate escort of Lord Hartington and Mr. Arthur Sumner, start off to look at the horses, and we wish a better show could have been got up for so distinguished a presence, but as it was Tangible and Placida were the only two worthy of notice. And this reminds us to, in turn, gently remind members of the Sandown Park Club—which includes all the leading racing men and owners of horses in the kingdom—that unless they personally support the race meetings by running their horses there, they must not wonder if some of the races, though good enough as far as numbers go, are deficient in quality, and more resemble the plating form of what are really 'suburban meetings.' We had hoped that the Sandown Club, so rich in *matériel*, would have become as to its races a little Ascot; and there is no doubt that such it might be if members would support it. By this time next year the Club have great hopes of having a seven-furlong course as nearly straight as possible, and obviating the present rather objectionable turn, and then there will be no excuse for the liberality of the executive not being so liberally responded to by those of its own household.

We hope Tangible and Placida, the two Cup runners, were duly sensible of the honours paid them, and we wish the former had cut a better figure in the race than he did. Still Sir George Chetwynd had asked him to do a great thing in giving a smart two-year-old like Placida 3 st. 9 lbs., and it was no disgrace to him if he failed to do it. It was after the race that the Princess and her royal brother penetrated into the weighing-room—a very stifling place, by-the-way—and looked on while little Weedon, unconscious, we fancy, of the eyes upon him, was weighing out for Daisy. Here were entirely novel experiences for her Royal Highness, and she looked on interested and amused while her temporary equerries in waiting explained the ceremonies of the occasion. Altogether she was much pleased with her visit, and indeed the whole party expressed high satisfaction with all the arrangements for their comfort, from Messrs. Bertram and Roberts's luncheon, superintended by Mr. Bertram himself, downwards. There is no doubt that both the Prince and Princess now take a lively interest in the welfare of the Club; and such being the case we have reason to believe that the Committee of Election—and a very good working lot are they—have determined to exercise more care and stricter supervision than has yet perhaps been done, as regards the list of candidates for membership.

Our horse intelligence from Ireland leads us to believe that there is no falling off in the number of horses bred in the south of Ireland, but that those bred there are of an inferior description to what we used to see in former days. In the county of Cork there are plenty of thoroughbred stallions; some of these are unsound, cast-off animals, but there are many others likely to improve the breed, such as Beauvale, Ripponden, The Drake, York, and lots more, whose services may be obtained at a moderate fee. It is not, however, on the side of the sire that Irishmen are likely to err, for they all have great

respect for blood, and dearly love a long pedigree ; but their mistake lies in breeding from very middling mares. The nice short-legged mares have gone out of the country, having been purchased by the foreigners, and have been replaced by light-blood things, from which they hope to breed a chaser. The people of the country will tell you that this is mainly owing to the small holdings having been turned into large grazing farms. The small farmers were the men who used to breed all the best horses in Ireland ; they would keep a couple of mares with which to work their farms, and you might see the foals trotting at their dam's side when at light cart or harrow. When the farms were turned into large grazing farms, these men emigrated and sold their mares. The holders of grazing farms never breed a horse at all. It would not suit their pockets to have their cattle galloped about by the young colts. In Kerry and Limerick, whence many of the best horses used to come, they have got into a bad strain, and, with the exception of a few colts by Porto Rico or Dan O'Connell, you now rarely see a nice one. At Hospittle, the colt fair of Limerick, held on the 10th of July, but few horses appeared on the hill, and the best three-year-old there was sold for less than a hundred guineas. The great fair at Cahirmee, on the 12th and 13th, was the worst that had been known for years. For months previous the whole country had been scoured by dealers, both English and Irish, buying up all the best horses, and spotting the likely young ones, until every horse in the south of Ireland was as well known to the trade as the Duke of Wellington's charger at Hyde Park Corner. It is not often that 'a trained horse,' that can 'lip well' and can carry weight, reaches the Green at Cahirmee. However, farmers are liable to bad seasons, when they are compelled to realise whatever is saleable, just as young gentlemen, after a bad Epsom and Ascot, send their studs to Messrs. Tattersall's to be sold without reserve. Mr. William McGrane, of Parkgate Street, Dublin, was not the man to miss a fine weight-carrying five-year-old bay horse by Mainstay, that was sent to the fair ; and Mr. Corbet Holland was equally alert in securing a powerful brown five-year-old mare by Jocko, although they both had to write longish cheques for their bargains. With these exceptions, the dealing in the hunting line seemed to be pretty much confined to small cub-hunters and light whips' horses.

There was a large number of three and four-year-old colts on the Green ; but in consequence of the London job-masters, who are the best customers for those of a superior description, not buying so largely as usual, many went back unsold. Some by Citadel appeared to be remarkably fine, with powerful loins and quarters, big ribs, and flat bony legs. Our correspondent writes that, from what he saw of his get, Citadel is well deserving of the prizes that he gains at the horse shows as a sire for getting horses for general purposes.

The chief business at the fair was done in what we may call the second-best colts, of which a large number were bought by Messrs. Hawkins, Macmahon, and other dealers. Several military gentlemen were present, as well as Mr. Murphy, of Dublin, and Mr. Hartigan, of Limerick, employed in selecting troopers, but they had more than usual difficulty in making up their number. Mr. Alder was there, picking up all the best fresh mares for the breeding establishments of the German Government. Bad cess to him !

On Saturday the 15th of July a feat was performed at Alexandra Park, which for pluck and endurance was one of the most remarkable ever witnessed. A Mexican horse-breaker, named Leon, undertook to gallop 100 miles in 5 hours upon Mustang ponies. Well, says Tom Noddy, what of that ?

Osbaldeston rode 200 miles in 8 hours and 42 minutes. True, but he did it under widely different circumstances. The Squire's match, a most wonderful performance indeed, was ridden on a cool day in November (the 5th), whilst Leon had to do his work under a broiling sun on one of the most tropical days of this sultry July. The Squire rode over the level elastic turf of the Round Course at Newmarket, whilst the Mexican had to face the ups and downs of the steep gravel trotting track at Alexandra Park, and last but not least, Osbaldeston rode 28 racehorses and steeplechase horses in training, whilst the other had but 6 mean-looking ponies, of about 14 hands high, that not many months since were running wild on the Mexican prairies, and only arrived in this country some three weeks back. He had brought over 10, but, from one accident or another, only 6 were available on the day. He changed from one pony to another at the end of every mile, and his activity in doing so was wonderful; and he never stopped once, but cold tea was handed to him in bottles, out of which he drank as he went along. After a few rounds the odds of 10 to 1 on time went begging. In the course of his ride Leon had two heavy falls (one half-tamed pony bolting and falling over the rails with him), but, with hardly the loss of a moment, he was up again and at work as if nothing had happened. He completed half the distance with nearly nine minutes to the good, but to use his own expression the ponies were nearly 'played out.' He persevered with his task in the most game manner imaginable, but, as his cattle became more and more fatigued, he gradually lost time, and at the end of 80 miles the odds of 2 to 1 were offered against him. Still, however, he had a little in hand, and he struggled on until he had completed the whole distance, with 3 minutes and 7 seconds to spare, when he received such an ovation as his indomitable pluck deserved. Strange to say the man rode off the ground comparatively fresh. As soon as his ponies get into a little better fettle, Leon will attempt to ride 300 miles in 15 hours, between 4 A.M. and 7 P.M.

The death of the Marquess of Conyngham reminds us how fast the ranks of the old generation are closing in, how few there are left of the men who were leaders in the world of sport and fashion thirty or forty years ago. Lord Conyngham trained at one time with William Day, and landed an unexpected *coup* when Sultan, after running fourth in the Cesarewitch in 1855, won the Cambridgeshire a fortnight afterwards. It was in Ireland, however, that his turf successes were greatest and his colours most often seen. He was a true sportsman, and good at many branches of the game. Whether he liked hunting better than racing, or yachting than either, it is hard to say, but he was at home in all three. A courser, too, and a breeder of no small repute, Lord Conyngham enjoyed a popularity among all classes and degrees brought into contact with him, that was difficult to beat.

Poor Harry Goater! The old saying that we could have better spared a better man might be applied to him. A very good little fellow was Harry, with his genial temper and kind heart appealing in his face. How many years ago is it (it's too hot to search the 'Calendar') that he rode Chevalier d'Industrie in the Derby? All we know is that in another two years, or thereabouts, he had doubled his weight. When 'The Flying Scud' was first produced at the Holborn Theatre, it was thought that Miss Charlotte Saunders had 'made up' for Harry Goater, and certainly there was a great resemblance. In these pages poor 'Argus' alluded to it; and Harry, though very desirous to see the piece, never would go, as he thought he might be recognised. His end was awfully sudden. He fell off his pony on the 10th of last month, when



seeing his horses gallop on Winchester racecourse, and died almost instantaneously. He had not an enemy in the world.

Curiously enough, the same day that witnessed the most wonderful innings on record, viz., Mr. W. G. Grace's 400 (not out) against twenty-two in the field, is also rendered memorable by the death of Tom Box, the great wicket-keeper. He died, literally in harness, assisting at the score of the noble game in which he once shone as a proficient. His name recalls remembrances of many southern heroes—Mynn, Felix, Lillywhite. We associate them all with what was best, even in days which boasted cricket not behind that of 1876.

People who have been to the tropics will probably appreciate the more than feeble imitation we have been favoured with of late; intense as the heat has been, strange to say some of the theatres, instead of being deserted, have been fairly patronised. At the pretty little Criterion 'The Great Divorce Case' is carried on as pleasantly as ever, and among the *pot-pourri* of entertainments which vie in attracting sightseers and playgoers in town, we doubt if there is one that comes in for a larger share of popularity than this amusing absurdity. It is one of the merriest and brightest pieces that has appeared for some time, and its resemblance to 'Brighton' will, we feel certain, insure for it an equally prosperous run.

At the Strand the management have fallen back on one of the cleverest and most agreeable comedies in their *répertoire*. Originally brought out some five or six years ago 'Living at Ease' made a hit, the vivacity of the writing being in every way worthy of the undoubted ability of the author, Mr. Arthur Sketchley. The story hinges upon the misfortunes of a young benedict who hopes to get rid of all the cares and anxieties of life by shutting himself up in the country, leaving his letters unopened and never looking at a newspaper. This arrangement in the end creates no small amount of confusion, involving a series of the most whimsical embarrassments. A bustling farce, called 'The Dress Coat,' illustrating the dilemma in which two commercials are placed by having to present themselves at a county ball in evening costume, has been added as a lively prelude to the revived comedy.

Happily, and we say it advisedly, we have got rid of 'L'Etrangère' at the Haymarket; instead of this objectionable production, 'London Assurance' has been restored to the boards. Mr. Boucicault's comedy is so well known to modern audiences, however, that there is no occasion to enlarge upon its merits here. The present cast embraces such established favourites as Miss Henrietta Hodson, Mr. Harcourt, Mr. Howe, and Mr. Conway, who all render a good account of themselves, none of the old points being lost in the representation, the interest at the same time being well sustained throughout.

The popularity of the Wimbledon gathering, not only with the volunteers but with the general public as well, has again asserted itself. How it comes there were so few cases of sunstroke is more than we can tell. To look at the faces of some of the bronzed and bearded warriors after their fortnight's sojourn under canvas gave you the impression they were heroes fresh from fighting their country's battles under the fiery heat of an Ashantee sun. Besides the attractions of prize shooting, the training the men receive and camping out in the open air must be beneficial, to say nothing of the admiring glances of the fair sex, whose oft-repeated visits to the tented field must be a source of inexhaustible consolation to the marksmen. A hospitable member who did the honours to us, right royally, too, one evening during the meeting, had made himself extremely comfortable—his claret-cup, by-the-way, must be made a note of for a future occasion—so much so that we were loth to leave the

shade of his roof-tree as we sat watching the sun closing in the day, flooding the sky in a glorious sea of cloud radiant with all the colours of the rainbow.

It would be utterly impossible in ordinary limits to give a full description of the various presentations made to H.R.H. on his recent Indian tour. The objects should be seen, possessing, as they do, an interest all their own—they have now been most carefully arranged and are on view at the India Museum at South Kensington. They comprise such an incongruous collection that all we can say is he has been literally laden with 'barbaric pearl and gold,' to say nothing of priceless gems galore. Neither has the Princess been forgotten, and by her condescension many of the articles specially intended for her own use are allowed to form part of the exhibition. Not the least interesting feature of the visit to the East was the number of animals brought home, amongst the list being elephants, tigers, antelopes, goats, ponies, wild dogs, cats, and for the rest we may as well say legion at once. For the most part the collection is located at the Zoo, but the ranks are being gradually thinned with the removal of specimens in various directions.

Did any of our readers, we wonder, know 'Baron Brisse' and his restaurant at the corner of the Place de l'Opéra? The poor Baron is gone, and many Parisians will miss the daily *menu* which he supplied to *La Liberté*. His English friends, and he had many, have missed him for some time. On our first visit to Paris after the war we sought him sorrowing, and found him not. Was it the siege, the Commune, or modern improvements that swept the Baron and his restaurant from the face of the earth? Where did he retire to, we wonder? Now he has retired altogether, for about the middle of last month we saw the announcement of his death. Who dubbed him Baron we know not. He had been head man at the Café Riche or Bignans, we forget which, and he was a great and popular character. He was almost as big as Arthur Orton before he went to Dartmoor, and it was a sight to see him, in such weather as we have lately been having, wipe his enormous face with a napkin, and groan over the heat. *Pauvre Baron!* he was a jolly fellow, with a great eye to business, and you got a capital dinner for six francs, with good wine at a reasonable price, from him. Our dear friend Felix Whitehurst, in those amusing Paris letters contributed to 'Baily,' often mentioned him, and doubtless there will be many besides the 'Van' driver who will give a sigh to 'the Baron.'

We mentioned in last 'Van' how gay and brilliant Hurlingham had been in the early La Crosse days, the game which, by-the-way, the Prince was not able to see played there after all. H.R.H. and the Princess, accompanied by the King of Greece, however, came in the early part of last month on the occasion of the great polo match between the Club and the Monmouth men, when the latter, under their gallant captain (who won his spurs when in the 9th Lancers), walked into the former in a way that rather astonished them. The show was immense, even larger than on that big Saturday before Ascot, when the Prince was expected and could not come. There were about two-and-twenty coaches ranged in close order in rear of the Royal position, and the only difficulty was mentioning somebody who was not there. There was a tremendous block in the lane, but the police arrangements outside the gates, and Major Monson's and Captain Smythe's inside are perfect, and everybody got there in time. Getting away was rather a trial. Happy the man who got a cast on a coach, happier still he who waved his hand to you on the top of one, and said, 'No, thank you; I am going to stay.' Staying at Hurlingham is particularly nice, for the club does you well, and there are worse things in life

than the moonlit lawn, with here and there dark patches of shade, much affected by 'spoons,' and the broad river a silvery as well as silent highway, the ripple of its waters answered by another ripple that breaks the silence of the summer night:—

'The delight of happy laughter,  
The delight of low replies.'

We mentioned the Badminton Club in our last, and we can now add that it is a *fait accompli*. No. 100 Piccadilly has already become a lounge, particularly about luncheon time, and there 'The Doctor' is generally to be found 'discoorsing,' as they say in Ireland, on all sporting and coaching subjects, only too happy the larger his audience, ever cheery, ever ready to give and receive some new thing. There is a charming little luncheon-room, a cosy smoking-room, a convenient morning ditto, and the spacious yard, gay with plants and flowers, the agreeable lounge. We hope the Badminton will flourish.

We vouch for the truth of the following anecdote, which occurred to a lady friend while visiting the Palace of the Farnesina in Rome, where, it may be remembered, are Raphael's celebrated frescoes of the story of Acis and Galatea. Our friend was accompanied by an American lady, to whom she was pointing out the beauties of the painting. 'But,' said the American, 'I do not see any 'Galatea.' 'Really?' said our friend. 'No,' was the reply; 'I see nothing 'of the Duke of Edinburgh's yacht!'

It is, perhaps, needless for us to mention to our friends who take an interest in the road that there will be no 'Cooper's Coach' this season. They will long ere this have missed the Afternoon Dorking from its accustomed start-point and the well-known figure of its coachman. Mr. Cooper has not found himself equal to driving this year, and though a new coach has been built on lines laid down by himself, and pronounced by one or two good judges to be perfect, he has been compelled reluctantly to rest for a time. But with next season we trust to see him on the bench again, for it would be sad indeed to think that the road has had more than a temporary loss when one of the best coachmen of the day 'took off his bars.' He will be found at Hatchett's, we hope, some early morning in May, with his friend, Mr. A. G. Scott, as his aider and abettor in all the business arrangements, which are to that gentleman a labour of love, and we hope we shall be there to see.

*Growls* about Goodwood may be an inauspicious commencement to the meeting which the Press delight to term '*glorious*;' but we should be only too glad if we thought a growl uncalled for in connection with the late scratchings for the Stakes. That an animal, a prominent favourite, as Cornbrook was, should have been scratched for the race on Monday the 17th, and the fact of his scratching have been concealed from the public until Thursday the 20th, is a scandal, for which blame should attach in some quarter or another. It is idle to say that the fact of all bets on a scratched horse being null and void makes the matter of no consequence; both backers and layers know well that, in their transactions about horses other than Cornbrook, they are guided by the supposition that the last-named is a probable starter, and they back or lay accordingly. The remedy we believe to be a simple one, and it behoves the Jockey Club to guard against the repetition of such a proceeding. Let Messrs. Weatherby, their own paid agents, be instructed to have a list posted at their office containing the name of every horse struck out from any stake, such list to be supplemented *immediately* on the fact of any scratching being notified to them. This list should, of course, be open to the inspection of the public, and

to any agent of our daily papers, who would thereby keep their readers *au fait* on such matters. As the case now stands a gross fraud is rendered possible, which in France would be quickly visited by the terrors of the law.

Goodwood is in full swing as we are putting in the last parcels of 'Our Van.' The well-known features of the great south-country meeting are all here on this occasion. Heat, dust, and an awful crowd on the Cup Day—rather poor racing barring one or two events—a bad field for the Stakes, ditto for the Cup. Monaco has turned out a profitable investment for Lord Hartington, and what he failed to do last year in the Stewards' Cup he has done this. 'Scratchings,' we should say, were the chief characteristics of both the Stewards' Cup and the Stakes, and for the latter there were some curious proceedings in connection with one or two horses that ought to have provoked comment, but which did not. Hampton turned out the good thing that Robert Peck declared it was for the Stakes, though if Thompson could have held King Log, and Admiral Byng had not broken a blood-vessel, the good thing might have been upset, despite the confidence shown by the Russley trainer when he took 2,000 to 1,000. Many people expected the Cup to go to Russley, too, with Freeman, but how he could beat New Holland after that Ascot running in the Alexandra Plate we could not see. Prince Solytkoff's horse ran all the way, and Temple Bar never could touch him. We were glad to see Preakness run so well (he only finished a head behind Temple Bar), and we wish for Mr. Sandford's sake he had run better. No victory would have been more popular than that of his colours, he may be assured, and we trust he will yet be rewarded for the pluck and spirit he has exhibited.

# BAILY'S

## Monthly Magazine of Sports and Pastimes.

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SEPTEMBER, 1876.

VOL. XXIX.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF MAJOR-GENERAL MARK WOOD.

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# DIARY FOR SEPTEMBER, 1876.

M. D.	W. D.	OCCURRENCES.
1	F	Sandown Park and Wolverhampton Races. Partridge Shooting
2	S	Lurgan Athletic Sports. [begins.
3	S	TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
4	M	Leominster Show.
5	Tu	Richmond (Yorkshire), Warwick, and Curragh Races.
6	W	Richmond, Warwick, and Dover Races.
7	Th	Canterbury, Edinburgh, and Manchester Races.
8	F	Canterbury, Edinburgh, and Manchester Races.
9	S	Altrincham Horse and Dog Show.
10	S	THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
11	M	
12	Tu	Doncaster Races.
13	W	Doncaster St. Leger Day. Birkenhead Agricultural Show.
14	Th	Doncaster Races.
15	F	Doncaster Races.
16	S	
17	S	FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
18	M	
19	Tu	West Drayton, Derby, Hendon, and Baldoyle Races.
20	W	Western Ayr, Derby, and Hendon Races.
21	Th	Alexandra Park and Monmouth Races.
22	F	Western Ayr and Monmouth Races. Mr. Blenkiron's Sale.
23	S	Mr. Blenkiron's Sale.
24	S	FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
25	M	
26	Tu	Newmarket First October and Lanark Races.
27	W	Newmarket and Lanark Races.
28	Th	Newmarket and Perth Hunt Races.
29	F	Newmarket Races.
30	S	





*A. H. Wood*



# BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

### MAJOR-GENERAL MARK WOOD.

A NEPHEW of Sir Mark Wood, and married to a sister of the late Sir Richard Bulkeley, with the additional charm of being connected, by marriage, with 'the Admiral,' it will not surprise our readers that the subject of this memoir should have a strong taste for the Turf. It was in 1832, on his first visit to Newmarket, that he saw the mighty Priam, with 4 to 1 on him, succumb to Chapman and Captain Arthur; and from that time till 1836, when he joined the army, he enjoyed more of the racing at head-quarters than falls to the lot of most men at his age. All the time not devoted to study was passed with his maternal uncle, Sir Mark, at Hare Park; and he had the pleasure, whilst yet a boy at Eton, of witnessing the three *successive* victories of Lucetta, Cetus, and Camarine for the Gold Cup at Ascot. Having passed through Eton under the care of the Rev. John George Dupuis as his tutor, and devoted three years to foreign travel and the acquisition of modern languages, in 1836 he obtained a commission in the 60th Rifles, and served with them for some years at Corfu, where he always had a horse or two to run at the various garrison meetings, ridden usually by himself; and many were the matches brought off between him and his friend Ridley, of the same regiment, over the little circular Garrison racecourse of that island.

In 1841 he accompanied the 60th to Jamaica, and served with them during the terribly fatal sick season of that year, when both officers and men were swept away in fearful numbers.

Upon his return home he continued with his old corps till 1845, and then, taking advantage of a favourable opportunity, exchanged into the Coldstream Guards, in which regiment his father had formerly served, and did duty with them in the Crimea; nor did he leave until he was upon the eve of becoming a general officer. We have reason to know that his services during the war were distinguished ones. He was all through the campaign, and showed the highest qualities of a soldier during that trying time.

Having then more leisure time at his disposal, he had, as 'Mr. 'Lambourne,' a horse or two in training with Richard Cotton until his decease, when he put them under the care of Tom Stephenson, who has done his best with the material sent him; and we heartily wish that, ere long, both owner and trainer may make their mark with a 'clinker.' Following the wise example of his friend Lord Falmouth, the General rarely bets,<sup>\*</sup> and remains deaf to any suggestion of '*dashing it down*,' a modest fiver being probably the amount of any investment he may be inclined to make. He breeds his own horses, and generally manages to scramble through a race to meet his trainer's bill. It is too much to expect that he will ever effect a *coup* and win a Derby, but no victory would be more popular should it by any chance come off. For steeplechasing he cares but little, although Romeo and the grey Bangalore were his property. As a young man he hunted two or three seasons in Leicestershire and Warwickshire, holding his own among the best; and when, on the death of his father, he took up his residence in his native county of Essex, he hunted with Mr. Arkwright and Lord Petre's staghounds, and could keep his place, albeit he always had a preference for a short, sharp, and decisive fifteen minutes to anything of a longer duration. Our General was born in March 1817, and Father Time has put his mark upon him so kindly and gently that he is still the strikingly handsome man on whom many a lady's eye was bent some thirty years ago. With charming manners and cheery spirits, he probably has not an enemy in the world to wish him ill.

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### SHEFFIELD LANE.

OVER downland and moorland the grey shadows of purple clouds fly in never-ending chase towards some unseen haven near to the gates of the sun, and their billowy forms come rolling up from the horizon's verge, each with its precious freight of rain to cheer the husbandman's heart, as he marks its soft descent upon dusty stubbles and burnt-up pasture, and listens to its soft patter among the thirsty leaves of turnip or mangold. The festival song of harvest home has rung out its last echo through a grateful land; and teeming clouds dispute the empire of the sky with the sun-god, whose reign has been undisturbed so long. The long silent pools, erst connected by tiny runnels with each other, and marking the course of river or stream, are broken into a myriad smiles by the pelting drops; and a blue steam, as of thankful incense, goes up from plain and valley to mingle with low-flying clouds hurrying from their western cradle. Anon our iron track leads across heathery wastes with grey boulders cropping up here and there, and stunted bushes marking the bed of mountain streamlet on its way 'to join the brimming river;' or from dark

tunnel which pierces the everlasting hills we emerge into the smoke-laden atmosphere of some coal-field capital, with its myriad shafts blackening the face of nature for miles round, and communicating a bituminous look and odour to whatever comes within its sable embrace. The accents of those who crowd long grimy platforms, or proclaim the titles of each halting-place on the road, are as unmistakably 'Yorkshire' as the well-known names of manufacturing towns scattered about the great county's southern limits; and, judging by the snatches of conversation which reach us from the closely-packed third-class compartment next door, the 'Great Ebor' is under spirited discussion by its occupants, and disputes run high as to the respective merits of Mintdrop and Clearwell. The Leger only crops up fitfully, as well it may, with Middleham, Richmond, and Malton holding hands devoid of the honours once dealt out so liberally by Dame Fortune; but the two-year old running at Stockton gives promise of better things to come next year, and as the disputants 'come together' upon this point we glide smoothly into Sheffield station. The rain pours down quietly, as if it were feeling its way through the crown of smoke which hangs over the black city day and night, and the shabby streets are patrolled by crowds, among which factory hands largely predominate. The reader may well ask, Why we have brought him hither, and in quest of what feature of sport or pastime worthy to find a place in the ever-green covers of 'Baily'? Surely, the 'gentle' one may exclaim, our guide is not about to initiate us into the mysteries of dog-racing, or to lead us to haunts beloved of pedestrians, or to disclose the intricacies of bowls or of knurr and spell to our wondering eyes! What can the Sheffield blades show us of the higher phases of sport—what objects of interest in connection with the Turf can they set before us, save, perchance, the birthplace of that Prince of Metalicians into whose soul the iron of his native town seems to have entered, and whose very name smacks of the staple of his beloved Sheffield? But we shall not linger long among its sooty habitations, anxious as we are to escape from a smoky fog such as the Master Cutler himself would be puzzled to divide with the sharpest of his many blades, and of which it may be written parodically (with every apology to the shade of Campbell):—

'Tis noon; but not yon mid-day sun  
Can pierce the smoke-cloud rolling dun,  
Where toiling engines roar and run  
In clanging forge and factory.'

Rather let us mount the hill in a northerly direction, and, passing through a wilderness of suburbs, with snug villas starting up in all directions, and melancholy-looking 'eligible plots' waiting for occupants, emerge into purer air and clearer skies, forgetful of the caldron from which our order of release has been granted. The change is so sudden and marked that from out the dense, black cloud we seem to burst into sunshine and air, like some spirit permitted to exchange Cimmerian darkness for the brilliancy of

Paradise; and in the soft breeze which sweeps from yonder blue upland there is nothing to remind of the sights, sounds, and odours which perplexed us a minute since, and made our prayer arise, like that of Ajax, for 'light.'

The stone walls which bound that hilly highway to more northerly habitations might have been the midnight work of fairy builders, and so exquisite in their finished solidity that the mass coheres without a particle of binding mortar. The yellowing beech, feathery ash, and wrinkled wych-elm stretch forth loving arms to their sisters over the way, and, amid the very last drops of a falling shower, the sunbeam, striking 'along the world,' casts cool shadows across the road, and now, at a turn, skirting the hillside, a glorious prospect lies before us of bowery valleys with stone-built homesteads nestling by quiet watercourses, pine-crowned hills, with breadths of yellow stubble girding their huge shoulders like golden chains, and the 'shadow streaks of rain' brooding in thunderous majesty over the far-off range so rich in mineral wealth. Yonder tall spire, a landmark for miles round, marks the proud domain of Wentworth, dear to many a sportsman's heart, who dons his November scarlet for the opening day with the Fitzwilliam, startles the pheasant from his covert fastness at the winter battue, or stands at the side of Oates looking over 'little Lecturer,' and wondering at the size and scope which distinguish so many of his stock. The *quondam* little David of Danebury now occupies the headship of the house of Lanercost, and his right loyal henchman has vowed that Yorkshire shall yet swear by the 'little pig of a horse,' who stayed too long for so many giants at Newmarket and Ascot. But our pilgrimage is not towards Lecturer's box; and rising that last sharp pinch at the hill's brow, our eyes glance familiarly to the right towards the grey stone cluster of cottages and farm-buildings, a stone's throw from the high road up yonder 'lane,' and we recognise the familiar old-fashioned vane of rustic design which coquets with every changing breeze above the box of the mighty Adventurer. Spacious paddocks stretch away on either side the road, with stone fences and hovels for their occupants; and a kindly voice bids us welcome as the latch is raised of the wicket-gate, and we are conducted on the 'grand rounds' by a real Yorkshire master of the ceremonies, a walking epitome of the Stud Book, and skilled in all the racing lore which bears upon the performances of north-country cracks.

Adventurer was one of those neglected ones which come into their owners' hands without an engagement to their names, and which have to make their way in the world by the precarious instrumentality of handicaps. He is about the only one of the self-made class which has worked his way up the ladder of fortune step by step, until he has, by downright merit, secured a place among those of his fellows whose path to fame has been short and easy. Breeders are loth to believe in any horse which does not possess a handle to its name through some exceptionally brilliant performance in the

best company, and cannot be brought to consider the force of circumstances which has precluded it from measuring swords on even terms with the flower of their race. A stallion, to insure popularity at his start in life, must be able to show the hall mark impressed by some victory in the great races of the year, or must stand forth as a Cup winner of more than the average stamp. But even in the line chosen for the exhibition of his powers, Adventurer's was a chequered and somewhat inconsistent career, and against his brilliant achievements at four years men are naturally apt to balance his inglorious series of reverses as a two-year-old, and his humiliating defeats in the succeeding season. How, by hook or by crook, he managed to creep into the City and Suburban at a mere feather-weight, which he made the best use of, is now matter of history; while he showed himself equally at home over one mile or twain at York, cantered away from a very 'hot' Craven field at Epsom, and finally set the seal on his performances by placing Her Majesty's Vase on his owner's sideboard, over the trying two miles at Ascot. His final effort, too, in the Doncaster Fitzwilliam was worthy of the great name he had achieved in the previous season, for Master Richard, Victorious, Paris, Twilight, Argonaut, Gem of the Sea, and Moulsey all had to strike their flags to the Newminster bay. When shall we see such a field again canter down to the mile-post on the Town Moor, and hear 33 to 1 offered against the winner?

Adventurer is built more on the model of Newminster than any of that worthy's sons at present propagating the handsome but somewhat delicate branch of the Touchstone family, of which the son of old Beeswing is rightly acknowledged as the head. He is a whole-coloured dark dappled bay, with fine level symmetry throughout, is good both to meet and to follow, stands a good fifteen three, and is one of the most generous and finest tempered horses in the world. Resting after his labours of love in the lusty spring-tide, he has been judiciously limited in his rations, and perhaps on that account, though it may be owing to his natural 'conformation,' he seems to lack muscle slightly in his arms, though his second thighs are models of power. We have noticed this shortcoming (if so slight a defect may be thus characterized) in more than one of his stock; but taking him all in all he is an excellent specimen of one of our most popular and highly-valued sources of blood, and is still in high health and vigour, thanks to the discretion which has guided his owner in limiting his favours to a select few.

From the sire we pass on to his son, the brown Pretender, whose descent from Derby honours to plating reverses is one of those melancholy tales of the Turf over which we will forbear to linger. Had his stable accepted the hint so broadly given at Stockton, ere the 'revolt of Islam' was so nearly successful, much of the subsequent pain and humiliation would have been spared to so good and faithful a servant, and the charm of a Derby winner's name would have been potent enough to have secured him the patronage

which now passes by on the other side. There is much of Adventurer's character about him, especially about his fore-hand, but he is taller on the leg than his sire, and lacks his lengthy and powerful quarters. Middleham stands sadly in need of one staunch and honest as he in these altered times, but it is the old story of

‘The world which credits what is done  
Is deaf to all which might have been ;’

and so more fashionable alliances are sought in other quarters, and Pretender fades and languishes like his namesake prince.

Mandrake is the only son of old Weatherbit of any repute now at the stud, and so far it must be admitted that the dappled chestnut has disappointed his friends. It should be recollected, however, that Beadsman made but a very poor beginning at the stud, and that Yorkshire would have none of the angular brown when Middlethorpe was his home. Like most of his tribe, Mandrake is not built on an extravagantly large scale, and there is a lightness of bone and smallness of joint below the knee which sets breeders rather against him. Still a good many who have wooed fortune in vain in the springtime of life have been rewarded by seeing the coy goddess relent in the autumn of their days ; and when she does turn towards her persevering followers, her favours come not singly, but in battalions. The grandsons of Weatherbit are already ‘prosperous gentlemen,’ commanding sumptuous fees, and attracting the queens of the Stud Book to visit them in their glory ; and we hold to the belief that good blood, like murder, ‘will out,’ though sooner in some cases than others, and that *unaccountable* failures at the stud are few and far between. Perhaps with the double Birdcatcher cross on his dam's side, Mandrake may be regarded as a difficult horse to suit with mares ; and incidentally we might remark that, in the opinion of one of our most experienced breeders, the *novus hospes* Blue Gown combines so many stout and excellent strains that alliances will not be readily found for him. As in Mandrake's case, so with Tynedale, the famous Tomboy blood crops up on the ‘all-important side of the dam ;’ and this is held to be a strong reason for retaining him upon the Sheffield Lane establishment, while he is also the only direct male descendant of the roan Warlock, whose portrait, in Harry Hall's happiest style, attracted the attention of visitors to the Whitewall parlour. Nearly every English stud has its corner-stone, sustaining the reputation of the place ; and though many have gone forth to conquer from that long row of model lodging-houses for yearlings at Sheffield Lane, we fancy that ‘Fair Helen by Pantaloon’ is the name worthy to be graved over its portals, and that ‘Olga by Charles XII.’ would also have found a place in the heart of its founder.

Well nigh a score of youngsters are receiving the finishing touch before making their bows in the Doncaster sale ring, but not at the hands of him who took such pride in showing us the crack Adventurer yearling twelve months ago, and who seemed to live for the

business of nurturing and developing the juvenile racing idea. His end was awfully sad and sudden; as the foal which brought it about rushed at him, blindly mad with excitement, and the headlong fall following upon the heavy blow destroyed all sense and feeling until a few brief moments before his decease. Another hand will lead up the Sheffied-Laners to hear their sentence from Mr. Tattersall's lips; and the list of Adventurers and Mandrakes which we look for yearly in the Corporation Meadow is varied by such names as those of Maccaroni, Rosicrucian, Kingcraft, and Musket, while Tynedale has been admitted to as equal a share of favours as the great Adventurer himself. Among them, too, lovers of the Cure blood will find one of the last of the Lambtons, with all the family neatness and cleverness. The leading cases of success, exemplified in Pretender and Apology, have inclined the judgment of Adventurer's owners towards the Venison and Birdcatcher blood which courses in the veins of Kingston and Rataplan matrons; while the Touchstone line has been retraced in his alliance with Charlotte Russe, one of the few remaining Fazzoletto mares. Mandrake is unrepresented among the sixteen; but a couple of seasons since he was summoned to Mentmore at Markham's instigation, and took his seat at the council of elders over which King Tom, the Nestor of English sires, so worthily presides. So we bid them farewell until the fateful Doncaster Thursday, when their schooldays come to an end, and they break up for ever, to play their different parts in the racing world in the characters of crack, commoner, and crock; and were they capable of reason and recollection, surely, whether in luxury consequent upon success, or in slavery, which is the wages of failure, they would declare those to be their happiest days, when life was 'one long sunny holiday,' and they wandered at their own sweet will in the nursery pastures of Sheffield Lane.

AMPHION.

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## FRANK RALEIGH OF WATERCOMBE.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

DURING the summer terms of Easter and Act, the great goddess Artemis, whose worshippers at Oxford might be numbered even with those of Ephesus, veils her latent power for the time, and no longer sways the passion of her devotees as she does in the more congenial period of the winter months. The study of the 'noble science,' however, if suspended awhile in obedience to the laws of Nature, and with due consideration for wheat, vixens, and future hopes, is nevertheless not followed by a closer cultivation of the ethics of Aristotle, nor, indeed, by any other ascetic observance of the duties and discipline prescribed by the University.

When a party of hunting gownsmen stroll, as they are wont to do on a Sunday morning, into an Oxford stable, and hope to delight

their eyes with a peep at some of the favourites of the past season—hunters that have earned their undying admiration, either by the big water-jump, or the double post and rails over which they have been so gloriously carried—they look for them in vain; one and all are banished to some straw-yard in the vicinity, where, physicked, blistered, fired, and with their necks in strait-jackets—playfully called cradles—the noble brutes, now presenting a woful appearance, are summered for a future day.

But their stalls and boxes are by no means tenantless; for every available standing is occupied by steeds of a very different stamp; wiry, thoroughbred hacks, raw-boned as that of Doctor Syntax, game and enduring as Turpin's Black Bess, and all endowed more or less with the gift of going, are now in demand, while buggy and tandem horses, harnessed and unharnessed, stand prepared at a moment's notice to suit the choice of the various customers as they happen to drop in.

On every high road, therefore, radiating from Oxford, to a distance of ten or twelve miles, but especially on the adjoining commons of Cowley and Bullingdon, these hacks may be met in the afternoons of every week-day, usually tearing along at a frantic pace, as if their riders were bearing despatches announcing the outbreak of a European war, or riding a race e'en 'for a thousand pound.' But, in reality, they are simply taking their pleasure, getting rid, perhaps, of the blue devils invoked by hard reading; or, more probably, blowing off the steam generated by the wassail of a previous night. In most cases, however, where these gentlemen riders are found bucketting their horses so unmercifully, they are in fact learning to ride, their education at home in that manly exercise having been totally neglected in early youth. At all events, they certainly are not the hunting men.

Then, again, there is the river—the fair and broad Isis—on whose 'glassy wave' boats of every form and design, varying from a skiff to a house-barge, swarm in countless numbers through the summer season. In the former, 'the solitary snipe' is wont to take his daily exercise, preferring his own company to that of any other human being; while in the latter a more social lot, on pleasure bent, are gliding down stream, luxuriously towed by a horse, their object being a picnic, and their destination Nuneham, to whose picturesque grounds that grand specimen of a man Archbishop Harcourt, notwithstanding the lobster-shells, shivered glass, and other relics that mark their trail, kindly accords them free admission. Nor is the boon otherwise abused in general, except, indeed, as is sometimes the case, an air-gun is carried down by one of the party: the temptation then becomes irresistible; the young rooks on the elms adjoining the Hermitage are loudly clamouring for food, but instead of it a pea-bullet from the air-gun sends scores of them to rest.

The keepers, however, are usually on the alert, and of course a row is the result; the delinquents being brought before the Archbishop, who mildly appeals to them as gentlemen not to do the like again.



Numbers of men, too, devoted to angling may always be seen patiently trolling for pike from the river banks ; or, seated in a punt moored to a willow, still more patiently fishing for barbel in Sandford lasher or in the deep holes surrounding the weirs ; while a more ambitious lot have gone off in buggies and tandems to tempt with the May-fly or spinning-minnow the big trout of the Windrush, which, however, are so shy that few men less skilled than a Chaplin or a Dale—two Zebedees of Magdalen—are commonly successful in bringing them to hand. Glorious fish are they, either at the end of one's line or on table-board ; here, firm and pink and even more delicately flavoured than a Severn salmon fresh run in February, they form a dish worthy of Sardanapalus ; there, weighing from four to six pounds, the butt-end need be handled by no 'fool,' for they die gloriously, struggling and fighting to the very last kick.

But as the hour of dinner draws nigh, the racing-boats, eight-oars and four-oars, returning from their daily drill on the reaches above and below Sandford, bring down hundreds of spectators into Christ Church meadows, and give a lively and interesting touch to the aquatic scene. In breasting the strong stream near the Willows and in spurting home the favourite eight-oar is greeted with deafening cheers, which, again and again repeated, are heard at Carfax and find an echo in the distant cloisters of Magdalen College.

Then the manly game of cricket, which is steadily becoming more and more popular, supplies both exercise and recreation to a large batch of 'dry bobs,' who, preferring the bat and ball to aquatic sport, and to the more costly indulgence of a daily ride, occupy their spare time like sensible and high-principled men, determined neither to tax their own physical powers nor those of their fathers' pockets to an undue extent.

Hard by, too, on Bullingdon Common, the knights of St. Quentin are busily engaged in playing the once chivalrous game of the tournament. Successful, however, as the tilter may be in wielding his lance, here are no ladies' eyes to reward either his courage or his skill ; no woman's favour to win as the inspiring prize ; but if he misses the mark, the chances are he gets 'hard hit' in another way, and is sent reeling into the arms of mother earth amid the derisive cheers of the competing knights. Then follows the banquet under a spacious tent—a dinner and supper affair combined—to which the members invite their friends and treat them with so much hospitality that, occasionally, carriages from Oxford are even sent for to convey them safely back to their own colleges.

Thus, if hounds and hunters are in abeyance for a season, with so varied and ample a *menu* provided for them by Alma Mater, even the votaries of the chase need not famish nor pine away from the lack of a daily supply of hard exercise and manly recreation ; at least, during the brief period of their University life.

The Long Vacation was now at hand, and preparations on an extensive scale were being made on all sides to celebrate the forthcoming Grand Commemoration, or *Encœnia*, with unusual costliness

and gaiety. Balls, garden fêtes, water-parties, concerts, heavy lunches and heavier dinners were to follow each other in rapid succession; and every Don or disciple, graduate or undergraduate, not utterly case-hardened against the sex, made it a point of duty on the occasion to invite not only nieces and sisters, but friends and fair cousins claiming the remotest degree of consanguinity, till every hotel or lodging in Oxford was filled to its very rafters.

‘Hurrah, Frank! here’s a bit of luck at last,’ said Gore Leveson, waving a letter over his head in a fervour of delight; ‘my two cousin girls, the Lethburys, are coming up on the 15th, and if they don’t create a sensation in the Theatre and Broad Walk, the verdict of the last London season must have been a false one indeed.’

‘Very lovely, are they?’ inquired Frank, hoping to draw Leveson into a fuller description of his fair cousins’ beauty. ‘If you’re as good a judge of a woman’s form as you are of a filly’s, I’d ride a hundred miles to get one good look at them.’

‘Then, by Jove! you shall have a dozen, Frank; but have a care, my boy, they are dangerous, I warn you; and if they don’t turn men into stones, as Medusa did, they make lunatics of them in no time.’

‘But what are they like, Leveson?—tall, of course they must be, or you wouldn’t admire them; but are they dark or fair haired, brunettes or blondes?’

‘The elder, Bertha, has a figure that would make your brain swim, so exquisitely developed is it; her complexion is olive, but so transparent that, when you waltz with her, you can see the blue blood coursing through her veins; her hair a rich auburn, long as Haidee’s, but filleted round her brow like a crown of gold; her eyes a dark hazel, one moment so soft, the next sparkling like a pair of heaven-lit stars. Then, her teeth and lips; ye Gods—but, hold hard! I see your mouth’s watering already, and if I go on describing her countless charms, you’ll soon be as much in love with her as the madman was with Cleopatra.’

‘Nonsense, Leveson; I believe you are in love with her yourself; but go on. What is the sister like; not a brunette, I hope, for I decidedly prefer a fair woman.’

‘That’s lucky, Frank, for now we shall not quarrel. Blanche is fair and lovely as Hebe herself; but not quite so plump as it is the fashion to paint the handmaid of Jove. Innocent as they seem to be, there’s a world of mischief in her soft blue eyes; their victims may be counted by scores, and if there’s a weak spot in your armour, take my word they’ll find it out: so be on your guard, I say, or you’ll add one more to the many she has made fools of and then laughed at.’

‘In fact, according to the character you give her, your fair cousin must be somewhat of a coquette, Leveson?’

‘Ay, as arrant a coquette as Galatea herself; never so happy as when provoking pursuit, but as yet always contriving to elude

'capture. Give her a turn, Frank; and let me tell you she carries weight and is worth winning; my uncle Ben left her a clear fifty thousand, and you'll never want meal for your hounds if you get coupled up with her—a fine woman and a fine fortune! what the deuce could a man wish for more?'

'Nothing on earth could be more tempting,' said Frank, remembering his debts, and dwelling for a moment on the pleasant combination described by his friend; 'but the truth is, Leveson, I am not a free man; I'm engaged to be married. It's a dead secret at home, and would drive the old folks into a madhouse if they only knew it; so keep it to yourself, that's a good fellow.'

'What! taken in and done for already, Frank, and you not twenty years of age yet? No, I'll not believe you could be trapped so easily! Golden locks, I'll wager, without a guinea to bless them. Frank, you must be off that, or I shan't think much of your diplomacy or good sense.'

'Impossible, Leveson, compatibly with honour, even if I wished it, which I most decidedly do not. You have no conception how lovely she is, so gentle, so sweet, and so attractive. No! I should be a monster indeed if I illtreated her or caused her a moment's pain.'

'An angel in petticoats, and nothing less,' said Gore Leveson, in a tone of merriment and incredulity, that, although meant as mere badinage, cut Frank to the very quick. 'But come, old fellow, give us a chance of seeing a celestial once in our lives; have her up and trot her out on Show Sunday! She must be a rare stepper indeed if she saves her distance against la belle Blanche at even weights.'

Frank's face brightened visibly at this suggestion, which, strangely enough as he thought, had never occurred to himself. Perhaps he felt, without being conscious of it, how rarely Mrs. Cornish and Mary, since he had known them, had ever moved or expressed a wish to move beyond the precincts of their own quiet neighbourhood, in the well-wooded and picturesque valleys of which, with the wild moor behind them, they had lived from youth to maturity; passing, if uneventful, yet contented and happy lives. The wood-pigeon, cooing among the branches of an ivy-mantled oak or seesawing in the summer air, never loved its native haunts more than they the seclusion of Heathercot, their own peaceful home.

'It will be hopeless, I fear, proposing it,' said Frank, with some hesitation; 'still, if I thought there was the glimmer of a chance in my favour, I'd move heaven and earth to bring them here for the Commemoration.'

'But who are *they*?' inquired Leveson, provokingly; 'I only spoke of your young 'ooman, but there appears to be a bevy of them.'

'You're pumping me, Leveson, and only want to find out the ladies' names. Well, 'tis but a brace altogether, mother and daughter, Mrs. and Miss Cornish; so now I hope your curiosity is satisfied.'

‘Not a bit of it, Frank; I am dying to see what the filly is like; and if there’s no Paterfamilias, no stern governor to consult, I’ll lay a guinea to a gooseberry they’ll come up, if you’ll only invite them.’

That night, on retiring to his rooms, Frank sat up to a late hour writing a touching appeal both to Mrs. Cornish and her daughter, setting forth the glories of the Commemoration in glowing terms, and protesting that his enjoyment of the week would wholly depend on their coming to Oxford and sharing it with him. Then the letter concluded with a postscript, expressing a fervent hope that he might be allowed to secure apartments for them at once in the High Street, which he described as the most central and convenient situation for sight-seers, that street being the chief promenade of the gownsmen and their friends, the route of the public processions, and finally the main thoroughfare for the fast London coaches hourly passing through the city.

It would be simply a waste of time to attempt a description of the intense excitement created at Heathercot by this epistle, nor could any ordinary pen do it adequate justice; suffice it to say that its effect, on one at least of the inmates of that peaceful home, might be compared to that of a sudden thunderstorm, bursting over some placid brook and transforming it at once into a wild torrent, which overleaps its bounds and hurries onward, impatient of restraint, so effectually did it change and disturb the ordinary tranquil course of poor Mary’s daily life.

‘Mamma,’ she said, beseechingly, ‘you *must* accept; it is so long since we have met, and Frank is dying to see us. It would be cruel to disappoint him; so you’ll say “yes,” won’t you, dear mamma? Oxford, too, is such a beautiful city, and we may never again have the opportunity of seeing it under such pleasant circumstances.’

A cloud of doubt, however, seemed to hang on the mother’s brow, as, unwilling to disturb this dream of happiness, she answered in a gentle, hesitating voice: ‘I scarcely know what to say, my dear child; there are so many difficulties in the way that, anxious as I am to gratify every wish of your heart, I am utterly unable to see how they can be met and prudently set aside. In the first place, it does not seem to be quite the right thing to accept this invitation from Frank, involving, as it will, hospitality and escort on his part, while Mr. Raleigh and Lady Susan continue to remain unenlightened as to his engagement with you. In the next place, our income will barely admit, without retrenchment, of such an expenditure; there will be the journey to and fro, a two day’s affair each way; the apartments, &c., for the week, and lastly, the gay and costly dresses required for such an occasion.’

‘One-half my allowance’ (it was only twenty pounds a year) ‘will be more than ample for me, when Commemoration is over, as I shall want no new dresses for many a day after; and if you turn out Taffy into the New-take, he will do quite as well for me at grass as in the stable; the dear little fellow will enjoy his life far

‘more, and the cost of his keep will then be a mere trifle. So, dear mamma, there are two points at once on which I can help you to retrench and save money for this expedition. Then, I am quite sure, if I beg him to do so, that Frank will announce our engagement to his father without a moment’s hesitation; indeed, he proposed doing so a month ago, but I told him he had better wait till he had his commission.’

‘That was very silly of you, Mary; the matter has been a mystery to the neighbourhood too long, and it’s high time it should be settled one way or the other, for your sake as well as Frank’s; so pray write and tell him so without delay.’

The letter was accordingly written, and by return of post, as Mary had predicted, Frank not only announced the matter formally to his father, but expressed his regret to Mrs. Cornish that he had not done so long before, fearing, as he said, that she had already suffered some disquietude owing to his taciturnity.

This solution, then, of the first difficulty being considered so far satisfactory, and the money question, in accordance with Mary’s earnest petition, being waived for the present, Frank, to his unspeakable delight, was requested to secure a set of suitable apartments forthwith, and, at the same time, all the tickets necessary for the week’s gaiety. Notwithstanding his diligent search, however, for he was late in the field, not even a single set of rooms were obtainable in or near the region of the High Street, all having been already secured for the numerous visitors expected on the occasion; and had it not been for Gore Leveson, who, withdrawing to the Mitre, insisted on placing his rooms at the disposal of Frank’s friends, the latter might have sought in vain for the needful accommodation.

Owing, however, to this arrangement, and to the fact that Leveson had either forgotten or neglected to make it generally known among his acquaintance, sundry unceremonious visits were paid to the ladies during the first few days of their occupancy, which subjected them to some discomfiture and no little inconvenience. For instance, the peruquier, who had dressed their hair for the University ball, had just quitted the apartment when, as her mother was arranging some mysterious article of Mary’s under-dress, before a cheval-glass in the sitting-room, a party of three undergraduates, all smoking cigars, and more or less flushed with wine, burst into their presence without rapping at the door or giving any other signal of their unwelcome raid.

Of course it was a sheer mistake on their part, nor, until some seconds had elapsed, were they able to understand the necessity of beating a retreat. One of them, as he did so, then turned round, and with an abrupt apology, recommended the ladies in future to ‘sport their oak.’

Another case of intrusion, from a very different set of visitors, if not so alarming in its character, left an impression on the memory both of Mary and her mother never to be effaced. Frank, having

escaped from a hubbub of gaiety going on at St. Ebbs, where he had met the Lethburys in all their glory of beauty and dress, had retired to these rooms, and, seated in a luxurious arm-chair, was enjoying a quiet *tête-à-tête* with Mary, while her mother sat at an open window watching The Age dropping its load of passengers on the opposite side of the street.

The conversation between the young couple appeared to turn on the reception Frank's letter had met with at home, and in his anxiety to impress on Mary the certainty that it would be all right in the long run, he said in a voice audible only to her ears, 'My father is a sensible and kind-hearted man, and when he finds our affair is no whim of the moment, but the earnest, settled purpose of our lives, he'll give his consent with a willing heart and bless us both. So pray have no doubts on that score.'

At that instant a gentle tap at the door somewhat startled the two lovers, and before Frank could move his chair from the close contiguity in which it was placed to Mary's, the Lethburys, mother and two daughters, advanced into the room.

'Leveson not here?' said the eldest lady, looking round her with an air of unfeigned surprise; 'surely these are his rooms, and we were invited here to take a cup of coffee; but where is the host?'

'He is hanging out at the Mitre, now,' said Frank, somewhat taken aback by the unexpected entrance of these fashionable women; 'very forgetful of him not to tell you so; but pray be seated; I'll order coffee at once, and do my best to supply his place.'

Already had Frank been formally introduced to the Lethburys at the Major's rooms, and, moreover, it had been whispered by Leveson in their hearing that he was sole heir to the Raleigh estates, which, extending over a large portion of Dartmoor, including valleys, rivers, and manorial rights of great value, his family had inherited from the distinguished courtier of that name.

So, whether affected or not by this representation of Leveson's, certain it is that her ladyship seemed only too delighted to take advantage of Frank's hospitality; saying, as she settled herself in the arm-chair he had just quitted, 'A thousand thanks; and if you are quite sure we are not intruding either on you or your friends' (towards each of whom Lady Lethbury bowed most graciously), 'we will gladly accept the rest you so kindly offer. And as to Leveson, he may come in search of us, if he please; we certainly shall take no further trouble to find him.'

With an air of gentle unobtrusiveness, almost amounting to timidity, Mrs. Cornish drew her chair near that of her ladyship, who, notwithstanding the dignity of her demeanour, had no little difficulty in suppressing an occasional smile at the *naïveté* and simplicity of her hostess' remarks: the one having passed the greater portion of her life in the seclusion of a Devonshire valley, the other in the whirl and dissipation of many a London season.

Nor was the contrast between Mary and the Lethbury girls less strongly marked; these had already undergone a hard training for

two unusually gay seasons, and were consequently in rare condition for any amount of flirtation to which their inclination might lead them. But in addition to their own personal beauty and charming manners, the fashionable Court milliner of the day had done all that dress could do to increase the effect of Nature's sweetest handiwork ; so that, where conquest was an object, their shafts were irresistible, carrying all before them apparently without an effort.

No wonder, then, that poor Mary, a country girl unacquainted with the wiles of the world, and guileless as Eve in her first bower of bliss, should feel the pangs of jealousy in their acutest form as she watched with silent agony the dead set made at Frank by Blanche Lethbury, who held him half fascinated already by her attractive conversation and the magic power of her marvellous eyes.

'My cousin Gore tells me,' she said, with an almost inaudible sigh, 'that you are fond of hounds ; and if so, you must come down 'to us next season and hunt with the Quorn. Cottswell is in the 'centre of the grass country ; we have lots of stabling, and mamma 'will be delighted to take you and your horses in so long as you 'like to stay.'

'A thousand thanks ! I should be charmed to come,' replied Frank, eagerly. 'It has been the ambition of my life to see that 'pack ; I've heard so much about it during the last six months : 'indeed, Leveson is always saying there are no hounds in England 'to equal them, either in pace or style of work. But, do you 'hunt ?'

'Of course I do ; there's nothing else worth living for in 'Leicestershire ; the hounds meet six days a week, and it's the only 'chance we get of seeing our fellow-creatures. Besides, give me a 'flying fox and a burning scent, and I hold there's no sport on earth 'to compare with fox-hunting.'

'Bravo !' exclaimed Frank, with ecstasy : 'then we are both of 'one mind on that point ; there is no sport like it.'

'And remember,' continued the fair girl, now fully believing that Frank was already half-meshed in her toils, 'the short cuts to covert 'are all as well known to me as our garden walks ; so you won't 'lack a pilot in that strange land ; at least, so far as the meets.'

'Nor afterwards, I suspect,' said Frank, intensely enjoying the hound-talk.

'No, not a yard farther ! With us, "every one for himself" is the 'rule of the field, as soon as the fox is found ; and from that moment 'the run, and nothing but the run, engrosses every thought of one's 'soul ; and he who fails to hold his own and keep his place—except, 'of course, in case of accident—will get neither help nor pity from 'his dearest friend at such a time.'

During this conversation the fair speaker, who appeared either to ignore or to be utterly unconscious of the presence of any one else in the room, was tracing out the arabesque patterns of the carpet with the point of her exquisite little foot, which, encased in a bronze kid shoe and a narrow sandal, popped in and out from under her muslin

dress as if it was playing the game of hide-and-seek, to test the quickness of Frank's vision ; nor can it be doubted if even the tag of a fox's brush, just glimpsed on the edge of some wild isolated covert, was ever viewed by him with a more ardent and rapturous gaze.

Meanwhile, Miss Lethbury had set herself, with all the art and eloquence of which she was mistress, to draw Mary out and to beguile her from the rapt attention she was giving to the conversation and coquetry of her younger sister. But her efforts were vain ; and no ingenuity of hers could elicit aught but monosyllabic answers from the silent and preoccupied girl. At length, when she had almost arrived at the conclusion that Mary was either daft or possessed of a dumb spirit, the room door was suddenly opened, and Gore Leveson, accompanied by half-a-dozen young men, entered the apartment, exclaiming, ' Here, then, you are at last ! Gone to ' ground in my own earth ; and I've been drawing covert after covert ' blank in search of you, till I began to think you had vanished ' into thin air. But come along, Bertha ; I've found a nag to suit ' you exactly ; Maggs says he is a perfect lady's horse, can live in ' the first flight, and is never so happy as when carrying a petticoat.'

' Well done, Gore ! you're a cousin worth having, that you are, to ' bring me such good news,' said the sparkling brunette, escaping from the tiresome task of talking to Mary, and in nowise disturbed by the abrupt entrance of so many strangers ; ' I only hope he's a ' chestnut, Gore, with a blaze in front and white stockings behind ?'

' No, a bright bay with black points ; but you must look sharp and ' see him out at once ; for Maggs says " there's as many customers ' " after him as bees about a hive on a summer's day." '

' All right, let's all go and look him over ; there's wisdom in a ' multitude of councillors, you know, and if there's a screw loose ' anywhere, some one of us may be sharp enough to find it out.'

As this proposal appeared to meet with general approbation, the whole party, with the exception of Mrs. Cornish and Mary, prepared for immediate migration to Maggs's stables, which, for the convenience of the undergraduates and the benefit of the owner, stood in close proximity to the gates of St. Ebbs.

Frank, however, who seemed scarcely to know what he was about, hung back a moment or two, as if he would say a few words to Mary before he quitted the room ; but a pair of beautiful eyes, blue and clear as those of Minerva, were jealously watching over him, and at once penetrated his too palpable design. ' We can't do ' without you, Mr. Raleigh,' said the fair Blanche, hovering over him like a kestrel over a field-mouse ; ' for I'm sure you know ' more about a horse than any one of us ; so pray give mamma your ' arm and come along.'

Frank instantly obeyed, and the party marched off to the well-known mews.

' Has he pace enough for the Quorn hounds?' inquired Gore Leveson, as the horse, on being trotted to and fro in the covered way, exhibited a somewhat high action with his fore-legs.



‘Pace enough, sir,’ responded the dealer; ‘why, he can catch a pigeon on the wing.’

‘And is he steady at his fences, Maggs?’

‘Steady, sir; ay, you may ride him to a funeral.’

‘Well, so far satisfactory,’ continued Leveson; ‘but tell me, honestly, can the horse stay?’

Maggs’s keen grey eye (the one he always kept open) puckered into a twinkle, as he answered in an under tone, evidently not wishing to be heard by the ladies, ‘Stay, sir, did you say? ay, as long as a woman in a bonnet shop.’

## RECOLLECTIONS OF MR. THOMAS COLEMAN—

### *Continued.*

‘IN all our chat I have never yet mentioned the subject of the different capabilities horses show in getting through dirt. To go well through it they must have largeish feet, arch knees, and round action; then they go on the top and do not sink. I have spoken before of my brown gelding, The Devil Among the Tailors, that I bought of Osbaldeston for 100 guineas; he had refused 1800 guineas for him as a two-year-old, and won a lot of races with him before I bought him. He was made as I tell you, and I won the Berkshire Stakes with him two years running, and many other races. The second time I put Toby Wakefield on him with 12 lbs. overweight. I had engaged a jockey that could ride the weight, but going to the course I saw Wakefield, and said, “How near can you come to the weight of my old horse in the Stakes?” He replied, “Not within a stone or 12 lbs.” “Very well; get ready, and weigh as light as you can; you shall ride him.”

‘When he weighed he was 12 lbs. beyond what he had to carry, so I declared the overweight and stuck up a notice. I said to Wakefield, “I am putting you up although so much over weight, because I want you to force the pace, which is the only chance of winning,” as I knew I could not depend on the chicken-hearted boy I had engaged. “Don’t you consider the 12 lbs. extra, but come along, and force the pace every stride.” He did so, and won by two lengths. Now, my motive was this: mine was a light-fleshed, light-topped gelding, arch kneed, and with big, open feet, and consequently went over and kept above the soft ground by the Thames side at Reading, while those with small feet and straight legs went dibbing into the mud over their hoofs, and in some places up to their pastern joints. The horse they made favourite was one of the very worst adapted to run over such a course as Reading was.

‘Huntingdon is like it, and requires the same class of horse. After the race, while we were unsaddling, Mr. James Weatherby stood by, and said, “You pulled that race off well, Coleman, but

“ I think you might as well have put up the jockey that you had  
 “ engaged, who could have ridden without declaring so much  
 “ overweight. I consider it an insult to our handicap; you must  
 “ have known you had so much in hand; I will keep an eye on  
 “ you for the future.” I said “ Pooh, pooh,” and walked away.  
 “ They took 6 to 4 about one in the race, and it would have won if  
 “ I had not got a man who could force the pace. I had the old  
 “ horse in another race the same day worth 80*l.*, and I told Wake-  
 “ field I should run him for that. He said, “ No, don’t; he has  
 “ done you a good day’s work, and it’s a shame to run him again;  
 “ besides, that chestnut horse of Death’s is sure to beat him,  
 “ he goes a great pace. I will not ride him.”

“ I don’t intend you to ride him, as my nephew can do the  
 “ weight, and you shall see I will set that thing of Death’s neck  
 “ straight before they get round the bottom turn.” So he did,  
 “ and I won by two or three lengths. Different ground suits dif-  
 “ ferent horses, and in heavy ground those with small feet and  
 “ upright, feeble pastern joints go dibbing every stride over their  
 “ hoofs, while a light-topped horse with arch knees and good open  
 “ feet, with bold frogs, goes above it. Few pay any attention to  
 “ these matters, but they are well worth notice.” We have years  
 ago proved Mr. Coleman’s theory to be correct in these matters by  
 our own experience.

“ I have told you something about Hampton Races, but I have a  
 “ lot more good anecdotes of them. There used to be a large attend-  
 “ ance, and most of the thieves and pickpockets out of London, but I  
 “ never lost a penny there, although I had all the added money and  
 “ the stakes in my pocket, besides taking the racehorse duty, which  
 “ I collected for many years. I was about the course all day with the  
 “ cash in my pocket, and never lost a penny. I used to do all the  
 “ business myself, weighing the jockeys in and out, and starting them.  
 “ I never used flags, and it was notorious that I never had a false start  
 “ at any meeting I had the management of. I started them by word  
 “ of mouth, and the jockeys all knew me. I gave them to understand  
 “ that when I said “ Go ” they were bound to go or be left behind, as  
 “ I never called them back, and never had any complaint. I drew  
 “ them all up in a cluster, and off they went the first go. The  
 “ starter has no business talking to the jockeys. When the large  
 “ fields of two-year-olds commenced, by the introduction of stakes  
 “ of 10*l.* each with 100*l.* added, Gorhambury was one of the  
 “ first places, and a score came to the post. Lord George Bentinck  
 “ said to me, “ You will have a great bother in getting all those  
 “ young ones to start, Coleman.”

“ Oh no, my lord, I shall get them off the first attempt; the  
 “ jockeys all know me, and when I call out go, all start, or they  
 “ know they will be left behind; I never have to call them back.  
 “ I collect them a little beyond the starting-post, wheel them  
 “ round, and call out ‘ Go.’ If you will ride up with me you will  
 “ see.”

‘ He did so, and had to scamper to get out of the way, as the moment they got to the post they started in a cluster like a flock of pigeons. Alderman Copeland’s chestnut filly, Hersey, won, and Lord George sang out to the Earl of Verulam, “That is one of the best managed things I ever saw, Verulam.” I have seen ten or twelve false starts for the Derby, and noticed several jockeys sitting on their horses and never attempting to go. They never did such a thing with me. I have seen very bad starts with the flags, and I do not like them.

‘ To return to Hampton, where I had the management, there were few police, mostly yokels, to keep the course, and there was at the turns sometimes difficulty to get room for the horses to run. They ran a different way of the course to what they do now, and there were only light poles, hop poles, in fact, just stuck in to guide them.

‘ This was the cause of my losing a race there that I had fairly won, with a horse called Turfcutter, by Lottery. I bought him of old Tom Kirby of York, without ever seeing him; but Kirby was a very straightforward man, whom I could trust. He did a deal of business with the Emperor Nicholas of Russia, who was very fond of him, and he had a lot of rings and jewelry that the emperor had given him. I had many deals with him, and will tell you of a mare I bought of him;—but let us finish Hampton first. I took Turfcutter there and ran him in a race the first day. Unfortunately, in going close round the turn, he pitched his foot against the pole, when it flew over his shoulder and fell amongst the other horses, and in doing so hurt my jockey’s hand severely. They said my horse had gone the wrong side of the post. I declared he had not, but that I would not contest the matter. Lord Chesterfield, one of the stewards, said, “I think you are right, Coleman, being the clerk of the course.” I said, “Now, my lord, if you will just canter down to the turn with me I can satisfy you that the horse did not go the wrong side of the post.” He did so, and saw the print of his hoof at the hole where the pole stood, and that he could not have gone the wrong side.

‘ The next day I ran Turfcutter again in a race where the winner was to be sold, in which there was a smart country horse called Pincher engaged. This race was run on a very wet day. I won the first heat, and for the second I put up Macdonald, who had ridden something in the first that was drawn, as my nephew’s hand was so bad from the blow with the pole the day before. It was stated in the calendar that there was to be half an hour allowed between the heats; so I got my horse saddled and placed him with my nephew, William Coleman, and Macdonald, under a booth that fronted the church clock, and told them to stand there in the dry until within five minutes of the time for starting, and then to mount and trot down to me at the starting-post. The rain still poured down, and Nat Flatman and the five or six others who

‘ were riding, mounted before the time, and not seeing me at the starting-post, called out to Captain Gardner (who was acting for Lord Chesterfield, who could not come that day), and asked if they might start. He said, “ Yes, if you are all ready you may start.” All this time I kept under cover with my horse and jockey in the booth, while the others started themselves and galloped round the course. Before the time was up, they all came into the weighing room dripping wet, and plastered with mud. I asked them “ what they wanted there ?”

‘ “ To weigh, Coleman ; where have you been ?”

‘ “ Standing in the dry and seeing you gallop round the course ; but mind, there is not time for you to gallop round again ; I don’t weigh you until after the race. I shall not wait a minute at the post for any one, but start whatever is there when the time is up ; I wish you all to understand that.” And I told my man not to weigh them.

‘ Captain Gardner said, “ They have started and run the heat. Where were you ? They had my order to start.”

‘ “ I asked you to act as steward for Lord Chesterfield. I never asked you to start them for me, or to authorize them to start. I am the only starter, and shall start whatever is at the post at the proper time.”

‘ I ordered the police to clear the course. Macdonald trotted down to the post, and, being the only one there, was started, cantered over, and then I weighed him in and claimed the plate. As soon as I had declared him the winner there was such a hubbub all over the course ; and Captain Gardner had Pincher out by his order, and they cantered him over, but I would not weigh him out or in. I told them I had given the race away the day before, as they said my horse had gone the wrong side of the post, which he had not, but I had won this, both stake and entrance money were in my pocket, and I should stick to both, as there was no second horse ; I would not give way in the matter, and it should go before the Jockey Club, and if they decided I was wrong Captain Gardner would be right.

‘ There were hundreds of pounds bet about it. Jack Shackell, Frank Clarke, and Frank Gardner of Coombe took sovereigns to return a hundred pounds if I got the race decided in my favour. It came before the stewards at Goodwood ; I drew out my statement in writing and handed it to them, remarking, at the end, that if jockeys could go to the post and start themselves a quarter of an hour before the half-hour time was up, allowed between each heat, and stated in the calendar, there must be an end of all the rules and regulations of the Jockey Club. When Lord Stradbroke read it, he said, “ I think Coleman ought to have been a lawyer instead of a trainer.”

‘ The first jockey examined was Flatman, as honest and truthful a man as ever lived. Colonel Peel asked him, “ Did you ride Pincher in this race at Hampton ?”

“ Yes, sir.”

“ Who started you ?”

“ We started ourselves, sir, as Coleman was not at the post and it poured with rain, and Captain Gardner told us we might start if we were all ready.”

“ Was the time up for starting ?”

“ No, sir ; but we were all wet through.”

“ How long was it before the time ?”

“ I think about twelve minutes.”

“ Captain Gardner and myself then had to withdraw, and in about twenty minutes Colonel Peel came out of the room patting his thigh with one hand, and said, “ I give you joy, Coleman.” Next came out Lord Stradbroke, “ I give you joy, Coleman.” Then up came Mr. Shackell and Frank Clarke, with a lot of others, and Shackell asked, “ How is it decided, my lord ?”

“ In favour of Mr. Coleman.”

“ Shackell said, “ It is one of the biggest robberies ever committed at a race. I will not pay. If that Coleman was to fall off the ridge of a house he would light on his legs.” I ran after Lord Stradbroke, and said, “ How do the bets go, my lord ?”

“ With the stakes ; they must all pay.”

“ They are all grumbling finely.”

“ Take no notice of them. Walk away.”

“ At Hampton Races I also saw a very large horse called Philip, by Sir Paul, belonging to Mr. Val Kingston, the wine merchant of York Street, a very nice gentleman and upright man, and a great friend of that good sportsman Mr. George Payne, now one of the oldest members of the Jockey Club. I saw the horse on the morning of the race in a hot stable, with the muzzle on him, and all in a bath of sweat, and a rug put over the window to darken the place and keep the air out. The trainer then came, pulled the rug down, took off the muzzle, and put a feed of corn in the manger, but the horse would not touch it. I thought to myself, “ If you can win in this state it is odd to me.” The trainer kept wetting his corn, by dipping a sponge in a pail of water, to induce him to feed, but it was no use. The horse had shown some good form, and having only seven or eight moderate ones to run against that day, they made certain of winning. When he was saddled, they pulled the girths up as tight as possible, even drawing them with their teeth, so that when the poor brute went to move he set his back up and appeared hardly able to do so, and when he cantered could not extend himself, but went bucking along like a rabbit. He was made favourite, but was beaten off in the race, which was won by a horse called Saddleback, that Philip could give two stone when he was fit, as was proved.

“ After the race I said to Mr. Braithwaite, “ If you go to Mr. Kingston he will sell Philip. He is worth buying. He can give either of these horses a stone and beat them when fit and properly handled.” He said, “ You had better go and buy him.” “ I think

“ I can get him for less than 100*l.*, as Mr. Kingston has bought  
“ a horse called Tybalt, a smartish plater, and he has given  
“ 400*l.* for him.”

“ I went, and bought Philip for 75*l.* I knew he would be glad  
“ to sell him after buying Tybalt at a large price for him to give,  
“ and Philip’s being beaten by such a moderate field of horses. I  
“ told Mr. Braithwaite I thought I should be able to beat Tybalt  
“ with him the first time they met, notwithstanding one cost only 75*l.*  
“ and the other 400*l.*, and I did it at Enfield. I took great pains  
“ with him, and soiled him, and brought him out at Egham, and  
“ ran him in a race with a mare by Whalebone and Cardenio. They  
“ ran four heats ; the first the mare won, the second Philip ran a dead  
“ heat with her, the third she ran a dead heat with Cardenio, and the  
“ fourth she won.

“ I told Mr. Braithwaite I could beat the mare and Cardenio when  
“ I met them again, and I next put him in a race of three mile heats, in  
“ which Cardenio, Tybalt, and Saddleback, who had beaten him at  
“ Hampton, were entered. They all laughed at my having the idea of  
“ winning, and Mr. Kingston came to me and said, “ You have been  
“ telling Mr. Harry Boldero to back your horse, Tommy, and he  
“ has taken 6 to 1 about him. How foolish you must be. What  
“ chance can he have with my horse Tybalt ? Do you think I  
“ should have sold him for 75*l.* if he could have beaten Tybalt ?  
“ Besides, there is Cardenio, and Saddleback, who beat him at  
“ Hampton.”

“ I said, “ As to Saddleback beating him, he can distance him ; the  
“ only horse I fear in the race is Cardenio ; I don’t fear Tybalt at  
“ all, although you say a distance is his forte.” I put a jockey on  
“ him named Tant, a drunken fellow, but I took care to keep him  
“ sober till after the race ; I knew he would ride as I told him. He  
“ won the first heat by three or four lengths, Cardenio second, and  
“ four or five lengths behind him Tybalt third, the rest all tailed off,  
“ and one or two distanced. Saddleback only just saved his distance,  
“ and they were going to draw him for the second heat ; but I  
“ agreed to give Dicky Wetherell, who trained and rode him, 10*l.*  
“ to run and force the pace for the first mile. Mr. Kingston said,  
“ the first heat was a false slow-run race ; see where he will be  
“ next heat when they go the pace.” I said, “ The faster they go  
“ the further I shall win.” He did this for me, and Philip won easier  
“ than he did the first heat, and Saddleback, the horse that had beat  
“ him, was distanced. Cardenio was again second, and Tybalt third,  
“ beat eight or nine lengths. “ Now,” I said to Mr. Braithwaite,  
“ Cardenio is a better horse than Philip, and worth buying. I can  
“ win the Oxford Cup with him ” (which, as I told you before, I  
“ did, but now you shall hear how I got him). He replied, “ You  
“ go over to Sheephallbury and buy him, Tom.” I thought Mr.  
“ Heathcote would be glad to sell him after his being beaten by  
“ Philip ; so I rode my old hog-maned cob across to St. Albans,  
“ and put up at the Chequers, which I afterwards bought and turned

‘into the Turf Tavern, and from thence went on to Sheephall-bury to see Mr. Heathcote. I said, “I hear you want to sell

“Cardenio, sir.”

“Yes, I do.”

“What do you want for him?”

“I will take 250 guineas.”

‘I said, “I understood you would take a little money for him,

“sir.”

“I call that a little money.”

‘“Why, old Philip beat him, that was bought for 75*l.*, and I can

“give you 150*l.* for him, being a stallion.”

“Is it for yourself?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Very well; I will take 150*l.* for him of you.”

“Then I will pay you for him, if you please.”

‘“No, I will give you an order for George Dockeray to deliver

“the horse to you, and the direction of my bankers in town where

“you can pay the money in to my account.” So I paid the 150*l.*

‘to his bankers, went on to Epsom and gave George Dockeray the

‘order to deliver the horse, and took him with me to Bulstrode

‘Park. There I soiled him and got him as ripe as a pear, and ran

‘him at Ascot for the Duke of York’s Plate, in which there was a

‘field of good horses, and amongst them the Duke of York’s Heron,

‘of which I have before spoken as a good horse. When we stripped

‘Cardenio he was greatly admired by the crowd for his blooming

‘condition. Mr. Gully said, “What splendid condition this horse

“is in.” And old Mr. Field, the veterinary in Oxford Street,

‘father of the present man, said he never saw a racehorse look so

‘full of health and clean stamina in his life. He was an old friend

‘of mine. George Dockeray having trained the horse, and having

‘ridden him in his races, I put him up. It was the two-mile course.

‘He said, “The old horse looks gallus well, Tommy; I don’t know

“as I ever saw him look so big and clean; but I fear we have no

“chance with these horses.”

‘I said, “If it’s a true run race all the way we shall have a good

“chance, as he is certain to stay being so full of stamina, and I

“want you to lay up in front. Don’t rely on his speed.”

‘“I will do as you say, but don’t blame me after the race, and

“say he would have won if I had rode him more tenderly, as the

“pace is sure to be forced for the Duke’s horse Heron.”

‘“Well, don’t fail to lay in front all the way; he never was and

“cannot be fitter to run, and is certain to stay.” The two-mile

‘course at Ascot is one of the severest in England, and they started

‘and went a clinking pace; Cardenio took the lead all the way, and

‘won by a clear neck and shoulders, but they gave the race in favour

‘of the Duke of York’s horse Heron.

‘When Dockeray came back to weigh, before he got off the horse,

‘they said the judge had given it to the Duke of York’s horse.

‘“What?” said Dockeray; “dash your liver, give me the book,

“and I will swear, before I get off the horse, that no horse in the race ever got up to my horse’s head in any part; the duke’s horse run the inside of me, and he never got up to my horse’s shoulders in any part of the race. What do you mean by saying the Duke’s horse won?”

I said, “Hold your tongue, George; it cannot be altered now, and I don’t care about this race; I shall win the Oxford Cup with him; and I know that we have got a good horse.” He replied, “He never ran like this, he was full of running all the way.” After winning the Oxford Cup I sold Cardenio to Prince Paul Esterhazy to go to Vienna, and his running so well was the cause of my having Mr. Heathcote’s horses to train.

Before they started for this race at Ascot I saw the Duke of York trying to cross the course. There were no police to clear it as now, only a lot of bumpkins and Berkshire clowns sworn in as special constables and furnished with long poles, which they held in front of the people’s chests to keep them back. As I said, the Duke tried to cross to the Stand, but they put their poles in front and stopped him. He did not attempt to resist, but stood for a while and then shifted to another place. I could not wait to see if he did get across, as I was anxious to see what sort of start Dockeray got. But I saw the Duke standing with the pole held up in front of him; and he took it very quietly, just turning up his head to the right, and puffing with his lips, which was a great habit of all the royal family. When the Duke won the Derby with Moses in 1822, after the races there was a prize-fight with a Jew called Moses and another, both regular fighting men. They fought in the bottom near the old two-mile starting-post, and the Duke of York was there on a splendid brown cob—such a beauty! about 15 hands high, clever shaped, and such power, with a beautiful head. The Duke, who was not so tall as his brother George IV., but more corpulent, ran more to middle, appeared to enjoy the fight much, and as, round after round, those by the ring kept calling out, “Well done, Moses!—go it again, Moses!” seemed to be pleased and enlivened at the sound of the word, and at the name cast his head up, as I have said, and gave a sort of puff with his mouth. All of them did it, but the Duke of York the most. George IV. did it, and used to wear his hat cocked a little on the right side, and a broad ribbon round it. I always thought he wore a wig, as his hair never seemed to correspond with his complexion and lay so close to his face. After his death I named it to my old friend Dr. Wardrop, who was his physician, and he told me he always wore a wig, and said he had a double row fixed on stands, seven or eight on each side; and he used to walk up between them every morning, and write on a slip of paper how they were to dress it and stick on the one he fixed on to use that day; so that I was right as to his wearing a wig, but having his hat cocked a little to the right gave him a younger appearance.



‘ I have also seen the Queen when she was the Princess Victoria and living at Tunbridge Wells with her mother, the Duchess of Kent. It was about 1830, and she must have been from twelve to fourteen years old. She came to the races in an open carriage with her mother and a Colonel somebody, whose name I forget, and gave a handsome cup to be run for. I was very sorry I did not start my filly Scarlet Runner (of which I told you) for it, as she could have won it, and I should have kept it in remembrance of the Princess. I would not have sold it as I did that one I won at St. Leonards. While the cup was being run for she sat in the open carriage by the ropes by the side of her mother; and I stood and watched to see if she had the way of casting up her head; and I could not help admiring her innocent little face. It was a long time after when I saw her again, and she then had come to be Queen. She passed through St. Albans with Prince Albert and changed horses at my house. They were in an open carriage, and I noticed the old habit then, but very slightly—perhaps two or three times. A few days afterwards the late Earl of Verulam dined with the Queen and Prince Albert, I forget where, but I think it was at the Marquis of Salisbury’s. His lordship said to me, “Coleman, what do you think? Prince Albert told me he had seen one of the finest men, on one of the finest horses he ever beheld, in the Yeomanry. Who do you think it was?” “That was Stephen Smith, my lord, and he was riding my bay mare. She is a fine-sized mare, but has high climbing and tiring action.”

‘ I sold her to Mr. John Hawkins of Bylands near Redbourne; this was the mare I first put Tom Oliver on, and told him to take her straight across three or four fences. She was slow, and a middling fencer. Stephen Smith was a very fine man in the face, well furnished with a good pair of whiskers; he rode alongside of the open carriage for two miles, and with the helmet and scarlet coat on the large mare did look very well as one of the escort. The mayor of St. Albans at the time had a street a little out of the straight line, trimmed up with evergreens, and rows of seats, all of which were well filled and paid for. Just before the Queen came, he said to me, “I have sent a man to guide the Queen to come through the street where the people are all seated, Coleman.”

‘ I said, “Do you think they will take any notice of it. I will bet you a sovereign to a shilling you will see them here at our house presently.”

‘ Almost directly they came trotting down the street and pulled up at my door, and there was such a scramble from the seats. I told the mayor that all the Queen’s route was sketched out at Windsor and entered in a book.

‘ Now I must tell you that I have had a little to do with the Prince of Wales, also. You know that sad time when he was so ill and not expected to live, and the papers every day gave little or no hope of his life. I remembered when a son of mine about twenty-eight years old was attacked with a severe fever, and laid up for some

‘ time attended by the family doctor, and at last we had a physician.  
 ‘ They both gave him up, and said it was no use to attempt anything  
 ‘ more as he could not live. I said, “Pho, pho, I will give him  
 ‘ “some good sherry;” and I gave him the half of a tumbler full,  
 ‘ which revived him at once, and we continued to give him sherry  
 ‘ and home-brewed beer, with Scotch oatmeal gruel. He rallied,  
 ‘ continued to improve, until he got well and hearty, and is alive  
 ‘ now and over fifty years old. In such cases, and where they have  
 ‘ been living well, and their whole system is full of animal food  
 ‘ and tainted with fever, by giving them soups and beef tea you feed  
 ‘ it. In these cases there is nothing better than good fruity sherry—  
 ‘ not that stuff that some people call nice dry sherry, which is nothing  
 ‘ but Cape with bad brandy in it. Well, I felt so anxious about the  
 ‘ Prince, that I wrote to Dr. Jenner at once, and asked him to let  
 ‘ the Prince have some good fruity sherry, home-brewed beer, and  
 ‘ oatmeal gruel, and here is the answer which you can see dated from  
 ‘ Sandringham.

“ Sandringham, King’s Lynn,  
 “ December 18, 1871.

‘ “ Mr. M. Holzman has been desired by Sir William Jenner to  
 ‘ “ acknowledge the receipt of Mr. Thos. Coleman’s letter, and to  
 ‘ “ inform him that his suggestion, with the large number of those  
 ‘ “ proposed by others regarding the treatment of H.R.H the Prince  
 ‘ “ of Wales’s illness, will be laid before all the physicians in attend-  
 ‘ “ ance on His Royal Highness.”

‘ Addressed to Mr. Thos. Coleman, New Barnet, Herts.

‘ Within three days the newspapers said that His Royal Highness  
 ‘ had taken some sherry and home-brewed beer, and that he had  
 ‘ revived, and better symptoms appeared. And as you know he did  
 ‘ rally and get better, and now in his Indian tour he has given us  
 ‘ a pretty good proof of the stuff he is made of. Well, now I have  
 ‘ run off on the royal family we must end with them, and as I have  
 ‘ left old Mr. Kirby out in the cold we must begin with him next  
 ‘ time.’

## REMINISCENCES OF MR. HONYWOOD'S BEAGLES.

MY DEAR BAILY,

IN my last letter I gave you an account of Mr. Conyers’ fox-hounds; but I must not omit to mention another pack which hunted at that time in Essex, and had free leave to hunt where they liked, and that was a pack of beagles kept by the Rev. P. J. Honeywood, of Mark’s Hall Rectory. When I was residing in Essex in 1851 they were in their prime. The hounds only averaged 14 inches, but were wonderful in bone and symmetry, with beautiful legs and feet. Mr. Honeywood’s parish was a very small one, only comprising the Hall, one farm-house, and a couple of cottages, so

he had plenty of time on his hands; and during the winter hunted these little hounds three days a week.

The original lot from which he formed his pack was three couple of rabbit-beagles, which he got from Venables, the saddler, at Oxford. From these, by judicious breeding, he made up twelve couple of hounds in 1851, as perfect as could well be seen. No one was allowed to ride with them, and consequently they were welcomed all over the country, as no damage was ever done to crops or fences, and Mr. Honeywood was as popular a man as any in Essex.

He had a servant, by name Thomas Pitts, who lived with him all his life, who hunted the hounds, and Mr. Honeywood whipped in. Pitts was a very clever fellow with hounds, and a good servant, but by degrees he became a hard master; and when Mr. Honeywood had given up his beagles, and was presented to the living of Wakes Colne by the Earl of Verulam, Pitts took to drinking, and was continually muzzy, although his master would never allow it, and died at a comparatively early age, and was buried in Wakes Colne churchyard, with a suitable monument to his memory. Pitts was a rare sportsman with a hare: he was up to all her dodges, and whenever he came into a field he knew whether a hare was to be found. He had a wonderful eye to find them sitting, and his cheer, when he put her up, was soul-stirring. He could prick a hare down a lane as he was running at the pace of six miles an hour, which often was a wonderful assistance to his hounds. The number of hares they killed was perfectly astonishing. In the season 1852 and 1853 they were out 91 times, and killed 126 hares!

Those who chiefly ran with these hounds were Charles Phillips, George Savile, Bobby Honeywood (till he broke his thigh), Dick Layton, Ellis Walton, Walter Honeywood, and Simcock (commonly called Cocky Sim), and your humble servant.

We always wore, as the uniform of the hunt, a short dark velvet jacket and white corduroy trousers.

I shall give you a sample of a few days with these little hounds; but as the running of a hare is short, and one cannot give points to strangers like in a fox-chase, I shall confine my accounts to a few only.

'1851. Mr. Honeywood, at Mr. Savile's, at Bocking. Found near the road, and away close to Panfield Hall Wood; left it on their right, and away down close to the Rayne Brook; back, making a large ring without a check of about thirty minutes; away again, leaving Panfield Hall Wood on their left—good hunting—a check, owing to crossing their former line, and getting on her foil, but hit it off over a road, and with good hunting ran into her in one hour and fifteen minutes from the find. A capital scent and excellent run.' Edmund Read, the huntsman of the Gorhambury beagles, who was down with a couple of bitches to be warded, was out on this day, and ran famously. This young fellow was a teetotaller, and a year or two after this, as he was cutting up a diseased cow, he cut his finger, and the virus got into the wound, and it killed him. He

could not be persuaded to take the brandy prescribed by the doctor, which might have saved his life. So much for the pledge! He was buried in St. Michael's churchyard, St. Albans. His powers of running were certainly wonderfully improved by his abstinence from liquor, for beer or spirits were absolutely poison to him. And the following letter from him to me will show his endurance and pluck, dated Gorhambury, November 11:—

'SIR,

'I beg leave to inform you that I went out on Tuesday last. Found a hare in Flowers Wood, ran twenty minutes, and killed. I then found the hare that we hunted the other day, ran her an hour and killed. A fresh hare got up, and we ran her for forty minutes and killed. Both me and my hounds were rather tired. I have not heard of Tragic yet; I am afraid she is lost.

'Yours, &c.,

'EDMUND READ.'

'1851. *February* 8.—Honywood's beagles met at Pebmarsh. Found on Tyler's Lay; away round the Ash Ground, and back to close to where found; over the brook and away by Hunwick's Farm, leaving Howlett's on their left; crossed the road, left Mr. Start's house on their right, by Great House, leaving the Rectory on their right, down the road by Mr. Collis's house, and on to Countess Cross; turn through part of Croft's Wood, and away as if for Colne Park, but was headed, and, turning a little back, they killed her in one hour and twenty minutes from the find, after a most capital hunting run.'

'1851. *November* 24.—Pebmarsh. Found a hare close to Mr. Start's house, ran a semicircle by Mr. Collis's, on by Sam Nott's, and into Mr. Start's gorse, where they left her, being full of hares. Found again close to Alphamstone Mill, away by Mr. Start's out-lying farm, turned to the right, went down the road by Mr. Hodge's house, turned to the right and on close to Bures, bore down to the left, through Lamarsh Street—all good hunting but slow; by Lamarsh Church and Mr. Parminter's house, turned to the left to Twinstead, where she laid up, hunted up to her and away straight down to Mr. Cook's farm, leaving his house on their right; bore then to the left, and, getting upon better terms, ran her merrily close up to the Ryes; she here turned back, and they ran from scent to view and into her one field under Henny Church, in two hours and eight minutes from the find. A very good hunting run.'

In this run Walter Grimston made his beginning as a sportsman. He was then but seven years and six months old; but, as the hounds met at his father's house, he was of course allowed to go with them, and, what is more, he saw the whole run. When they came to Mr. Cook's house and ran very merrily towards the Ryes, the hounds went away from the field, and this little fellow was left with his father, who shortly hearing the hounds turn, said, 'Come along, my boy,' and led him up a nice open grass path leading to

Jenny Church. Here they soon viewed the hare, much beat; and presently the hounds, with Bashful (a hound that they had walked) leading the pack, who ran into their hare not a hundred yards from them. This little chap walked the whole way home with the hounds—about five miles—a rare performance for such a child, and one which no one would have knowingly allowed; but how could they retell what a run they were to have? I do not believe he was ever the worse for it, and certainly he is now a man of as much endurance as any man in England.

*'December 29.—Pebmarsh.* Found in a field of Miss Stebbing's (Tyler's Lay); away, and ran a very strong ringing hare, with a capital scent, for one hour and five minutes, and ran into her. Found on Mr. Collis's, close to Bines, a young hare, which ran by Mr. J. Stebbing's a semicircle, and then away towards World's End, where they ran into her in twenty-five minutes from the find.'

*'1852.—Mr. Brown's, Gains Colne.* Found a hare close to the small spinney of Gallifant's, which they ran, with but a moderate scent, for thirty-five minutes, and into her. Found again by the brook under Mrs. Gee's, on the Gains Colne side; away directly, straight by Gallifant's spinney, leaving Dr. Greenwood's on their right, across the road, and came to a bad check to the right of World's End; a holloa forward at Hunt's Hall, and got upon good terms with her, and on by Spoon's Hall down to Pebmarsh Street, over the brook, by Mr. Start's plantation, leaving the Rectory on their left, by Mr. Start's house nearly to Alphamstone Mill, where they were holloed to a fresh hare, and whipped off in one hour and twenty-five minutes from the find.'

*'January 26.—Pebmarsh.* Found in Mr. Start's Ash Ground; a ring and then away, leaving Miss Stebbing's on the right, along the side of the hill straight to Mr. Thompson's, turned to the left and on to Mr. G. Nott's and down the road; here a check after thirty-five minutes, and lost close to Cadley Cross. Found again near Mr. G. Nott's, away down to the village, then back by Miss Stebbing's, by the Ash Ground, up the hill by the Rectory, crossed the road, and away by Mr. Start's fir plantations, turned to the left and crossed the Colchester road, skirted Mr. Start's New Wood and on to Lamarsh Park, turned back and ran by Mr. T. Collis's house over Mr. Start's large fields, over the brook and up Tyler's Lay, and, bearing to the left, they ran into her in the garden of Bartholomew's house, in two hours and ten minutes from the find. A severe day for hounds.'

*'October 18.—Pebmarsh.* Found directly in Church Field, away a good ring by Mr. Nott's and round by Blue Pales to the Ash Ground; here several hares on foot stuck to the hunted one, which gave us another small ring and back to the Ash Ground, then away, and hounds ran merrily and into her in one hour and ten minutes from the find. Found again in Mr. Start's plantation, but, laying up in a turnip field, in two fields killed her. Found

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'again in Mr. Start's gorse, hunted her two rings over Mr. Collis's, and back to Mr. Start's plantation, with a moderate scent, and killed her in the gorse in one hour from the find.'

'*November 22.*—Pebmarsh. Found in Mr. Start's Ash Ground; away up Church Field, turned by the churchyard, crossed the brook, and away towards Mr. G. Nott's, but ran a ditch, and they killed her in ten minutes. Found again close to Mr. G. Nott's, away by the side of the road to Pebmarsh Mill, turned to the left and ran hard with a rattling scent, leaving Hunwick's farm on their right, crossed the road to Mr. Start's plantation, bore to the right over his large fields, skirting his gorse close up to Alphamstone Mill, crossed the road and made for Clay's Hall Wood, a field from which they ran into her in the open, in fifty minutes from the find. Found again at Mr. Start's outlying farm, made a ring by Alphamstone Mill, close to the rectory; away with a burning scent as if for Twinstead Hall, crossing by Three Houses, bore to the right by Twinstead Rectory, down the hill for Fen Farm, skirted the Ash Ground, bore to the right up and down those hills crossing the Church Road by Thorncroft, bore to the left by Henny Rectory and skirted the covert on the left, ran up to Walford's turnpike, got into the road, then on over Bower Farm, where, in a large turnip-field, several fresh hares got up and saved her life. A wonderful scent. The last run was two hours.'

'*March 23.*—Feering Bury. Found a hare, which made straight over the brook by Scripps to Upvey Wood. Made her good to within about two fields, then came back, and found another hare at Feering Bury. Hunted her in rings for an hour, she laying up several times; unrucked her for the fourth time (after a very bad check), and away straight for about two miles, turned to the right, and came back by the village at a good pace, with capital hunting, and from scent to view ran into her near Mr. Catchpole's house, in two hours and a few minutes from the find. A very cold day, with snowstorms.'

'1853.—Pebmarsh. All the farmers of the parish out. Found in a field of Mr. Collis's; away a ring over Mr. Start's, nearly up to Mr. Thompson's, and back by Blue Pales, and they killed her in fifty minutes. Found again in Mr. Start's field, close to the rectory; away very fast up to Mr. Collis's house, where she took the road, and they ran her well down to Croft's Wood, rattled her through it, and away by Countess Cross, through the garden of Mr. Mayhew's little house, bore to the left over Mr. Hill's park, by White Colne gravel-pit, close to White Colne church, bore to the right, and over the Colchester road down to the brook, under Chalkney Wood, when she headed back, and they ran into her close to the road, in one hour and ten minutes from the find.'

'*January 18.*—Pebmarsh. Found a ringing hare near Alphonstone Mill, and after one hour and ten minutes' good hunting, ran

## CRICKET.

ANOTHER match—the sixth this season—between North and South, and the last we shall have to record, though we see that a seventh is advertised to take place at Rochdale early in September. The *venue* was this time at Hull, and the sides were far more representative than in the corresponding match at Huddersfield in the preceding month. The pick of the Gloucestershire and Surrey elevens, with Silcock and Henty thrown in, made up the Southern team, while the Northern eleven was composed of four Yorkshiremen and seven from Nottingham. The want of Pinder as a wicket-keeper was, indeed, the only weak point on the side of the North. The toss was won by Daft, the captain of the Northern side, but, contrary to usual custom, the winners put their opponents in. There was a strong wind blowing, and we imagine Daft had consulted the barometer and believed that his side would have the best of it by deferring their innings. Mr. Grace perhaps thought differently; but as it turned out Daft was not so very wide of the mark, for ten of the Southern batsmen only make 28 runs amongst them, and the eleventh, who it is hardly necessary to say was Mr. W. G. Grace, contributed 126. This innings is one of the curiosities of the cricket season of 1876, and it is noticeable that Mr. Grace got out at last by hitting his own wicket—a fate that very rarely befalls him. Almost the whole of the bowling in this innings was done by the Nottingham men, and Hill, who was properly taken off after bowling nine overs for 14 runs, was not tried again till the last Southern wicket wanted knocking down—which was a mistake. Oscroft bowled well, and even the champion could not get many runs off him. We have always considered Oscroft as an under-rated bowler, though possibly his indolence prevents him from doing justice to his own powers. In the second innings of the South Mr. W. G. Grace (82) was again in great force, and Oscroft again bowled well—three wickets for ten runs—when his services were called upon. Alfred Shaw's analysis—71 overs, 37 maidens, 58 runs—testifies to the extraordinary accuracy of his bowling; but on the other hand the overs that were not maidens, 34 in number, were somewhat expensive. The most patient of bowlers, when he meets an equally patient batsman, he cannot escape his share of punishment. For the North, Lockwood (108, not out) played one of his finest innings, without giving a single chance. With this player's style and powers of execution a good score ought to be nearly a certainty in nine matches out of ten; but he is not always free from carelessness, especially in the earlier part of his innings. Oscroft (51) hit with his wonted spirit and effect, and Greenwood (37) exhibited his well-known powers of defence. The two Graces did not come off in the bowling department; but Mr. Gilbert managed in some way or another to secure seven wickets. In the end the match was drawn, very much in favour of the North.



The Canterbury week was, from a cricketing point of view, a great success. Two first-class matches occupied the entire week, three long summer days being devoted to each; and so excellent were the wickets, and so splendid was the batting, that both matches were left drawn. We have heard reports that the attendance was not so large as on former occasions, and that, as is the case with other annual festivals, the novelty is beginning to wear off. However, lovers of cricket had a treat which they would willingly enjoy again without any feeling of weariness; and if there were fewer idlers and loungers on the ground than heretofore, so much the better. Kent and Gloucestershire v. England was the first event of the week, and the counties were pretty equally represented, six men of Kent and five of Gloucestershire making up the eleven, and the best men of each county being selected, Dr. E. M. Grace being alone wanted to make the team, which we should say was amateur from first to last, perfect. In the England eleven were three amateurs, Mr. Lucas and Messrs. A. J. and H. R. Webbe, and to the professional contingent Yorkshire contributed Lockwood, Greenwood, Ulyett, Emmett, and Hill; Nottingham sent A. Shaw and Morley; and Sussex supplied the wicket-keeper in the person of Davey. It will thus be seen that England was not over and above strong in batting, being deprived of such men as Mr. Hornby, Mr. I. D. Walker, and Mr. Ridley, while the perfect condition of the wickets threatened to neutralise a good deal of the strength of their bowling. With his usual luck Mr. W. G. Grace won the toss for the united counties, and with Mr. Gilbert proceeded to the wickets. He was got rid of easily himself, but Mr. Gilbert proved a terrible rock of offence, and his innings of 143 was the best he has ever played against bowling of such high class. Mr. Yardley and Lord Harris also hit with great effect, and though Shaw and Hill were both in good bowling form, the ground was too easy for the ball to do anything. England hardly made the stand that might have been expected on such a ground against the bowling of Mr. Foord-Kelcey and Mr. Absolom. Lockwood (63) and Mr. H. R. Webbe (52) were the chief scores, but the absence of the crack amateur batsmen to whom we have alluded was much felt. England had to follow on, and the second essay was much more successful. Mr. A. J. Webbe (109) did justice to his great powers, which have been so unequally displayed this season, and there was heavy scoring nearly all through the eleven, Emmett (58) again showing how well he can bat when it suits his fancy. The Graces signally failed to come off in bowling, and there must be some fatality in the way wickets fall to them in some matches. The end of it was that the two counties went in to get 237 to win, and as Mr. W. G. Grace got well set, there seemed every chance of this being accomplished. His 91 was obtained in his best style, and he was well backed up by Mr. Yardley and Lord Harris. Just towards the close of the third day, however, A. Shaw began to be destructive, and he was making sad havoc in the ranks

of his opponents when time was called and the match was drawn, the united counties having two wickets to fall and 31 runs to obtain. One of the two wickets was Mr. Gilbert's, but it was about even betting when the stumps and the game were drawn. This must be considered a highly successful match, and no less so was that which followed, between the county of Kent and the Marylebone Club, without the assistance of the Ground. The county played nine of its best amateurs and two professionals, Hearne and Henty; while the Club had Mr. W. G. Grace and a very scratch following. The Marylebone bowling was wretchedly weak stuff; Mr. Grace did his best to keep his end up, and eight of his colleagues tried their hands at the other. There was no lack of variety, therefore, but it all came alike, on that perfect wicket, to the Kent batsmen. Mr. Yardley and Lord Harris did just what they liked with it, and the innings of Lord Harris (154) was the largest he has ever played in a first-class match, and must have been highly gratifying to the numerous partisans of Kent assembled on the ground. It was, indeed, a fitting reward for the labours he has undergone in the organisation of the Kent eleven. Hearne (52, not out) played well, as did Mr. Foord-Kelcey, who seems quite to have taken to batting, and Captain Fellowes, who made 32 in about five minutes by a succession of big hits, succeeded in creating a sensation even in that hot weather. The total amounted to 473—a large score for any eleven, even with Mr. Grace at the head, to go in against. When, however, Mr. Grace was disposed of for 17 and Mr. Lucas for a cipher, the Kent men were jubilant, for the rest of the M.C.C. batting was but second-rate. In the end, thanks principally to Captain Fellowes and G. Hearne, the Club was dismissed for 144, more than 300 behind their opponents, and a follow-on was of course inevitable. Then came the astonishing fact of the history. Mr. Grace very soon began knocking the Kent bowling about, and when Mr. Crutchley joined him a stand was made that defied all opposition. Hour after hour was passed and the score rose, till at length it became known that Mr. Grace had surpassed Mr. Ward's famous score of 278. At last, the great batsman was caught for the gigantic total of 334, and when time was called nine wickets were down for 557 runs, towards which Mr. Grace, Mr. Crutchley, and 'extras' had contributed 458. Thus neither of the two matches that occupied the Canterbury week was completed, although there was not the slightest interruption from rain, and although, in both cases, the side that went in second was so far behind as to have to follow on. A more conspicuous proof of the growing mastery of batting over bowling, as well as that in making a ground absolutely perfect the bowler's last chance is taken away, was never afforded; and on this account, as well as for the stupendous innings of Mr. Grace, the Canterbury week of 1876 will long be held in remembrance.

We must now take a rapid glance at the chief county matches played in August, which is essentially the month of county cricket. We must, indeed, go back to the last days of July for the first

contest between Gloucestershire and Yorkshire, which we were unable to notice in our last number. This was a grandly-contested fight which hung in the balance to the very last, but, in the end, Yorkshire, unbeaten up to that time, sustained defeat by 17 runs. The scoring was moderate on both sides, and the totals very different from those to which we have been accustomed during the last three weeks. Perhaps the cricket was all the better in consequence of the bowlers and field not being worked to death. Mr. Grace contented himself with 19 and 57, and his brother, Mr. G. F., with 42, and the Yorkshiremen rather fancied themselves in consequence against the amateur bowling they had to meet. The Graces however proved equal to the emergency, and Mr. G. F. Grace, who took thirteen wickets in the match, was quite irresistible. Mr. W. G. Grace got six wickets, thus leaving one for Mr. Miles; but Dr. E. M. Grace, who caught five Yorkshiremen out, had a hand in that, so that the three brothers amongst them secured every Yorkshire wicket. Emmett bowled particularly well for Yorkshire, as did Clayton in the second innings, and the Yorkshiremen fought hard for victory, Ulyett, Eastwood, and Clayton batting most pluckily. But it was of no avail against the dreadful three, who were here, there, and everywhere, and snatched from Yorkshire a triumph which the great northern county would indeed have been proud to win. Of a very different complexion was the return contest at Cheltenham. Rain interfered with it, and the game had to be abandoned in an unfinished state; otherwise there could have been little doubt that a crushing defeat was in store for Yorkshire. What, indeed, could be expected when Mr. W. G. Grace, who again won the toss, went in and scored 318 (not out) out of a total of 520? Eight bowlers, Hill, Emmett, Clayton, Ulyett, Armitage, Eastwood, Lockwood, and Myers—and no better bowlers can England produce—in vain essayed to dislodge him from his post; and had not all his friends deserted him, he would as likely as not have at length satisfied his ambition by making a cool 500 off his own bat. It was noticeable that some of the most reliable Gloucestershire batsmen failed on this occasion to distinguish themselves. Mr. G. F. Grace and Mr. Townshend came and went without making any sign; and, indeed, seven of the Gloucestershire eleven only got eleven runs amongst them. In Mr. Moberley, however, who played a fine innings of 103, Mr. W. G. Grace found an able coadjutor, and Mr. Gilbert also kept up his good average with a contribution of 40. The Yorkshiremen were only able to get through part of one innings, in which they did pretty well, Myers being 46 and Emmett 39 before play came to an end; but we fancy they will long remember their visit to Cheltenham in August 1876. Gloucestershire has also gained two victories over Nottingham. The first match, like the first against Yorkshire, was rather remarkable for the smallness of the scores. Nottingham put together 149—Daft and Shrewsbury being the principal contributors—and Gloucestershire just fell short of that number by ten runs, Mr. W. G. Grace obtaining

60 and Mr. Taylor 25. In the second innings Nottingham collapsed for 97, Daft again being to the fore, and the Graces having a hand in every wicket but one. In the first innings they had something to do with all but two of the wickets. To get 108 runs seems a mere trifle for the Gloucestershire men, but the task cost them four wickets—those of the three brothers and of Mr. Gilbert—and there was a momentary doubt as to the issue, till Mr. Moberley and Mr. Townshend got together and pulled the match off. The bowling of A. Shaw in the first innings was very fine. In the return match at Clifton the northern county experienced a much more decisive defeat, although a gallant effort was made to struggle against an overpowering score. Mr. W. G. Grace (177) again did all he could to break the hearts of his opponents; and Mr. G. F. Grace (78) and Mr. Moberley (39) did not mend matters for them. The total reached 400, Tye's fast bowling failing to get wickets, and A. Shaw, though he got five wickets, being more punished than is his wont. Despite the formidable score against them, Daft and Osmicroft began so well for Nottingham that 150 runs were telegraphed before the first wicket fell; but though Selby and Shrewsbury ably seconded their leaders, the last wickets fell rapidly, and the northern county was compelled to follow on. Daft and Osmicroft again played well, and the batting of the latter in this match was perhaps the finest he has exhibited this season. Tye also (48) hit hard and fast for his runs; but it was all of no use. The single innings' defeat was just saved, but the few runs required for Gloucestershire to win were obtained without the loss of a wicket. It is worthy of remark that, out of the twenty Nottingham wickets seventeen fell to the Graces in one way or another, and that after four contests between the South, as represented by Gloucestershire, and the North, as represented by Yorkshire or Notts, victory remained most decisively with the former. One of the closest matches of the season—a season which has been unusually prolific in evenly-contested fights—took place between Hampshire and Derbyshire just too late in July to admit of notice in our last number. It is worth while to refer to it for a moment, as having been essentially a bowler's, not a batsman's match. The highest score on either side was 36, and yet there was no lack of interest from beginning to end, and it was gratifying to notice that in these days of colossal scoring a game played somewhat according to the habits of former days could be so much appreciated and enjoyed. For Hampshire, Galpin and Mr. Ridley did the whole of the bowling; and for Derbyshire, Mycroft took seventeen wickets—in the first innings nine wickets falling to him for only 25 runs. This is one of the great bowling achievements of the season, and is well worthy to rank with the finest performances of Alfred Shaw. Thirteen of the seventeen wickets were clean bowled, and among them were those of Mr. Longman, Mr. Ridley, Mr. Booth, as well as of Mr. Hargreaves and Mr. Jeffreys. It was quite a feather in the cap of Hampshire to win the match against such bowling; and later in the season the county that may

almost be entitled the nursery of English cricket gained still further laurels by defeating Kent in a single innings. Lord Harris, for once, failed to make his usual contribution, and the ill luck that has so frequently attended Mr. F. Penn in county matches stuck to him. Mr. Yardley, also, was not at all at home, and it was more by good luck and good play that he obtained double figures in both innings. As Mr. Foord-Kelcey, moreover, failed with the ball as signally as his leading colleagues failed with the bat, the discomfiture of Kent was almost a matter of certainty. Mr. Ridley's 104 was the feature of the single innings of Hampshire, and Mr. Jeffreys (42) backed him up well; while the old Oxonian and Tate did the bowling for their county. It is curious that with all the boasted advance that has been made of late years in batting, the art of playing underhand bowling seems so little understood. Mr. Ridley and Armitage continually baffle batsmen who would get their forties and fifties off the best round-arm bowling in England. Against Surrey the county of hops was more fortunate, a first innings of 363, to which Mr. Yardley contributed 92; Mr. Foord-Kelcey, who is training into a very effective batsman, 88; and Mr. V. K. Shaw 74, placing Kent in a very favourable position. Thus, although for Surrey Mr. Read—the most successful discovery in the batting line the Surrey Committee has made for years past—scored 106, and Jupp 70, the follow-on could not be avoided, and the second attempt of Surrey not being so successful, Kent won in the end without difficulty by six wickets. Surrey had also to put up with a signal defeat by Nottingham, only Jupp and Mr. Lucas sustaining with any effect the once formidable batting reputation of the southern county. Street and Jones bowled well against Nottingham in the first innings, but in the second Oscroft and Shrewsbury knocked off the required 70 or 80 runs without any trouble. The match between Surrey and Middlesex ended in a tie—at least, according to the scorers' first announcement, Middlesex won by one run, but, on going more carefully over the books, it was discovered that Surrey should have been credited with an additional notch. This shows the importance of accurate scoring—an attainment almost as rare as accurate umpiring—and also the necessity of appointing scrutineers on both sides should any argument arise as to the correctness of the figures. For Middlesex Mr. R. D. Walker (104), Mr. H. R. Webbe (52), and Mr. Turner were the chief scorers; while for Surrey Mr. Read (94 and 41), Barratt, Jupp, and Mr. Ivory were to the fore. Those old opponents Surrey and Sussex gained one match apiece, Surrey securing the first by four and Sussex the second by eight wickets. There was no heavy scoring in the first contest, Charlwood (59, not out) and Jupp (38 and 42) being the leading performers for their respective sides. In the return match Charlwood made 104 for Sussex, but it was not a first-rate performance. He had several lives in the field, for which he was indebted to the slack fielding of Surrey. Mr. Greenfield and Mr. Cotterill batted well for Sussex. For Surrey Mr. Read (39 and 74) was again first man, and his average, we should say,

will be the highest for his county this season. Jupp (36 and 40) also played in good style. In the bowling department Mr. A. Smith was very successful for Sussex, taking twelve wickets in the match. Sussex ought to have won both matches against Lancashire, and through falling to pieces in the second innings very nearly lost both. On each occasion Sussex went in to get 97 runs—not a very alarming score for a county with the batting strength of Sussex—and the first time the southern county just pulled through by three wickets, while the second time it failed to accomplish the task by 12 runs. In the first match Mr. Hornby was not playing—a great pull, this, for Sussex; and in the second Lancashire had no regular wicket-keeper, though Mr. Hornby, who stood somewhere about short-slip, succeeded in snapping up Charlwood in both innings. Mr. Hornby's 67 and Charlwood's 53 were the only large scores on either side; and the luck Sussex had in getting rid of Mr. Hornby in the second innings without scoring, and the success of Mr. Brown's fast bowling—five wickets for 9 runs—ought to have put the southern county into the highest spirits. On the evening of the second day, moreover, out of the required 97 runs, 16 were obtained without the loss of a wicket; so that the whole Sussex eleven came fresh on the ground on the morning of the third day with only 81 runs to get. Their inability to knock up this moderate number is a striking instance of that want of staying power which has cost Sussex so many defeats. Middlesex, after three long days in broiling weather, made a draw with Yorkshire, having played an uphill game with great spirit, and having a very fair chance of victory at the time when the game was abandoned. Armitage (95), Robinson (68), and Hill and Lockwood were the chief scorers for Yorkshire, and Mr. I. D. Walker (59 and 94) and Mr. Hadow (62) for Middlesex. Slow bowling on both sides answered best. Mr. Henderson took nine Yorkshire wickets, and Armitage a like number of Middlesex, though both were tolerably expensive. When the match was drawn Mr. Buller and Mr. H. R. Webbe were well in; 105 runs were wanted, and there were five wickets to fall, so that the game was left in a very even state. Middlesex also played a drawn match with Nottingham, though in this case half an hour's more play would almost infallibly have given the victory to the southern county. Nottingham had only 132 runs to obtain in the second innings, but eight of the best wickets had fallen for 90, and there was little hope of the remaining 43 being made up by the tail. In the first innings Daft (99) had played in his very finest style; while for Middlesex Mr. A. J. Webbe (44 and 48), Mr. H. R. Webbe (48), and Mr. I. D. Walker (47) were the highest scorers. Moderate-paced bowling was again in the ascendancy, A. Shaw's figures—52 overs, 38 maidens, 47 runs, 5 wickets, and 70 overs, 48 maidens, 56 runs, 5 wickets—being up to his own high standard of excellence, and showing that at the close of a most trying season his bowling has lost none of its accuracy and precision. For Middlesex Mr. Henderson and Mr. Hadow did nearly all the work in the

bowling department, and Mr. Turner, as usual, was of great service behind the wickets. Surrey ought to have beaten Yorkshire at the Oval, but went all to pieces in the second innings, and the fine bowling of Hill and Emmett, not for the first time, pulled the match out of the fire for the northern county. Mr. Read (69, not out, and 15) did all he could for Surrey; but Jupp was unlucky in both innings, and there were one or two unfortunate runs out. Yorkshire did nothing in their first innings against Southerton and Barratt, but in their second Lockwood's 78 retrieved the fortunes of the game, and then, though Surrey had only just a round hundred to make, the two great north-country bowlers carried all before them, and Yorkshire won by 24 runs. The decisive victory gained by Kent over Lancashire at Gravesend was due to the fine form displayed by Mr. Foord-Kelcey, whose bowling took eleven Lancashire wickets. Mr. Hornby was easily secured in both innings, and Barlow, the most patient batsman of the day, was the only one on the Lancashire side who made a real stand. Mr. Foord-Kelcey (50) was as formidable with the bat as with the ball, and Mr. Mackinnon (51, not out), Mr. Yardley (44), Mr. Absolom, and Mr. F. Penn all did good service. Watson and W. McIntyre, as usual, bowled well and almost exclusively for Lancashire, but when the strong amateur batsmen of Kent were in, the want of a change was much felt. Hearne bowled very well in the second innings of Lancashire, and obtained seven wickets; and altogether the success of Kent was well and worthily obtained.

The last county match of the season in London—and cricket in London in the month of August is a most dreary affair—was between Surrey and Kent; and the latter county was all but beaten in a single innings. Jones came out in flying colours as a bowler, he and Southerton disposing of the Kent eleven in the first innings for 66 runs, to which Lord Harris (21) and Mr. F. Penn (22) were the only contributors of note. In the second innings the Kent men did much better, Mr. V. K. Shaw (56), Mr. Yardley (45), and Mr. Foord-Kelcey (49) working hard to save the one innings' defeat. It is worthy of note that eighteen Kent wickets were clean bowled in this match. The first innings of Surrey was in striking contrast to that of Kent, Jupp going in first and carrying his bat for 73, and R. Humphrey backing him up efficiently with 71. Extras showed the formidable figure of 38, which does not say much for the Kent fielding. The 57 runs required in the second innings of Surrey were obtained in about equal proportions by Jupp and R. Humphrey, and the first-named excellent Surrey cricketer is thus winding up the season in far better form than he showed in the earlier part of the summer. There has been an unusual number of drawn matches this year, and the return contest between Sussex and Gloucestershire ended in this unsatisfactory manner. Gloucestershire made a formidable commencement of 342, to which Mr. Filgate contributed 93, Mr. W. G. Grace 78, while the last two wickets put on more than 70 runs. Sussex answered bravely with 281; and every one was glad to see that Mr. Greenfield, who has worked hard for his

county in the final match of the season, succeeded in putting together 126. Mr. Cotterill (70) ably supported his captain, but the later wickets collapsed with great rapidity. However, the follow-on was saved, with not very much to spare, else it might have gone hard for Sussex, whose weakness in the second innings has been so often demonstrated; and the third day was taken up with the Gloucestershire batting, six wickets falling for 172 runs. Dr. E. M. Grace, who has had rather hard luck in county matches, hit vigorously for 63, and his brother, Mr. G. F. Grace, and Mr. Gilbert were next in order; but the best of the Gloucestershire wickets had fallen when time was called. The wicket-keeping of H. Phillips was very fine; and altogether Sussex has fair reason to be satisfied with the results of its encounters with the greatest cricket county in England. With a little more care Sussex would have won the first match, and the second was not unevenly drawn.

In estimating the relative strength of the leading counties during the season which is drawing to a close, there can be little difficulty in fixing on the one to which the first place should be assigned. The supremacy of Gloucestershire can hardly be questioned by the most ardent admirers of any other county. The fact that Mr. W. G. Grace is playing better, and has been playing better—or, at any rate, with greater success—than he has ever played before, is sufficient to account for the invincible front that Gloucestershire has this year presented to every opponent. Gloucestershire has discovered no new bowlers and no new batsmen, but her great batsman has attained to such an eminence this season as to render all opposition almost hopeless. It was bad enough when he used to go in and make one hundred or one hundred and fifty runs, but now that he is not satisfied with less than three hundred, where is the eleven that can stand against him? It is true that, during the last six weeks as his batting has increased so his bowling has gone off; but it is no less true that, somehow or another, when they are playing for their county, he and his brothers manage to entrap their adversaries, and to get rid of them, one after another, with a facility which would seem to argue that there is first-rate bowling on one side, and second-rate batting on the other, whereas, in truth, the case is often just the opposite. Besides the three Graces, Gloucestershire has an efficient wicket-keeper in Mr. Bush, good batsmen in Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Townshend and Mr. Moberly, and bowlers of some sort or another in Mr. Miles and Mr. Gilbert; but Mr. W. G. Grace is the real heart and soul of the eleven, and without his wonderful powers a contest between Gloucestershire and the great northern counties would be little else than ridiculous. Setting Gloucestershire aside there can be little doubt, despite occasional reverses, that the North fairly beats the South. Yorkshire, as might be expected, from its size and from the extent to which cricket is cultivated by its sons, has an eleven good all through, and good in every department of the game. A wicket-keeper second to none is Pinder; Hill, Emmett, Ulyett, and Clayton are about the most formidable bowling quartette in England,



and in Armitage Yorkshire has got that rare treasure, an effective underhand bowler, with a good head, and great command over the ball ; and Lockwood, Greenwood, and Eastwood are fine batsmen, while the majority of the bowlers are no mean proficient with the bat, and every one of the eleven can field and throw. Nottingham can still boast of one of the most finished batsmen of the day, in the person of Daft, who has never done better service for his county than during the past season ; and Oscroft's commanding style and powerful hitting have seldom been seen to greater advantage. But in batting the Nottingham eleven have a decided tail, and the efforts to import into it some amateur talent have not as yet been crowned with success. In bowling, Alfred Shaw retains his undisputed pre-eminence as the best medium-paced bowler of the day, if not the best that has ever been seen ; and some of his analyses this season in great matches are little less than prodigies of bowling ability. Morley has been very uncertain, and, in our opinion, has gone off very much this year, but another fast bowler has been discovered in Tye, who, though often expensive, has not unfrequently proved himself of great value. Nottingham has suffered from the loss of one of the steadiest and most enduring of wicket-keepers, Biddulph, and though an able successor was found in Wild, an unfortunate accident has deprived the eleven of his services during a great part of the season. Lancashire has one great batsman, Mr. Hornby, two capital bowlers, Watson and McIntyre, a batsman, Barlow, whose patience exceeds even that of Jupp in his early days, who can defend his wicket against any and every description of bowling, and who is happy if he scores five runs per hour, and, for the rest, rather a scratch eleven. Mr. Steel, of Uppingham and Cambridge University celebrity, has only been able to play for his county once or twice, and Mr. Royle, who is worth three ordinary men in the field, cannot always be secured, otherwise Lancashire would very rarely suffer defeat. As it is, Lancashire makes a good fight with the strongest foe. Derbyshire, again, is dependent very much on one man, Mycroft, who, as a bowler, is quite at the top of the tree, combining pace with precision, and being able to get an extraordinary break on the ball. Mr. R. P. Smith is a very fair batsman, and Frost and Foster are useful men, while Platts is dangerous both as a batsman and a bowler. The most, however, that can be said of Derbyshire is that there is the nucleus of a good eleven, but that the eleven has yet to be made up. Sussex, after Gloucestershire, stands at the head of the southern counties. Many people will perhaps put Middlesex first ; but we should like to see a match between Sussex and Middlesex, and we think the former would win. Sussex has good amateur as well as professional strength, and having many changes to fall back on, is not tied down to one and the same eleven. There is H. Philips, a worthy rival to Pooley and Pinder for the wicket-keeping premiership ; there is Charlwood, about the most brilliant professional batsman of the day, though, unfortunately, not so steady as he is brilliant ; and there are Lillywhite and Fillery, bowlers of great

steadiness, and the former with claims to higher qualities than steadiness, and serviceable batsmen in J. Phillips, Humphreys and others. Among amateurs there are Mr. Greenfield, who is a good captain, and would be a first-class batsman if he had not theories of his own about batting which lead him to destruction; Mr. J. M. Cotterill, a fine hitter and a good field; and Mr. Brown, who can bowl at a terrific pace, and for a time can keep his bowling on the wicket. On the whole, Sussex has a powerful eleven, and has had a very fair share of success this season, and would have had more save for two standing faults; first, that the Sussex men are often slack in the field, and, secondly, that they fall to pieces in the second innings when they have to go in to win. Witness the loss of the matches at Brighton against Gloucestershire and Lancashire, both of which Sussex ought to have won with a little moderate care. Surrey has still Jupp, who, however, has not been particularly successful this season, Southerton, who also gives signs of having seen his best day, and Street, as well as Richard Humphrey and Elliott, the latter of whom has hardly maintained the reputation he made last season. Pooley, indeed, is the only one of the Surrey eleven who has shown no falling off either in batting or bowling, but has rather made a step in advance. The Surrey amateurs have not mustered strongly this season to the help of their county; but Mr. Lucas has occasionally done good service, and Mr. W. W. Read bids fair to be something more than the mere casual hero of one or two matches. Kent has made a surprising stride forward this year, thanks to Lord Harris, who has not only devoted himself with untiring energy to restore the cricket fortunes of his county, but who has also batted all through the season with remarkable brilliancy. In the Tunbridge Wells week Kent beat both her antagonists, and at Canterbury scored 473 against an M.C.C. eleven with Mr. Grace at its head; and now that the men of Kent see that they are represented in the cricket-field by an eleven thoroughly worthy of their support, that support which has been so long lacking will hardly be any longer withheld. Kent, like Middlesex, depends almost entirely on amateurs. Mr. Foord-Kelcey, Mr. Absolom and Mr. V. K. Shaw do the bowling, while Lord Harris, Mr. Penn and Mr. Yardley do the batting, and Henty keeps wicket; and the bowling, especially Mr. Kelcey's, has been very fairly sufficient throughout the season. In Hampshire, also, there is the making of a fine eleven, Mr. Booth being at the head of affairs, and Mr. Ridley, Mr. Longman, Mr. Hargreaves and Mr. Jeffreys being an excellent quartette of coadjutors. Then there are Tate and Galpin to bowl, and Holmes is available when wanted. With such strength Hampshire ought to have done better; and the recent one innings' defeat of Kent by Hampshire shows that if Mr. Booth looks after his eleven next year he ought to get his county well to the front. Hampshire is quite capable, for instance, of playing Sussex, and the match ought to be a good one. Sussex has the best of it on paper, but Mr. Ridley's slows will vex the soul of many a Sussex batsman. Middlesex is an unsatisfactory

county, because the qualification for it is so unsatisfactory ; but such as it is it goes on in the old way and is very hard to beat. Mr. I. D. Walker has never batted with more effect than this year, and Mr. R. D. Walker can still make his hundred when he has a mind to take the trouble. Mr. Buller has gone off, but Mr. Hadow has been remarkably successful both in batting and bowling. Mr. Ottaway has only been able to play once or twice, but Mr. A. J. Webbe has been at hand, and his brother has shown far better form in county matches than in the early days of the season at Oxford. He can hardly fail to get a place in the eleven next year. Mr. Turner has not only done his work well as a wicket-keeper, but has evinced a decided taste for run-getting ; and Burghes, the solitary professional—Flanagan, by the way, a true-born Irishman, has by some mysterious process been drafted occasionally into the Middlesex eleven—has shown himself not unworthy of his place. On the whole there can be no doubt that Gloucestershire stands at the top of the cricketing counties, with Yorkshire second, Nottingham, Lancashire and Sussex third, and the remainder pretty well together. There is no chance of Gloucestershire being deposed from the supremacy as long as Mr. W. G. Grace retains his unrivalled powers, and is so ably backed up by his brothers ; but next year there may be some important changes in the relative positions of the other counties. If Daft retires, Nottingham can hardly fail to show the effects of such a loss ; and Sussex will have to look after her laurels if Kent and Hampshire make as much progress in 1877 as they have made in 1876.

#### YACHTING AND ROWING.

THE regatta of the Royal Yacht Squadron has somehow or other suffered in prestige, not from its own deterioration, but, we may presume, from the increase of other important events during the yachting season ; and though great prestige undoubtedly attaches to its doings, the special attractiveness of former years, when yachting fixtures were few and far between, is not and cannot be maintained. This year the match for the Queen's Cup may be said to have come to grief, as owing to the *Vol-au-Vent*, *Arrow*, *Egeria*, and *Hildegarde* having gone the wrong side of the Prince Consort's Shoal, the prize fell to the *Raven*, which was fifth home. Next day, in the cutter's race, *Arrow* and *Vol-au-Vent* made a grand fight, the old ship finally winning ; and for the Town Cup, the Prince of Wales scored an unexpected victory over the *Olga*, *Hildegarde* sticking to her gallantly throughout the day, and getting home just within her time. The last day's racing for schooners and yawls had several entries, but only three started, *Hildegarde*, *Florinda*, and *Australia*. Mr. Jessop's clipper won quite easily, and the others were very close together, but at the close of the race the Prince's vessel was not within her time of the *Australia*, which secured second honours. The Ryde week, under the auspices of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, enjoyed beautiful weather, from a landsman's point of view, but the persistent absence of

breeze made the racing rather tame. Sir Richard Sutton's, the Vice-Commodore, prize, had an excellent entry, including those eminent rivals Corisande and Florinda, besides Olga, Egeria, Vol-au-Vent, and Cuckoo. After a most tedious day the match was postponed until Saturday, when the weather was scarcely more favourable for yacht sailing; however, Florinda, who had the best of it on the first day, again got most out of what puffs there were, and won the prize. The second day's programme was devoted to cutters in classes, and Vol-au-Vent again showed herself *facile princeps* in a light breeze, while Myosotis beat the fleet of forty-tonners; in the all-rig match, Vol-au-Vent again secured the honours. The Marquis of Exeter's prize had an enormous entry, including such a fleet of big schooners as is seldom seen, Sir Richard Sutton's Elmina (350 tons), Mr. Thellusson's Boadicea (350 tons), Mr. W. W. Hughes' Australia (207 tons), and the Hildegarde (193 tons), which, perhaps, as loyal subjects, we should have placed first, irrespective of tonnage. Other rigs were also well represented, the crack pair of yawls being among the number, but after a long day's sailing the prize fell to a cutter, Mr. Quilter's Britannia, which, according to the Yacht Racing Association's scale, was within her time of her five leaders.

The Thames Regatta, though very inadequately supported by the rowing fraternity, has again, owing to the energy of Messrs. Chambers and Goldie, and some of the committee, been satisfactorily brought off. The attendance of the general public, and interest taken in the affair, shows a great falling off from former times, while the mediocre form displayed by the north-countrymen contrasts violently with the returns of a few years ago, when the Claspers, Bob Chambers the first, E. Winship, R. Cooper, and others who, more or less, ranked as Tynesiders, used to sweep the board of the Thames National: while more recently Renforth, James Taylor and others made no small hole in the south-countrymen's winnings on their own water. However, that is apparently all changed, at any rate for the present, and the Tyne have had but a bad time of it at the recent regattas down South, and on the present occasion did not take a first prize, though Hogarth, of Sunderland, made a good fight with Blackman for the sculls, which, however, have for some years ceased to be the important race they once were, being now confined to men who have never sculled for 100%. The apprentices' race, which had no end of entries, brought out some historic names—Messenger, son of a former champion, and Clasper, a son of old Harry and brother of J. H. Clasper, now well known as what the Yankees call a shell-boat builder at Oxford, who himself won this race fifteen or twenty years ago, beating E. Eagers, a very tough little customer. On the present occasion the young Clasper won the final pretty easily, with Messenger second. The Sculls lay between Blackman, Hogarth, and Anderson, all previous winners, and produced a splendid race, the northerner getting the start, and holding it for half a mile, when Blackman came up, and kept ahead to the finish, the other two making a great fight for second money, which Hogarth secured, though Anderson overlapped him at the winning-post, probably on sufferance. The fours were reckoned a moral for Hammersmith, as it proved, though Newcastle held them gallantly for half a mile, after which the Londoners, who had been rather scrambling at first, drew away, and won very easily. The pairs were also divided between the same crew, as Green and Thomas beat Bagnall and Boyd in the trial heat, after a fine race (rowed down), at the beginning of which it seemed likely to be spoiled by a foul, opposite the Soapworks; and as Sadler and Cannon did not appear to oppose Spencer and Higgins in the other trial, the Hammersmith crew had it between them in the final,

which was naturally tame enough Green going ahead at once, and the others did not attempt more than the semblance of a race, which was made sufficiently exciting to mere spectators by their being let up within about a length at the finish. A sad casualty occurred during the regatta, two spectators falling from the paddle-box of a steamer, and in spite of determined efforts on the part of the bystanders, one was carried away by the stream and drowned. Before dismissing the subject of the Thames Regatta, we can scarcely avoid commenting on the very lukewarm support given to it, which is the more remarkable owing to the vast recent development of amateur rowing, which might be reasonably expected to improve this fund, especially as the management is faultless in the matter of economy, and in this respect might well serve as a model to other undertakings of the kind, some of which spend nearly half their subscriptions in everything—except the prizes. Anyhow such is not the case, and the funds available were so much reduced that the four-oared prize, which used to be known as ‘the hundred,’ had to be reduced to eighty pounds. Apropos of this matter, the Thames Rowing Club have, they consider, a grievance in the fact of their having no representative on the committee, which consists principally of the captains of the University B. C., and of the London, Kingston, and Leander Clubs, as the Thames Club, being winners of the Grand Challenge this year, must be considered equal in position as oarsmen to any club. This platform, to use an Americanism, has a certain amount of reason in it, and if the committee of the Thames Regatta were changed annually, it might be proposed that seats be given to captains of the clubs winning, say the Grand Challenge, Stewards’ Wingfield, Diamonds, the Eights at the Metropolitan, and perhaps the Challenge Cup at Barnes, which are probably, or ought to be, the most important amateur races on the Thames. Such an idea, of course, could not be carried out; yet it is difficult to see on what grounds, unless on a basis something like the foregoing, the Thames Club can complain of their absence from the committee of the National Regatta. When the present affair was started, its promoters, of whom Mr. J. G. Chambers was doubtless the honorary working hand, in choosing a committee, naturally put down representatives of the Universities, then of the principal clubs, and chose the London and Kingston for their performances, and Leander for its prestige in bygone days, and with the names of a few old oarsmen who were interested in the affair, and helped it substantially at the critical moment, this formed a good working body of convenient size. At that time the clubs mentioned were, in trophies past and present, far ahead of any others, and there was no more reason why the Thames Club should be invited to join the committee than the West London, North London, and perhaps one or two more, none of whom had achieved anything really great. Since then the Thames Club’s rowing has vastly improved, and this year they have crowned the edifice by winning the great race at Henley. Meanwhile the Thames Regatta has been doing its best, and, with the aid almost entirely of the clubs represented on the committee, has kept going to the best of its power. Certainly it is indebted little to the Thames Club, which has advanced in prestige while its contributions to regattas remain at their original zero, or something like it. Had the club subscribed a trifle at first, and the amount grown in some proportion to their growth, which has been considerable, the executive would have, no doubt, been glad to welcome a new helper. As it is, the Thames Club, having won the Grand at Henley, say, ‘We are the leading club, as we hold ‘the great prize of the year, why is not our captain on the committee?’ That body may reasonably reply, ‘You have given nothing to our funds, so it

'has never occurred to any of us that you wished to be connected with the regatta, but to show there is no ill-feeling, if you will subscribe 25*l.* we shall be happy to put your captain on the committee.' To which the Thames Club reply—'It is a matter not of money but of principle,' and they do not subscribe. Now principle is a most proper thing, which we admire in others, and, whatever our conduct, extol it verbally; but how a regatta is to be conducted on the principle principle, as opposed to the money principle, is beyond our ken.

General disappointment has been occasioned by the collapse of the Trickett and Lumsden match, fixed to take place over the London course for 200*l.* a side, and a bet of the same amount, on the 21st August. Matters progressed satisfactorily until the 17th, the date appointed for the last deposit, when Lumsden's party announced that they would not proceed further with the match. They therefore forfeited the 100*l.* deposited on account of the stakes, but objected to the similar amount, posted as part of the bet, being paid over to Trickett, as it is illegal to stake money for bets. Thus ends a most unsatisfactory business, and in the interests of sport it is much to be regretted that Trickett did not meet Higgins, who is considered the best man in England, instead of being matched with Lumsden, whose friends have somewhat late in the day arrived at a full sense of the inadequate nature of his pretensions. However, there is no chance of such luck, as Higgins is by this time at Philadelphia. Meanwhile Boyd and Sadler are to row for 200*l.* a side, from Putney to Mortlake, next month, and as Sadler will, no doubt, be fitter than when he fell so easy a victim to the Australian, and Boyd has improved since his last shy at the ex-champion, a good race may be expected.

The ancient race for apprentices for Doggett's Coat and Badge resulted as usual in the victory of a below-bridge man, Bulman, of Shadwell, Prince, of Chelsea, second; and, in accordance with custom, the lads presented themselves in the evening at Fishmongers' Hall, where bottles of wine and other unwonted luxuries were handed to them by the Recorder of London, who now fills the Prime Warden's chair. Indeed so pressing are some of the company with glasses of wine to the apprentices, that we have often wondered whether they do not depart with a somewhat extensive 'drap in their eye,' owing to these injudicious offerings. However, it may be pleaded in extenuation that 'it's only once in a lifetime,' and we trust that the new free-man is duly impressed with the grand saloon as well as the rubicund and well-satisfied-looking faces which adorn the dinner tables of the great hall.

The International Regatta at Philadelphia, which is proceeding while this leaves the printer's hands, has offered very liberal prizes for both the professional and amateur elements, and attracted some of the best of both classes. The Hammersmith men, whom we may call the champion crew of England—Spencer, Green, Thomas, and Higgins—will be hard to beat, whether in fours, pairs, or sculls, though they will have to meet the redoubtable New Brunswickers from St. John's, some of whom created such a sensation at the St. Cloud Regatta in 1867, where the French authorities allowed them to compete as amateurs. Dublin University Boat Club are represented by their best men, who have more than once shown fair form at Henley. First Trinity, Cambridge, have a contingent prepared to get through the tedium of the long vacation in Philadelphia, in W. B. Close, Penrose, Mann, Jameson, and Walker (spare man), who have entered for the fours, and though they have no practice together as a crew, are oarsmen of good skill, and will no doubt be found well together by the eventful day, while Close is a sculler of some pretension. The London Rowing Club's quota are Gulston, Howell,

Labat, and Trower, of whom the latter is more known in connection with the Kingston Club, of which he is captain. These men will row together as a four, while Howell and Trower enter for pairs, Gulston and Labat for double sculls, and the latter for single sculls. Neither of these combinations are perfect, and the club could no doubt choose a team better used to each other to represent them in these races, but the men they wanted to send could not go, so they have to make use of the best available talent; and considering that most of their members are engaged in some profession or business, are fortunate in having got together so powerful a quartetto. Still it is somewhat a case of a square peg in a round hole, as Gulston, whose undoubted *specialité* is pair-oared rowing, stands down in this race. However, wishing luck to the United Kingdom contingent, we must await the results. At present all we know is, that London has won two heats for the fours in the fastest time, and Cambridge after winning one lost their second owing to Close being unwell. London had Watkyns and Beaverwyck crews to meet in the final, and on the time test there was every chance of their being victorious.

Staines Regatta authorities this year went back to their old course down stream from the stone bridge to Truss's Island, in compliance with the wishes of some inhabitants, as well as the complaints against the unfairness of the up-stream course; in this respect, however, there appears little to choose, as now the tow-path side has a very decided advantage, and, indeed, won most of the races. The arrangements of Mr. Rixon and the committee were very complete. There was an excellent military band stationed in a large field giving a capital view of the rowing, while on the opposite side innumerable lunches were in full swing, some of them apparently lasting all day. The steamer engaged to carry the umpire was needlessly large, and made a great deal of wash, contrasting therein with the neat little Thorneycrofts we see at some regattas; indeed, several spectators felt so much aggrieved, that after the presentation of prizes, and the customary cheer for the ladies, a proposal for "a groan for the steamer" was received very heartily, and carried out with much vigour; in other respects all went smoothly. The West London Club secured the principal races, beating Moulsey in the final heat of both fours and eights. In the pairs Horton and Warren, after beating Chillingworth and Herbert in a trial, had to meet Davey and Campbell for the final, but their chance was spoiled by a boat getting in the way early in the race, and the Twickenham men won pretty easily. Grove gained the sculler's prize without much effort.

Moulsey Regatta, though the course is scarcely favourable for an equal race, generally attracts large numbers of spectators to the pretty grounds of Garrick's Villa, and the island opposite, and this year the committee had secured a fair list of entries. The principal race of the day, senior eights, fell to the Thames Club, who, after waiting a long time, were started by the umpire and rowed over, but the Moulsey men meeting them, the Putney crew in the most handsome manner volunteered to row again, when a foul in favour of Thames occurred, and the locals were disqualified. They however won the principal fours, beating a London crew. Kingston, thanks chiefly to the superiority of Mr. Walton's steering, won the junior-senior eights, while in the pairs Campbell and Davey again beat their old opponents Chillingworth and Herbert; and Grove, of the London Club, took the sculls pretty easily. Bedford Regatta, though the course is the reverse of straight-away, has for several years attracted good men, and this season both the Thames and Moulsey Clubs were represented. Slater, who must by this time know the Ouse as well as the local talent do, won the sculls from Peabody, of Cam-



bridge, and the Thames four turned the tables on the Moulsey men, who had beaten them at Hampton, so they had a good day. The committee, like several other provincial bodies of the kind, held somewhat lax notions of the amateur qualification, which is a pity, but otherwise the arrangements were satisfactory. Barnes Regatta fairly upheld its prestige, and if the attendance was somewhat below the average, the number and quality of the entries showed little, if any, falling off. The challenge cup for fours, which has produced such exciting struggles between the crack crews of London and Kingston, and more recently London and Thames, was this year contested by the best fours of the Moulsey and Thames Clubs, and a crew of the L. R. C., which can scarcely be reckoned a representative one, though they held their more powerful opponents very pluckily, and overlapped Moulsey at the finish, Thames getting away after a short distance, and winning by several lengths. Slater again won the sculls, and Davey was second, as last year; and as Eyre and Hastie won the pairs from Davey and Campbell, the Thames Club secured the bulk of the honors, as they have been doing a good deal this season. Junior fours produced a *contretemps*, as the Bedford Grammar School crew broke an oar at the start of the first heat, leaving the Kensington Club to win easily from Ino. The School, however, started again in the second, and came in first by three or four lengths, Vesta second, but were objected to, and Vesta of course declared winners. These, however, gained little by the protest, as they could not get to the post in time for the final, and Kensington rowed over. The Schoolboys were undoubtedly the best crew, but as they had already taken the prizes for a junior race on their own water at Bedford on the previous Tuesday, they are not, after all, much to be pitied, and the system of allowing winners of one junior race to compete in a second because they were juniors at the time of entry, is open to serious objection. Most regatta committees, however, adhere to it, though a precedent the other way was made at Kingston some years ago, when Mr. W. Gibbon, having won senior and then junior sculls on the same day, was not allowed to take the minor prize, which was handed to the second man in the junior race. Kingston Regatta, which in the halcyon days of the local club, *Consule Woodgate*, used to show first-class sport, proved a very good reunion, and its clashing with Windsor did not affect it perceptibly. The Thames Club were again to the fore in the principal race, while junior fours went to the local club, and Grove, of the L. R. C., won another sculler's race. The weather being perfect for out-door amusements an immense quantity of boating parties were assembled, most of whom apparently thought more of the heat of the sun than that of the racing. At Windsor the chief feature was Chillingworth and Herbert beating Davey and Campbell by a bare foot, we need not say after a splendid race, though the Ino men had won the prize under any circumstances by a foul at Brocas Rails. Davey, however, turned the tables on Chillingworth in the sculls, and subsequently won the final heat.

The London Rowing Club, like many others, have closed what they call the season, and, as usual, a twelve-oared race was fixed to ring down the curtain. The match is generally a close one, but this time they have surpassed themselves, as Warren and Horton, the strokes, took their men up from Putney to the top of Chiswick Church, and neither could make more than a dead-heat of it. Rowing down on the ebb to decide it, Horton held a good lead until close home, when Warren drew up, and landed a winner at the steamboat pier by five feet. These are the sort of races more agreeable to witness than to perform in, barring *kudos*!



## 'OUR VAN.'

## THE INVOICE.—August Allurements.

THE sea is as molten glass; the chalky cliffs glow with a heat which the stucco of the town returns.

'All in a hot and copper sky,  
'The bloody sun at noon'

is making redder yet many a Bardolphian nose, and lighting with a purple sheen the dyed whiskers of Methuselah and Co. It seriously affects the paint and pearl-powder of Lady Golightly and Miss Blanche Vavasour, and these ornaments of society are rather chary of themselves in consequence. The tribes pant in the halls of Jerusalem the Golden, and racing gentlemen sip cold brandy-and-water in their shirt-sleeves in the lodging-houses of the King's Road. Bloomsbury and Camden Town are washing off the accumulated dirt of a twelvemonth at Brill's or Hobden's; and Upper Clapton's upper ten are enjoying the more select seclusion of Lansdowne Place and the Montpelier Road. The 'Ship' is a furnace, save its bar-parlour, a favourite resort of the favoured, who find in Piper Sec the only thing that can possibly cool them; while the charming housekeeper and her attendant ladies seem to approve of their principles, and 'Arthur' is not averse. The bands yield to the heat, and the player of 'the loud bassoon' earns our pity. The music of Offenbach does not flow so crisply as usual; and, after due deliberation and much searching of heart, we arrive at the conclusion that a dark corner of the Aquarium, with agreeable companionship, is the properest thing to do.

Need we say, after this *exordium*, that we are in Brighton the blessed?—that we are making the best of a bad Goodwood by punting at Jack Coney's and backing impossibilities on the hill? Jack is a Brighton institution during the Sussex fortnight, and we believe the Mayor and the Chief Constable always call upon him. Clearly the chalky cliffs are a refuge for the conies as well as the stony rocks, and we would call the attention of the revisers sitting in the Jerusalem Chamber to that fact. Brighton does not improve much in its *morale* at race times; but as no one apparently cares about its improvement—*que voulez-vous, mon cher?* We might perhaps enter a protest against the increase of the roughs who make the Pier hideous at night, and whose favourite resort is the restaurant or drinking-saloon adjoining the Grand. By-the-way, why does Jerusalem the Golden put up with such a neighbour? But we are not obliged to go into the place—to which, we may state here, Mutton's in its palmiest days was a Minerva House academy—so we will pass by on the other side and look on that chaste moon, which looks upon so much that is the reverse. The company at the Queen of Watering-places is not quite up to the usual form on this occasion, and there is a great lack of that Paphian beauty which was once one of its chief characteristics. A somewhat elderly *Lais* flaunts it in the places where men most do congregate, and Phryne this year comes from Paris. This is not as it should be; and if 'the Queen' does not look to it she will lose her character. A few celebrities in the world of art are here to leaven the dull and heavy lump of dough that does duty for society. A certain 'Walter' is a fixture at race times, and his pleasant greeting and lively discourse on every subject, from the cedar of Lebanon to the Balham mystery, is what we like to hear. We may mention in this place—though it is strictly confidential—that he is an ardent votary of the Turf, and always makes a point of being at Brighton during

the Sussex fortnight. Then there is a well-known 'Charlie,' also well beloved, enjoying an equally well-deserved *otium*—which means, on this occasion, driving up and down the King's Road. If there is anything that mars his pleasure, it is 'words' with the Brighton cabman, who on Sundays and Mondays is impervious to any suggestion of 'time.' Then flits before our vision she who was once a 'delicate Ariel,' doing Macready's bidding among the flies of Covent Garden—which is such an awful time ago that we won't, with our reader's permission, go further into the matter. But she—the 'delicate 'Ariel' of our youth—wears the same pleasant face and expression as of yore, and, as a certain Grain collector hands her into a Victoria for a drive, before charming half Brighton at the Pavilion, we think that there are some women—also men—who never grow old. And with that agreeable idea—alas! would it were a reality—we will tell our readers all about that racing which doubtless they are dying to hear.

They may, however, take it for granted that there is not very much to tell. Brighton races we don't expect anything from, and blessed are they who are not disappointed. We are so essentially holiday-makers at this time, that we do not give ourselves up to the serious business of our national sport as we do at other periods of the racing year. The anxious faces that you see at thievish corners of Newmarket High Street about Cesarewitch or Cambridgeshire-tide, here are not. The groups of eagerly talking—it may be whispering—men who hang about the rooms at Doncaster (by-the-way, if Kisber keeps well, what will they have this year to whisper about?) you will not find in the King's Road; and beyond the passing certainty of the day and hour—'tis idlesse all. Towards the end of the week a little excitement is got up about the De Warrenne and the Lewes Handicap, but nothing that much stirs us; and so we climb the hill to the racecourse in the sweet summer weather, not without a lingering fancy that a cool and secluded spot on the beach, somewhere Cliftonville way, if haply it could be found, would be much better for us. But the majority of Brighton visitors do not share our sentiments, evidently, and a much larger ring, or general attendance, we do not remember seeing. Mr. Justice Stocken looks over the dense mass, shouting and perspiring in front of the Stand, with evident satisfaction, for the burden of the shouting means to his ears £ s. d. The sport was not quite so good as the company, but still it was fair. Midlothian retrieved his character (lost at Goodwood) in the Corporation Stakes, though after his exhibition at the Duke's meeting his stable was afraid to back him for much, and he started at 4 to 1, Somnus and Father Mathew being the favourites. However, Parry took him to the front directly the flag fell, and though an extreme outsider, Lammermoor made together with Plaisante a very close thing of it, heads only separating the two; Midlothian ran straight enough here, and managed to get his head the first to catch Mr. Clark's eye. Bras de Fer was another instance of that singular liking of some horses for courses they have won on, for he beat the largest field of the day in the Marine Stakes, just as easily as he won the Rous and the Ovingdean the previous year. Whether Lucy Hawk would have won, but for the fatality of her rupturing one of the vessels of the heart, causing instant death, is a moot point. Nothing could be easier than Bras de Fer's win; and another curious circumstance was that his former owner, Sir John Astley, backed four horses in the race, and the winner was not one. The Brighton Stakes was a failure. There were only five runners, but four of them were backed—old Lilian, at 2 to 1, the favourite, and seeing how much the best of the weights she had it ought to have been a good thing for her. But she has had enough of it we suppose, for she would not perse-

were further than the bottom of the hill ; and Chancellor defeated Mate very easily. One of the best things of the afternoon was Placid, in the Champagne Stakes, good enough for the family plate, which we have reason to believe was dashed down on this occasion.

There was a Cup Day without a Cup race, which was a pity. The prize, a very handsome and highly-ornamented vase of the form and pattern that may be called Brightonian, was there, duly exposed in the centre of the Stand ; but that was all. We have, it is well known, such a wonderful number of Cup horses ; our stayers are, thanks to the half-mile races, so numerous that we really don't know what to do with them. We are over-crowded, in fact, and have got so tired of this description of race that we have ceased to care about it. Not even the efforts of a Garrard, a Hunt and Roskell, a Hancock or an Elkington, will seduce our noble stayers from their stalls. Our fathers and grandfathers, it is true, thought a good deal of these Cup contests, and were rather proud of seeing the trophies they won deposited in their plate-rooms ; but that was an age not cognisant of the glories of a half-mile or five-furlongs handicap. They were a very slow lot of fellows, in fact, and knew nothing in comparison with their descendants. Their descendants don't care about Cup races, and all the nonsense that is talked about staying ; and the descendants of the Priams, Harkaways, Glencoes and Van Tromps prefer to remain in their boxes. How Cups are such failures as they are, with the English racehorse—so say all our great racing authorities—as good as ever he was, is a mystery. If we have the article, why don't we use it ? Why should such an animal as Temple Bar have been the first favourite for the Goodwood Cup ?—why should Preakness have found nothing to oppose him for the Brighton one ? Could not a horse be found with four legs to do battle and take up the glove which the American had so pluckily thrown down ? Mr. Sandford must have been deeply disappointed at his bloodless victory. His horse walked over for the forfeits, and the gorgeous trophy remains for the November meeting. Had we not better expunge Cup races from the Calendar ?

We have no doubt that, in their hearts of hearts, our young racing men would gladly see it done. There is generally but little gambling on a Cup race. The Goodwood looked an open affair, it is true, but then it was only 'open' between two, or at the most three, as the Ascot Cup was. Better far a six-furlongs handicap, with a hot favourite at 6 to 4, and a long hard-held one (his head now loose) at 10 to 1, than all the Cups that ever were won ! So let us return to our muttons, in the shape of the Ovingdean Plate, which was booked to Kaleidoscope by the talent ; but that over-rated horse was beaten by Caramel, and everybody rejoiced at Lord Marcus and 'Fog' getting a turn. Why did they not follow the luck, though, when an hour afterwards Caramel came out and won the All Aged Stakes, and her owner had only a tenner on ? She has been a disappointing mare, no doubt, but here she was in the winning humour, and with a 100 to 6 chance too ; it was a pity that the stable did not go in for a little fortune ; we don't get these prices every day. There was not anything else very noteworthy in the racing, except that Sir George Chetwynd had rather a good day with Victoire and Chypre, the latter settling the hash of that impostor, Advance, in a very decided way. The Club Day was of about the usual average. Year by year do the ranks of our racing clubs close in, and we look in vain for the successors of the Bechers, Pettat, Littles, Towneleys and Edes, who witched the world with noble horsemanship only a few years ago. Mr. W. Bevill is to the fore, it is true, and there is Mr. Crawshaw, Mr. Aubrey Coventry, and others ; but you may

count them on the fingers of your hand. So the Club Day is, compared with former anniversaries, a thing of the past, and we do not think we need trouble our readers with any account of its doings.

Who does not like Lewes, with its picturesque course, its capital racing, and all the many attractions that Nature and Mr. Verrall succeed in throwing round it? Why is the racing always so good at Lewes? and why do we look forward to its two days as the cream of the fortnight's sport? The said sport was not so good as usual this year, but for that the dry ground must be held to blame. Neither the De Warrenne nor the Lewes Handicaps came up to the fields we are accustomed to see for these events; but still the two days were a great success.

In the first place the weather was splendid and the dust not too rampant. There was the usual large road traffic, and the railway resources were taxed to their utmost. Mr. Verrall is, next to Mr. Frail, about the best manager of a race meeting we know. His eye is everywhere, and it is a liberal eye, not stinting or sparing in any part of the business arrangements. He has his Tattersall Enclosure, one in reality and not in name, and he must have been a very clever welsher who eluded the vigilance of Mr. Clarke and Billy Elliott. Backers who had won at Brighton did not do so well here, and most of them failed to spot the winners of the De Warrenne Handicap and the Astley Stakes. They missed a 10 to 1 chance, too, in Gloxinia for the Juvenile Stakes, and preferred laying even money on Burgomaster, who was fractious at the post and never showed in the race. Of course, after the De Warrenne, we all said that Queen of the Bees ought to have been backed, but her owner did not much fancy her, and gave his friends but little encouragement. To be sure, owners are the last people in the world whom we should think of asking, because they generally know so little about their horses. Said a well-known racing man to us once in reply to a remark of ours on a certain horse in a certain handicap, to the effect that 'his owner didn't fancy him;' 'the 'owner!' (with great scorn) 'What the blank does the blank owner know 'about it?' Clearly very little, though at Lewes some people knew, and as little as 6 to 1 was taken about Queen of the Bees, who, with Tangible and Rouen, held the position of second favourites. Monaco had been selected by the talent as soon as the weights appeared, but he bolted directly he reached the post, and galloped a mile and a half before he could be pulled up. This materially altered the aspect of affairs, and 100 to 30 was freely offered against him before the flag fell. Quantock looked like winning at one time, but Queen of the Bees, who was in the centre of the course as last year, challenged him inside the distance, and won, we are inclined to think, easily, though only by three parts of a length. Tangible was fourth, not persevered with, and Monaco and Lady Atholstone were the last two. Chypre was a real good thing in the Southdown Club Welter, for those who cared to lay 6 to 4, and if any man had a good 'Sussex fortnight,' it ought to have been Sir George Chetwynd. The Astley Stakes proved that Chevron is a bit of a rogue as well as a roarer, and though Placida won in a canter, yet as Palm Flower did not get well off, we must not rely too much on this form. Dee was out of her distance, and judging by his running the next day, so was Chamant; Shillelagh's penalty was a little too much for him, and the others were 'no count.'

The County Cup fell through on the second day, but still there were nine events, and Sir George Chetwynd opened the ball by scoring another win with Chypre. Backers, in fact, ought to have had a good day, looking at the return, and yet, somehow, we heard groans and complaints about that 'cursed

'luck,' which is always such a prominent topic of conversation in racing circles. We never have the grace to thank our lucky star, but we heap abuse on those, who, in 'their courses,' fight against us, which is very unfair. Chamant, as we have above intimated, found the half mile on the Priory Stakes suit him much better than the T.Y.C., and Dee's penalty seemed to stop her. Again was Gloxinia suffered to run comparatively loose in the Mount Harry Stakes, and again did his stable stand Burgomaster, who was not in his Manchester and Liverpool form. Backers ought to have landed a good *coup* over the Lewes Handicap, but there was so much uncertainty about Admiral Byng's running that we don't believe they did. Then many preferred the chances of Hengist on his Goodwood Cup performance, and a good deal of money went on Finis at last. Admiral Byng, however, had certainly the best credentials, for he was second in the Goodwood Stakes to a very highly-tried horse, and it is not at all certain that, with a stronger boy, he might not have won. The race was a very near one, however, for after passing the distance, the favourite, Finis, and Worcester came on together head and head, and after a splendid race, Admiral Byng got his in front, while Worcester was only a neck behind Finis. And then after a little more racing we went back to Brighton the Blessed—at least some of us did—weak-minded people to whom elderly Laises were snares, and the retreat of the coney's pitfalls; but the wise majority went for fresh fields and pastures new.

'Come unto these yellow sands.'

Most certainly. Anywhere, anywhere out of the world—at this time of year—out of the world of desolate streets, whitewashed clubs, and acres of window-blinds. Mr. Craggs assumes the *rôle* of Ariel on this occasion, and lures us to the Mandale Bottoms with his mighty wand, while with his hand he points to Saltburn-by-the-Sea. His allurements are inviting ones, both that at coally Stockton and the one under the shadow of the Zetland Hotel. You can spend a charming fortnight, or you may make it three weeks if you are wise, within sight of the Cleveland Hills and the white rollers that break on Huntcliffe, and extend in silver lines towards Redcar. Come unto these sands by all means, ye that are weary and heavy laden with the burden of life. Come for real peace and rest—not for piers and brass bands, illuminated spas, with a strong flavour of Cremorne, high-heeled boots and silk stockings, eternal promenading, middle-aged Laises and too juvenile Phrynes. You must not come for all this. If your tastes are so viciously inclined, repair to Bloomsbury-by-the-Beach, or, better still, Bayswater-on-the-Cliffs, and they shall be gratified. Here on our yellow sands we have not, after diligent investigation, discovered one pair of silk stockings, and high-heeled boots are unknown. Indeed, a friend of ours of æsthetic tastes, who was with us at the Zetland, was inclined to lament our lack of these and other things more easily attainable at the sea-side Bloomsbury and Bayswater aforesaid than in the virtuous North. For our sands are virtuous, and the song the wild waves say might have been listened to by Hannah More. Come to them then.

Come as the Van driver did out of a hot, creeping, and crawling train on a broiling day in the middle of last month, and emerge on to the broad terrace of the Zetland Hotel, and there inhale the bracing breeze from the north, the breeze that bears healing on its wings. The Zetland looks on as fair a prospect as the Yorkshire seaboard can show; is comfortable and well managed withal, though highly tried just at this time, and full from attics to basement.

Our lines, thanks to our æsthetic friend, are well cast, and the only drawback to our pleasure, tell it not to Ariel, is having to go to Stockton Races. But Stockton is not a bad place considering, and they are sportsmen, and liberal too, in their racing dealings, not always getting a good reward. Stockton has not improved in its business arrangements since we last visited it some six or eight years ago, and is behind the age in one or two respects. In the first place, it sadly wants a new weighing-room, the present confined apartment being totally inadequate to the uses it is put to. It is weighing, reporters', and jockeys' dressing-room all in one, and as everybody walks in and out of it at his sweet will, the scene of confusion, particularly after a race, may be imagined. The stand, too, is hardly large enough for the crowds that come there, and the course is not kept as it should be. Mr. Craggs, we feel sure, does what he can with the means at his disposal, but these means ought to be larger. Stockton has a name and reputation to keep up, and as it is likely to have a formidable rival in Redcar, which people tell us is one of the best-ordered meetings in the North of England, it behoves Stockton to see that its house is in order, and that it keeps pace with modern improvements and comforts.

The sport was good, but fatal. In this latter respect, however, Stockton was only true to its traditions. Some winners we heard of indeed, clever men who do not always follow favourites—people who followed 'the spots,' &c., but for backers, as a rule, 'the Mandale Bottoms' were so many pits into which they dropped their money. We believe it has been ever thus from childhood's hour, and, bleed as the heart of Mr. Craggs must every time an outsider's number is hoisted, he does not see his way to any alteration of this state of things. There certainly is something curious in the way that bad horses win at Stockton. That bottom turn, worse than 'the Grosvenor' or 'the Workhouse,' has much, we fancy, to answer for. Then the sandy soil serves dickey legs—for more than one cripple found himself in the unexpected position of a winner at this meeting—and then there is a Stockton fatality—luck—call it what you will—we verily believe—only we mention this under reserve—because our racing friends will laugh it to scorn. They don't like to hear about 'luck,' and 'fortune,' and such like terms. It is reducing the noble sport very much to the level of roulette (only that the ball always spins, which is more than can be said of the horse), and upsets the theory of 'good things.' We would not do this for the world, or help to disturb the faith that is in us, or, rather, them. We will not follow in the steps of the wretched Colenso, and be the bird that fouls its own nest, so let the good things be. All we can say is, that they did not come off at Stockton.

They did not come off in the first event of the first day (the Trial Stakes), which, according to all showing, King of Hearts ought to have won. He was beaten hollow before he reached the distance, and Syren, Jubilant, and Elf Knot fought out the issue, the first-named, scarcely backed for sixpence, winning by a head after a splendid race; so we had something for our money, and, being noble and true sportsmen, ought to have rejoiced thereat, and of course we did. The second was like unto it. *Spiegelschiff*, a filly of Lord Zetland's, had run very green at Redcar the previous week, and it was not thought possible she could beat the north-country crack K.G., as she was meeting him on 7 lbs. worse terms than she did then; but then she was all the better for her Redcar race, and, moreover, was at Stockton—that place where anything might happen—and so she challenged K.G. within the distance, and, after a splendid race, beat him by a neck. Clearly we were having a great deal for our money in the way of finishes. The Nun won

the Town Handicap, of course, but the Tradesmen's Handicap was a desperate failure, four as great commoners as ever met for that race coming to the post; and when St. Cuthbert was favourite, we need not say much about the others. Glastonbury had been spotted by all the tipsters and forestallers to such an extent that when Mr. Vyner came to back his horse he was offered such an absurd price about him that he ordered Collins, who had weighed for him, to take off his jacket, and the horse did not run. Of course there was a howl from the people who had plunged on him, but Mr. Vyner was perfectly right and justified in what he did, and we hope it may prove a lesson to the forestallers. Stamfordham, who won over this course last year, beat St. Cuthbert in a canter—a pretty exhibition—and then that bad horse Macadam was made favourite for the Harry Fowler Plate, why, except that Mr. Beaumont backed him, it would be difficult to say. Castellamare and Lille were supported, but Lord Zetland is not a heavy better, and 100 to 15 might easily have been got about the former, who won, after a good race with Omega, by a neck, Macadam finishing a length and a half behind the second. Odds were laid on Staphylus in the Zetland Biennial, but he was beaten by Glastonbury; and as three of the four runners were in the same stable, it is curious the talent could not spot the winner. Staphylus may be a good horse at home, but he ran all over the place here, and Glastonbury had no trouble in disposing of him. There was an enormous crowd on the second day—about the largest ever seen on the course—which was proportionably unpleasant in consequence. The stoppage of so many ironworks has flung numbers out of employ in this district, so they favoured us with their company on the Bottoms, a presence we could have dispensed with willingly. It was a work of difficulty crossing the course, worse than Epsom, and there was no A Division. The Stockton Bobby seemed rather to sympathise with the playful manners and customs of the inhabitants, and afforded no help to the strangers. There was some consolation in the luncheons, and Lord Zetland, Mr. James Lowther, and Mr. Cookson entertained most hospitably; and, as the heat was great, so were the calls on the many cooling drinks their coaches were stored with. There was some good racing, and the most notable event was the defeat of Blue Riband by Spiegelschiff, which unexpected issue went far to make out K.G., what the Northerners say he is, a good horse. The way Blue Riband won the Maiden Plate at Ascot showed him to be very smart, but here Spiegelschiff outstayed him, and after a splendid race, in which perhaps the mare owed a little to Snowden's wonderful riding, she beat him by a head. We believe neither Lord Zetland nor his friends fancied her chance—and, indeed, they most of them supported Mr. Vyner's colt, so it was a genuine Stockton turn up. The only wonder is we did not follow the luck in the next race, the Wynyard Handicap, and back Morocco, seeing what form 'the spots' were in; but few did this, Queensland and Macadam being the favourites. However, Snowden distinguished himself again, bringing out Morocco opposite the Stand, with one of his splendid rushes beat Omega by a neck, a similar distance to that by which Castellamare defeated him on the first day. Polly Perkins, though 'only a plater,' is a plater that keeps on winning; but it looked as if she could hardly give weight to anything at all smart, yet she did, and beat Helena, a mare that Robert Peck had brought all the way from Russley, and who, claiming all the allowances, was made favourite. She must be a bitter bad one, however—and, indeed, we cannot say much for a field (Orleans, by-the-way, was in it) that Polly Perkins gives weight to and beats. The last day was memorable for a splendid contest for the Stewards' Cup between Thorn and Madge Wildfire,



Mr. Batt's good horse giving the latter three stone, and beating her by a short head, a race worth the whole three days' sport put together. People were almost afraid to back Thorn at his weight (10 st. 7 lbs.), and as Madge Wildfire was looking uncommonly fit and well, and she had two years previously beaten Thorn over this course, it did seem asking him to do too much now. Madge was favourite, and the Malton people were very sanguine; but Johnny Osborne—who never rode a finer race in his life—squeezed the last ounce out of the handsome chesnut, and landed him by a head amidst great cheering and excitement. And so much for Saltburn-cum-Stockton. Next year may we be there again to see.

‘York, York, for my monie,  
Of all the citties that ever I see  
For merrie pastime and companie.’

Yes, most true, worthy of old, whoever you were—and right merrie have been the pastimes—and very good the company assisting thereat during the many generations of men on whom the towers of S. Peter's Minster and the walls of the city have looked down. The trick of good fellowship has not been lost in old Ebor. The wine-cup flows, the banquet is spread after true Yorkshire fashion, the hospitality that has passed into a proverb is all there,—but somehow the ‘merrie pastime’ has decayed. We felt, after two or three days within its gates, that what we went out on to Knavesmire to see was but the shadow of a former greatness, and that the platers that there ran and won were unworthy representatives of the horses of old. In plain, three poorer days racing than York August of this year we have rarely seen. Of course, our long-continued drought had something to do with bringing about this state of things, and the overdose of racing we suffer from had more. It was announced on the eve of the meeting that Lord Falmouth would have nothing running there, and that Robert Peck had not brought Forerunner, while such three year olds as Correggio, Glastonbury, Zee, Just-in-Time, &c., were among the ‘cracks.’ Was not this a falling off, my countrymen? and when, in addition, it appeared that Coltness was to be the best horse in the Great Yorkshire, and that old Lilian looked like winning the Ebor, we began to think whether we had better not go home. If it had been any other place but York, we verily believe there would have been a stampede; but we are all fond of the old city and the men, also the women, within its walls, and so we stayed. And here let us note that, amidst the decay of equine form, it was satisfactory to note there was nothing of the sort among ‘Nature's agreeable blunders.’ Most refreshing to our eyes, and to those of our æsthetic friend, were the faces and forms that—after a week spent among the homely productions, native and foreign, of Saltburn—met us in Coney Street or in front of the Minster. It was quite refreshing, and our friend, who had been far from well at Saltburn, revived considerably during his stay at York.

Titania was the best two-year-old we saw on the first day—it was the real good thing of the afternoon—and happy were the few who got on at evens. The Yorkshire Oaks was won by Zee, who has taken to run much more kindly than when she first appeared, and the Lonsdale Plate, the only good field of the afternoon, did not do anybody much good except the followers of Blanton's stable. Concha was not much fancied by the public, who went for Farnese, Mousquetaire, and Tangible, but the former got badly off; Mousquetaire, with the best of the start, failed to keep his place, and Tangible had to be content with second fiddle to Concha. Correggio and Glastonbury made a fine race of it for the North of England Biennial, and the former just



won, which does not say much for either, while that bad horse Goral beat the Fairminster filly, evidently unfit to run, in the Three Year Old Produce.

We expect something from the Great Ebor, though certainly the fields for the event that used to stir, and does still, horsey Yorkshire to the depths, have been of late years very moderate. The scratching of Hampton after he had been brought to 3 to 1 had an unpleasant savour about it; but we really believe that when his owner, or owners, wanted to back him, he or they found the market gone, and, as no man is obliged to run his horse and take the leavings of that market, the pen went through his name. Of course there was a row, and that foul charge was alleged—alleged, too, without the slightest tittle of proof—that money had been got out of the horse. It is a charge, we are sorry to say, made in the most reckless manner against the highest as well as the lowest: let a horse but be struck out, especially if he is a coming favourite, and you have the word 'robbery' in quarters which, as they to some extent lead public opinion, should be most careful of what they utter. There seems to be no belief among a certain class of would-be sportsmen in the possibility of an owner going straight. It is no matter whether the owner be a lord or a publican. We will do them the justice to say they are equally 'dead' against both. Goodness knows, some of the Turf paths are very dirty, and some of those who walk therein contribute to their foulness; but we hope and believe there are those who can touch pitch and not be defiled. This outcry and accusation against an owner who strikes his horse out of a race simply because he refuses to take the price offered, always arises from men who have backed the horse, and in their anger and disappointment immediately make the foul charge we have alluded to. In this instance, and as the result of the race showed, Hampton would, no doubt, have easily won the Great Ebor. There is not the slightest reason for believing that his party wanted to do anything but run and win with him, provided they got a fair price. When they found they could not get that price, Hampton was immediately struck out, and then, according to custom, we heard the screams and accusations of the gentlemen who had 'rushed on.'

There were a lot of 'dead,' to be sure, and there were 'scratchings' of not so prompt a character as was Hampton's. King Log and Lilian were the favourites; but the former, though Cutler rode him well enough, and had him well in command, ran a very bad horse, as in public he has always shown himself to be; and Mr. Savile's mare, with a deal the best of the weights, beat Agglethorpe—thanks to the latter running over a dog at the bend—by a neck, her backers being in a state of great uneasiness until Archer got her safely to the chair. We don't like to call such a good old slave as Lilian has been a jade, but she had evidently had enough of it at the finish, and we trust now she may enjoy a well-earned repose. Bruce beat Blue Riband, at even weights, for the Prince of Wales's Stakes; and our latest acquisition to the Turf, Sir John Lister Kaye, won his first race with Stroller in the Members' Stakes. The clever Russley stable—the great Jove, even, nods sometimes—made a dreadful mistake with Merry Thought in the Filly Sapling Stakes, and as Spiegelschiff was a trifle sore, and did not quite like the hard ground, Wood Anemone beat her in the Twenty-first Biennial, not without a fine race though; for Snowden brought Lord Zetland's filly with one of his rushes from the distance, and if Wood Anemone had not been a game one 'the spots' would have been landed. There was an unexpected display of form in the Queen's Plate for which Thunder (with 5 to 1 on him), Lily Agnes, and Charon ran,—the way in which the latter, a reputed non-stayer, stuck to the crack,

astonishing everybody. Mr. Tom Green, the owner of Charon, was congratulated, or condoled with, as the case was viewed in different lights, and of course the inevitable remark was made, 'that he might have won the 'Cesarewitch,' &c., &c. It was hoped that Thunder and Controversy's meeting in the Cup would redeem the last day from failure, but at the last moment Mr. Vyner elected not to run, and Controversy walked over. There would have been some gambling over the event if it had been a race; but we think, with all due respect to Controversy, that Thunder would have won. Madge Wildfire, after her good race with Thorn at Stockton, should have been backed for the Harewood Plate, especially with the two furlongs shorter distance; but somehow we overlook these things, and only think of them as on this occasion, when Madge left Mandarin, the favourite, standing still. The Great Yorkshire we have before alluded to. With Coltness cock of the walk, what can be said of the others? Something, though, was said about Sailor—a Fyfield horse—and it was mysteriously intimated that he was a coming outsider for the Leger. As far as outside qualifications go, we should put Sailor about top weight in the Leger handicap, but still there may be a dark one or two who would upset the good thing. Mr. Steel took 20 to 1 about Coltness for the Leger after the race; and the same gentleman is credited—we do not know if correctly—with laying 5000 to 4000 on Kisber. If that be so, why the familiar phrase of 'the race is over' may be safely used. Mr. Steel was free in his offers on the last day against anything in the race, and vainly tried to get a response from Lord Dupplin in reply to his 9000 to 2000 against Petrarch. That noble lord only shook his head, and Forerunner's friends were equally deaf to the charmer. Still somebody backs Petrarch—that generic person the public, probably—and indeed we met at Harker's the same evening a gentleman, rather far gone in whisky we must confess, who told us that he knew to a certainty Petrarch *would* win, and added some surprising information as to past running which we only regret the law of libel forbids our giving our readers. It was incoherent, but, at the same time, interesting. We did not go on to Scarborough, which place, we were credibly informed, was an unhappy mixture of Birmingham-cum-Bloomsbury-cum-Houndsditch-super-Mare, but returned to the sweet, shady side of Piccadilly, and in the bosom of 'The Badminton'—

'Know ye the club where the rattle of pole chains  
Is an emblem of deeds that are done from that yard?  
Where the lore of "the Doctor," and the love of Solera,  
Tempt us to linger but *not* to drink hard,'—

sought a well-earned repose.

A scheme—and one that has met with a good deal of influential support—is on foot to establish in Normandy an Anglo-French International Breeding Establishment, for the breeding and raising of thoroughbred stock in a climate and country and under conditions which the racing experience of the last few years has taught us must be of the greatest advantage to horses there bred. A freehold estate of 925 acres, well pastured and watered, on the high road to Rouen, and about two miles from a railway station, on the Paris and Cherbourg line, has been offered to the Association for 30,000*l.*, and those who have seen it consider it a most excellent investment. The advantages which the International Stud Company (Limited) offer, are the services of all the best sires in France, at comparatively low fees, and an interchange of blood by means of a dépôt to be established in this country at Highfield Hall, St. Alban's; secondly, that all the stock born and bred in its paddocks will

be eligible to run in all races in France; and that, thirdly, land, forage, labour, &c., is much cheaper there than in this country. The yearlings bred there will be sold, it is proposed, by Messrs. Tattersall at Sandown Park, or some other convenient place; and, looking at the success of the Cobham Stud Company, and the prices lately realised for their stock, it is not too much to expect that similar results will await the International. The Executive Council already comprise Count de Lagrange, Duc de Vicance, and General Fleury (French representatives); while Admiral Rous and Lord Fitzhardinge represent this country. The capital (120,000*l.*) is already promised in France, but it is thought well to get half in England, so as to avoid a preponderance of ratio upon the other side of the Channel. The Council give their services gratis, and no contracts or agreements whatever have been entered into.

According to custom, Horncastle Fair commenced on the second Monday in August, and during the three days that it lasted every room in the place, as well as at Woodhall Spa, was occupied by members of the horse-dealing fraternity. The stable-yards of the Bull, The Ship, The Fighting Cocks, and other hosteleries of the little town were filled with horses, which special trains of the Great Northern Railway brought there from London, Liverpool, Cheltenham, Norwich, and all parts. Time was, some forty years ago, when the tenant-farmers of Lincolnshire and Yorkshire used to bring their genuine home-bred horses to this fair, and Mr. Dyson, Mr. Elmore, and other great dealers of that day could each take away with them from fifty to sixty fine fresh horses, suitable either for carriage-work or to make hunters. But times have changed, and more than three-fourths of the horses brought this year to Horncastle were the property of dealers—horses that had been returned to them by their customers as unsound, or as not suiting, or rejected for one cause or another, and brought there to be got out of. Amongst such a lot buyers had to exercise considerable care and caution in their purchases, although eventually a good many horses, such as they were, changed hands. A few young Irish horses, bought by country dealers a month ago at Cahirmee Fair, were resold to their London and Paris brethren at a higher figure, but prices generally ruled low.

On the second day of the fair there were the usual sales by auction. The one which excited the most interest was that of the hunters and harness-horses of the late Mr. George Beaumont Child, of Wykeham Hall, a well-known judge of horseflesh. They realised fair prices, the highest, 270 guineas, being given for his eight-years-old hunter, Bull's Eye, described in the catalogue as 'very clever, up to any weight, and too much cannot be said for him.'

We have received from a cynical friend the following communication with regard to our report last month upon the prospects of horse-breeding in the Sister Isle:—

'HONEST "VAN" DRIVER,

'Your Irish Correspondent wrote to you last month that, "from what  
'" he saw of his get, Citadel is well deserving of the prizes that he gains at  
'" the horse-shows as a sire for getting horses for general purposes." Surely  
'that gentleman must have overlooked the fact that during the three seasons  
'that Citadel stood at Mallow his covering fee was five guineas. Now, if  
'your correspondent will take the trouble of looking in "The Racing  
'"Calendar," amongst the advertisements of stallions for the season 1876, he  
'will find, "At Dewhurst Stud Farm, Wadhurst, Citadel at twenty-five

' " guineas each mare ; groom's fee one guinea." Citadel may take prizes as a sire for getting horses for general purposes, but, at that price, he will not get mares to breed hunters, carriage-horses, or any description of horse except a racehorse.

' I remain ever yours,

' RABSHAKEH.'

We have received from a correspondent the following account of the Manchester Foxhound and Harrier Show, which was held on the racecourse in conjunction with the Horse Show, August 4th, and following days. The show of foxhounds was extremely small. The first prize for a couple of dog-hounds was taken by the North Herefordshire Gameboy, by Mr. Garth's Conqueror out of West Kent Gay Lass, and Forrester, by Hon. Mark Rolle's Factor out of his Rachel, both good hounds that would have held their own in a large class. Forrester is a fine lengthy, powerful hound, in colour a Beaufort blue tan. Two belonging to Mr. Statter, but in what pack hunted or whether hunted at all, as there was no competition, received the second prize. The first prize for bitches was taken by the North Herefordshire Glory by Mr. Meynell Ingram's Chorister out of Remnant and Gadabout by Lord Portsmouth's Gainer out of Grove Rachel ; second prize also going to the North Herefordshire with Bondmaid and Gadfly. There was no competition in this class—two undescribable animals, between a pointer and greyhound, were shown from Kendal, but at once ordered out of the ring by the judges ; but we suppose that they fulfilled their mission, as they won a trail hunt. The judges of foxhounds were Major Browne of Lichfield and John Morgan, huntsman to the Grove. Four packs of harriers were shown, the prize being for six couples of harriers of any sex. The first prize was won by the Ashton harriers, who showed six couple of real southern hounds even in size, and with legs, feet and power that would not disgrace a crack foxhound kennel ; the second prize went to the Todmorden and third to the Holcombe ; these two packs had some nice hounds, but some that were faulty. The Oldham were a lot that seemed to have every sort in their kennel, and we should think to their master all is fish that comes to the net. The judges of harriers were Mr. Speight, Master of the Stannington Harriers, and Major Starkie, Master of the Pendle Forest Harriers. The arrangements for the foxhounds were disgraceful ; the unfortunate hounds were chained up in a small and hot saddle-room all the time the show lasted ; the harriers were placed in good loose boxes. During the show drag hunts were run by any mongrel curs that were entered. We witnessed one amusing scene. A secretary with entry paper in hand, and face full of importance, went to the master of the Ashton Harriers to ask him to enter a hound in a drag. What the answer was I did not hear, but the secretary returned with a rueful face, and said the answer was No, but put in language that expressed the gentleman's disgust and astonishment, that such a question was ever asked. With the exception of the non-prize winners, neither foxhounds nor harriers were entered in the drag. The drag hunts were a perfect farce, and we should think will never again be attempted. If this show is to be a successful one of foxhounds and harriers, the time of exhibition in these classes should not exceed one day, and all such circus work as drags should be done away with.

We have to lament the loss of Lord Lonsdale, a kindly hearted though somewhat reserved man, a good landlord and a good sportsman, who has gone before his time. He died somewhat suddenly about the middle of last month, having enjoyed his honours and wealth but for four short years. Best known

on the Turf as Colonel Lowther, his good time there came curiously enough with his other good things, and he was fortunate enough to win the Cesarewitch with King Lud the year after his accession to the earldom. His stud was a small one, and he was not a heavy better; but such as he are of the class we can least best spare.

One of the oldest patrons of Irish racing, Mr. Michael Dunne, has died at a good old age. A member for thirteen years of his native county, the Queen's, a sportsman from his birth, and popular with all classes, Mr. Dunne's death—though ill health and advancing years, had prevented him lately from actively participating in those sporting pursuits he loved so well—makes a void among the Irish gentlemen and sportsmen of the old school. He was not a very successful man on the Turf, though he had one treasure in Queen Bee; but he raced and bred for racing's sake, and a victory to him brought its own reward. The success in this country of Queen of the Bees, a mare that, with his other stock, he made over some time since to his son and heir, Mr. William Dunne, was a great pleasure to the old sportsman, and we can only wish the present possessor of Ballymanus as happy and as honourable a career as that of his father.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement in this month's 'Baily' of the sale of Mr. Crowther Harrison's yearlings at Doncaster on the Thursday in the Leger week. Mr. Harrison thinks his little lot of four, which comprises two colts and two fillies, to be the best he has ever sent up for sale. He describes the colt by Rosicrucian out of Bathilde (the dam of Tomahawk, &c.) as being of great size and substance, and as being likely to develop into a first-class racehorse. The colt by Knight of the Garter out of Flying Childers dam is very handsome and a fine mover, and likely to emulate in speed his half-brother, who won more than twenty races during his career on the Turf. The Rosicrucian filly out of Dark Blue by Oxford has every recommendation which good looks and ancestral prestige can give her, and the Favonius filly out of the dam of Cigarette (a winner this season) is smart and racing-like. We hear also capital accounts of Mr. Cookson's lot, also of Lord Bateman's, the latter having a filly by Pretender out of Blenheim's dam, that he thinks about the handsomest he has yet bred. Altogether the sale paddocks promise more than usual attraction this year.

Who would not like a run up or down the river in a steam yacht on which there is neither heat, nor oil, nor smoke, nor noise? Very pleasant, but not to be done, perhaps our readers will say. But we beg leave to say we have done it on board the Emily (belonging to Mr. Perkins), and fitted with Perkins's engine and boiler, a craft well-known above and below bridge, and the system on which she is worked brings out the happy results we have above mentioned. Extremely small consumption of fuel, almost absolute safety of boiler from explosion, disuse of all oil and grease, suppression of the exhaust and consequent noiselessness—these are the conditions on which the Emily is worked. The comfort of it can only be appreciated by those who have endured the discomforts of the ordinary steam launch; and Mr. Perkins's system has been so highly thought of by the Admiralty that one of our large ships at present building is to be fitted with his engines. The invention is almost a revolution, for the inventor claims greater economy and perfect freedom from danger if his engines are used. We can only speak in the highest terms of the pleasure our trip on board the Emily gave us.

During the time a certain inquest (to which we need not more particularly allude) was being held, a certain well-known West-End wine merchant, a

great friend of one of the parties implicated in the 'mystery,' accompanied, one afternoon, Dr. —, as he was leaving the hotel where the proceedings were held. Both gentlemen were recognised by the awaiting crowd, and a voice exclaimed, 'Yah! there goes wine and water.'

A certain nobleman recently departed this life, and who, even in his younger days, was possessed of no small amount of rotundity of figure, was once at a bazaar, where, being much importuned to purchase by some fair stallholder, he said, rather tartly, 'Do you take me for the prodigal son?' 'No!' was her prompt reply, 'I take you for the fatted calf!'

A reverend friend of ours, the other day, congratulating his churchwarden on a narrow escape from a smash on wheels, said, 'I knew, when I heard of 'it, that you would put your trust in Providence.' 'So I did, parson,' was the reply, 'until the breeching broke.'

We have never been very great admirers of the tricks and the manners of the sporting fraternity who dwell on the banks of the Tyne, more especially the aquatic portion of them. An Englishman's love of fair play is a phrase that does not, we fear, pass current in that locality, at least on the river. In lieu of it, their article of faith is their man to win; if he cannot, then any advantage may be taken. Such a thing as real sportsmanlike feeling, consideration for the stranger who has come from the other side of the world to enter into friendly rivalry with them, does not dwell in their minds. They want to win; if they can't do that, they will wrangle. The late 'fiasco,' as it has been termed, in the race for the rowing championship—we should have been inclined to find a stronger term for it—is an example of what we mean. Finding that Lumsden had no chance of beating Trickett, the managers of the affair declared forfeit, and have refused to post the remainder of the deposit both for stake and bet, giving at the same time legal notice to the stakeholder that he is not to part with the money already deposited. We are happy to say that there is but one unanimous feeling of indignation throughout the country at this action of the Newcastle 'sportsmen,' and the manner in which Trickett has been treated by them will lead, we trust, to his receiving substantial recompense from the sporting community at large. What will they say or think in Australia of such mean and disgraceful conduct? We can only assure our cousins in the other hemisphere that Newcastle, God be thanked! is not England, and that we, as Englishmen, have no part or parcel with those who so drag sport through the dirt, and appear to have no thought or feeling but one—and that, money.

# BAILY'S

## Monthly Magazine of Sports and Pastimes.

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OCTOBER, 1876.

VOL. XXIX.

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EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF LIEUT.-COLONEL S. J. L. NICOLL.

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1876.

# DIARY FOR OCTOBER, 1876.

M. D.	W. D.	OCCURRENCES.
1	S	SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. Paris Races.
2	M	Pheasant Shooting begins. Market Rasen Races.
3	TU	Kelso, Nottingham, and Gloucester Races. Ashdown Coursing
4	W	Kelso, Nottingham, and Gloucester Races. [Meeting.
5	TH	Leicester, Streatham, Hampton, and Baden Baden Races.
6	F	Leicester and Streatham Races.
7	S	Baden Baden Races. Unreserved Sale of Hunters at Belhus.
8	S	SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. Chantilly Races.
9	M	Newmarket and Kilkenny Races. [hampton Coursing Meeting.
10	TU	Newmarket (The Cesarewitch) and Kilkenny Races. Beck-
11	W	Newmarket Races. Ridgway Club Coursing Meeting.
12	TH	Newmarket (Middle Park Plate). Worcester Coursing Meeting.
13	F	Newmarket Races.
14	S	
15	S	EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. Chantilly Races.
16	M	
17	TU	Croydon, Coventry, Newcastle, and Curragh Races.
18	W	Croydon, Coventry, and Newcastle Races.
19	TH	Bromley Races.
20	F	Bromley and Northallerton Races.
21	S	Northallerton Races.
22	S	NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. Chantilly Races.
23	M	Newmarket Houghton Meeting.
24	TU	Newmarket Races (The Cambridgeshire).
25	W	Newmarket Races and Old Rock Races.
26	TH	Newmarket Races.
27	F	Newmarket Races.
28	S	
29	S	TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. Marseilles Races.
30	M	
31	TU	Worcester and Brighton Races.







*J. A. H. H. H. H.*

# BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

LIEUT.-COLONEL S. J. L. NICOLL.

THE subject of our present sketch was born at Lyndhurst in 1814, during the time his father had the New Forest hounds. He entered early into the noble sport of foxhunting, as can be seen by reference to Nimrod's tour in the New Forest in the 'Sporting Magazine' of 1823; entered the 60th Royal Rifles in 1832; exchanged into the 30th in 1834, and succeeded at a very early age to the command of the regiment; and, on the death of his father in 1850, he retired, taking up his residence at Winchester as a convenient centre for both hunting and yachting, of which latter he was very fond, being a member of the R.Y.S. and owner of the schooner *Zouave*, a winner of many prizes in her day. In the year 1869, when Mr. Standish resigned the Hursley hounds, Colonel Nicoll came forward and saved the country from a sudden collapse, as in the month of June it was left without horses, hounds, kennels, or indeed anything appertaining to a hunting establishment. But fortune favoured him at this particular moment, as Captain Morant resigned the New Forest country, and was in treaty for the North Staffordshire; but not being able to find a house to live in relinquished it, and Colonel Nicoll had the good fortune to purchase of him his famous pack of bitches, and from that time to this, although never aspiring to be an M. F. H., has carried on the management of the hunt to the entire satisfaction of the country, and never has better sport been shown with the Hursley than during his reign. He commenced with old Richard Morris as huntsman, who remained one season, since which Alfred Summers has carried the horn, to the satisfaction of the gentlemen of the hunt.

## LINES

*For inscription on the stone intended to mark the spot where the two Gentlemen, whose boat was upset on Lochquoich, were fortunately landed.*

MALT and Hops while here afloat  
 Together in a fishing-boat,  
 On which of them to lay the fault  
 We know not, whether Hops or Malt,  
 But though opposed to heavy wet,  
 Between them they the boat upset ;  
 Hops and Malt it little suited  
 To be to such extent diluted ;  
 For who would of the brew partake  
 When moistened by a whole Scotch lake !  
 Scarce left was any spirit more  
 In either, when they reached the shore,  
 Most thankful that they both had not  
 By this disaster gone to pot ;  
 The strength which bitter ale supplied  
 The bitterness of death defied,  
 Or they, by water carried here,  
 Had hence been carried on their *bier*.

Beyond the Tweed on fishing bent,  
 Or brewing on the banks of Trent,  
 We trust their boat may like their ale  
 Henceforth maintain a steady *sail*.

## THE LATE MR. FELIX.

‘ALAS, POOR YORICK ! I KNEW HIM WELL, HORATIO,’ though much hackneyed and quoted, are words which leave a kind of pleasing melancholy on the minds of those, who, like Hamlet, are calling back happy memories of things which can never come again, although we don’t care two pins for Hamlet, Horatio, Yorick, or the Gravediggers, all put together. They are worth quoting once more for the sake of the words which follow :

‘ A fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy . . . . Where be your gibes now ? your gambols ? your songs ? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar ?’

If Shakspeare had lived in the year 1900, and had put these words into the mouth of some old Kentish yeoman who had tumbled over the grave of Mr. Felix in some country churchyard twenty-three years after his death, as Hamlet did with Yorick, he could not have paid a better tribute to his memory.

To give a *précis*, even, of his performances would require a volume. To try, even, to do him justice in an article would be an impossibility. Speaking of him as a man in social life, he may easily be summed up. It may truly be said of him that, the promotion of the happiness of his fellow-creatures was the greatest happiness he knew; and it is not too much to say that, probably, no one ever heard him say an unkind thing, or, stranger still, never heard any unkind thing said of him. As a scholar, a musician, an artist, he was welcome in all society from the highest to the lowest; and he was equally at home whether he was explaining a cricket point to a Duke in the Pavilion at Lords, or talking to a chimney-sweep who made an intelligent remark about the game on a village green: and he was fortunate enough to be so vastly superior to most of those about him, and so modest withal, that he was above envy. Wherever Mr. Felix was there was merriment. Without vulgar familiarity, or courting adulation from those beneath him, he put all the players who were with him quite at their ease, and was the life and soul of the party without being a buffoon: and so it was in the cricket-field. He was the hardest worker, and lightest-hearted man, there. Seldom if ever bowling, his place was generally point, and there was not a danger to which a batsman was liable for which he was not on the look out; and if he had never gone in at all his wonderful influence over his brother fieldsmen, and his own excellence, would have made him worth having in the eleven. Should the batsmen make a muddle of a run, and get together at the wicket-keeper's end 'all in a lump like a bundle of eels' (as old Fuller Pilch used to say), he would foresee the scrape, and be down some yards behind the bowler's wicket and call on the rest of the field to back up, and shout out 'Throw at the bowler's wicket,' and he would take care there was no overthrow. But, oh! the joy if the wicket was thrown down, as it was not unfrequently done by some of the old Kent eleven; or should a bail fall off in a hurried run, he was the man to cry out 'Wenman, pull a stump out! the bails are off.'

As to his batting, it is enough to know that he played in Gentlemen *v.* Players from 1831 till 1852, and was one of the backbone men of the old Kent Eleven during their brilliant career when they used to beat All England, and draw as large a ring at Lord's as now assembles for Gentlemen *v.* Players or North *v.* South. Added to this he wrote the only really good practical treatise on cricket by which a man can learn the practice as well as the theory, 'Felix on the Bat,' which contains a thorough development of the science in all its bearings, in a very few pages with beautiful illustrations.

In a letter now before me, which I received from him a few years since, he says: 'When I published my little book of "Felix on the Bat,"\* I was determined to use every means in my power to make it palatable to cricketers by reducing the glorious game to a system

\* 'Felix on the Bat.' Demy 4to, cloth, gilt edges, 7 plates coloured and 28 woodcuts, price 9s. London: A. H. Baily, Cornhill.

‘ of attack and defence ; and, having received the approving opinion  
 ‘ of so great a cricketer as W. Ward, Esq., I felt I had nothing to  
 ‘ do but to secure artists of well-known reputation. Accordingly, I  
 ‘ secured the services of Mr. G. F. Watts and John Gilbert, then  
 ‘ in their youth, but now occupying the highest seats in the Temple  
 ‘ of Fame.’

In the same letter he says : ‘ The last *valé* reminds me of the  
 ‘ glorious days of the old Kent Eleven. Many and many a match  
 ‘ have we played *sub silentio* whilst we were under the superior  
 ‘ generalship of Wenman. He had only to look, and we moved  
 ‘ like the stars obeying the dictates of a great centre.’

‘ Felix’s cut’ disappeared with him when he left the cricket-field,  
 and no one has ever come near it yet. The moment he knew the  
 ball was wide of the off-stump his bat was over his shoulder, and  
 just before the ball passed the wicket he would catch it full with the  
 whole force of the wrist and shoulders in the hit—and mind you off  
 Redgate’s and Mr. Hervey Fellowes’ bowling—and he was a rare  
 good field who could stop it.

His greatest performance, probably, was when he played his old  
 friend and bosom companion Alfred Mynn a single-wicket match at  
 Lord’s for the Championship of England, on Waterloo day, 1846.  
 Mr. Felix was no bowler, and fears were entertained that Mynn  
 would not be got out.

Mr. Felix went in first and received 15 balls for 11 hits, bowled  
 without a run ; Mynn followed, 16 balls, 16 hits, 5 runs, caught Felix,  
 Mynn’s bat breaking in the act of hitting. Mr. Felix then went in  
 and received 247 balls, 175 hits, 70 no hits, 1 wide ; 3 runs. Con-  
 sequently Mr. Felix had to play 245 balls out of 247 ; and, con-  
 sidering that Alfred Mynn’s height was nearly 6 feet 2 inches, and  
 his *trained* weight was 17 stone, and that his right arm was as big  
 as many a man’s leg, and that he bowled with his arm as straight  
 out as a pump-handle, well level with the shoulder, and that he  
 dropped his ball a foot shorter than most bowlers, and that the ball  
 cut right across the wicket at a pace which made it hum like a  
 top, and also that Mr. Felix was left-handed, and stood only 5 feet  
 6½ inches, and could not play with bat and pad too, as *too many* now  
 do—it was a wonderful performance. It is no good comparing past  
 men with present, but it may be remarked that 100 runs on the Oval  
 are about equal to 50 on most ordinary grounds thirty years ago,  
 and it is fair to speculate on the possibility of Mr. Felix being *nulli*  
*secundus* in 1876,—say, once out of three times—could he have  
 been alive in his prime and have played against the same bowlers nine  
 days running twice in one season on the Oval, Lord’s, and Prince’s,  
 as the stars of the present day did this last season in the three  
 matches of Gentlemen *v.* Players and North *v.* South.

Reverting to Mr. Felix’s personal history. His name was Nicholas  
 Wanostrocht, and he was a son of Dr. Wanostrocht, a schoolmaster at  
 Peckham, whose school he afterwards kept, but, unfortunately, ulti-  
 mately the school did not keep him. It was recorded of him that when

a friend said, 'Is it true, Felix, that your school is reduced to eleven boys?' he replied, 'Yes, it is true; but they shall play any other eleven boys in England.' He was born at Camberwell; but, Blackheath being his favourite cricket-ground, where he taught the schoolboys cricket, he adopted Kent as his cricketing county. The green sward and the tented field suited him better than the school-room; and had he been a soldier instead of a schoolmaster, no doubt he would have been a very distinguished officer. During many years' illness he resided mostly at Brighton, where he followed the profession of an artist, as well as his health would allow, and subsequently removed to Wimbourne, in Dorsetshire, where he died early in last month, in the seventy-second year of his age.

'Now get you to my lady's chamber and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come.'

It is a dangerous thing to say much in anyone's praise (or, as Sir Peter Teazle says, 'This is a d—d wicked world, and the fewer people we praise the better') in these days, when posthumous memoirs—particularly those of a very evangelical tendency—run a neck-and-neck race in lying, with tombstone epitaphs—though the lies on the latter are more concise, being expensive, costing so much a-letter to cut; and I dare say that many ill-natured people may say that this humble and inefficient sketch of Mr. Felix is not true. I will venture to say, however, that everyone who knew him, from the highest to the lowest, will agree that a great deal more might be said in his favour, and said in honest truth. I have not seen Mr. Felix for very many years; but he kindly wrote me many letters about cricket within the last few years, the cricketing advice in which was worth its weight in gold; and I shall never forget, when I was a young man of two-and-twenty, and played in two or three big Kent matches with him, that he was as kind to me as if I had been his own son, because I was a novice, and he knew the value of a little encouragement and a few kind words.

FREDK. GALE.

*Mitcham, Oct. 1876.*

## AN EARLY ASHDOWN MEETING.

ANY one who had been on the heights of Ashdown, one bright October morning, more than a hundred years ago, would have seen a huge coach, drawn by six long-tailed black horses, toiling towards the crown of the hill. It was one of those clear crisp autumn mornings which are worth many weeks of existence in summer's sultry season, such a morning as sets every pulse beating to double-quick time, and seems to brace the frame and stir the spirit to all kinds of exertion, when the breeze which woos the cheek challenges

you to walk, ride, shoot, or swim—in fact, do anything and everything calculated to give vent to the superfluous spirits which its influence engenders. For the air was keen, and in the copse which laid so snugly in the hollow of the hill, which the great red dog-fox had entered not an hour before with a rabbit in his mouth, the leaves came rattling down red and sere, to tell of a sharp frost during the small hours; and round the corner, where the sun had not yet gained, you could ‘foot’ him, and note the impression of his long elastic pad in the white rime where he had taken his spring to top the boundary fence. On bent and heather-bloom the dewdrops hung in mantles of brilliants, and the ash showed up its golden hue through the dark-green foliage, while far away down in the luxuriant valley by the rich deep meadows the stately elm put on her beauteous autumn tints, and the hawthorn, which stood out like a sentinel on the wide downs, looked all afire as the sun lighted up its wealth of berries.

Perhaps the occupant of the lumbering coach did not care to note the beauties all around as the mist cleared off gradually from hill and hollow, and showed the broad green valley known as the Vale of White Horse. She—for it was a lady—was of a practical turn of mind, and, moreover, intent on other thoughts just then; and yet the beauty of the scene insensibly entered her soul, and made her look, perhaps, more wistfully than she would have done at other times for the arrival of her companion in the day’s sport at the gaunt, old gnarled and twisted thorn which was the morning’s trysting place. She was a fair girl—perhaps we should say woman—with clear blue eye and frank, open brow, over which the golden hair clustered in thick curls. Tall of stature was she and shapely of limb, so that those who looked on her were fain to think of the Amazons of old, and all her neighbours knew and said that the clear eye, the bloom on the cheek, the voluptuousness of contour and easy grace of motion, had not been gained by idleness and dissipation in town or watering-place, to which so many high-born dames and damsels gave themselves up, but were the result of strong and healthful exercise on the steep hill-side. Her age might have been five-and-twenty, and her dress was such as denoted she studied comfort more than fashion, and could scarcely have been more fitted for hard work had she descended in a direct line from Anne of Geierstein, and inherited the climbing instincts of the family. Stout were the boots she wore, and stout the hunting-pole which she carried; stout also were the short skirts which displayed the arched instep and well-turned ankle, without which the free-and-easy gait that can cover miles without feeling fatigue is never found.

We have said she looked wistfully across the hills from the old thorn tree, at which the coach was stopped; but all that met her gaze was a man leading three brace of greyhounds along a shepherd’s path, who quickened his pace on seeing the coach pull up and the lady alight.

‘We must be early, Daniels,’ said she, as he arrived, at the same



time consulting a watch about as large as an ordinary warming-pan ;  
' my good neighbour Bennett is not wont to be late when a new  
' dog is to be tried. We allowed some time for climbing the hill,  
' and the blacks have done their work this morning quicker than I  
' expected. It's barely seven o'clock. What is that I see away to  
' the left ?'

' Oh, marm ! that's only old Hart, the Earl's trainer, giving the  
' Bay Malton colt a gallop ; I saw him as I came along this morning,  
' and he told me he was going from the Shepherd's Bush to the old  
' Rubbing House at the top of the hill, for he has to run the Beacon  
' at Newmarket next week against Sir Jennison Shafto's horse by  
' Regulus, and this is his last gallop.'

Scarcely had he spoken when the bay came sweeping past them, with the long, easy stride that showed he was going just within himself, raking with his head, and cracking his nostrils, as much as to say, ' though I have come three miles I can mend the pace and  
' go on for three more if you ask me.' Old Daniels, shading his eyes with his hand, looked after the honest Berkshire crack, with an interest which said that very probably he would carry a guinea or so of his money in the journey over the Beacon ; but the lady merely cast a passing glance, and then turned her eyes again to the rough track which led from the Ridgeway down to ' the Blowing Stone.' Not long had she waited, when over the steep boundaries of the old Roman camp came a bustard, with out-stretched neck and flapping wings, and a greyhound sapling in full pursuit, his leading strap bounding and flying round him, making it clear that he had got loose from the hands of his attendant, and was bent on doing a bit of coursing on his own account ; vainly, however, for the bustard, being pressed more than he thought well, stretched his wings on the edge of the high green mound and went away in a laboured flight, which his pursuer, having followed a hundred yards or so, found that, slow as it appeared, proved it was no use to match feet against feathers, and having stopped, sat on his haunches with lolling tongue, and looked foolish, after the manner of his race.

Daniels, who was cunning in the ways of all dogs, led his charges towards the stranger, and while they were exchanging the usual civilities, adroitly placed his foot on the leash that was trailing after him, and thus captured the runaway, while at the same instant a young man came into view on the line of the dog, his horse in a white lather, with shaking tail and heaving flank, betraying that he had been pressed at speed against the steep hill-side.

' I am in luck, Mistress Richards, to find you and old Daniels here  
' to catch the runaway ; truly he has given me a rare gallop, and had  
' you not been somewhat early, it might have fared ill with Farmer  
' Turner's ewes, whose bells I can hear beneath the next brow, for  
' Rattler is a sad rascal when he gets loose, and by no means to be  
' trusted. He flew so savagely at old Snowball that my boy stupidly  
' let him go, when, catching sight of a bustard, he immediately gave  
' chase.'

‘How fortunate we were here! but what a ride you must have had; poor Dapple looks completely beaten,’ replied the lady, as her colour came and went, taking the velvety muzzle of the beautiful grey caressingly between her hands, and then drawing forth an apple for the horse to munch, which must have been brought for the especial purpose.

‘Dapple and I can stand a sharper gallop than that, and quickly recover, especially with such a goal in view,’ replied the rider, a handsome young fellow of about twenty. ‘I have brought the best dog on Langton Wold for you to see to-day; we will run the Hollow Coombe hare, which they say is a witch, and if he can turn her I hope you will accept him.’

A deeper blue came into the eyes of Mistress Richards, and a deeper colour on her cheeks, as she took the young man’s hand, and said, ‘How kind of you always to think of me so; but if you have a dog that can turn her, I must not deprive you of him, and the season only just begun. That would be cruel, indeed.’

‘Let us try him first, and if he is worth your acceptance, I know you won’t refuse me such a trifling favour as that,’ said the lad. ‘Dapple has recovered his wind, and we had better move on. If you will walk away to yonder brake of gorse, where they say this hare always disappears, you will see all the course. I will ride down by the deserted cottage and start her (she is sure to be near the old place) with the fawn dog and Snowball, unless you prefer to run one of yours.’

‘No! Daniels says mine are short of work at present, and, between you and me, the old man would, I believe, refuse point blank to put one of his into slips to course that hare. He has never been right in his mind concerning her since Bluebell broke her leg, and Branksome died on the hill-side from running her single handed last March. ‘Is this your fawn? What a fine dog! do tell me his name.’

‘They called him the Wizard, in Yorkshire, and I hope he will undeceive Daniels as to the witchlike nature of this hare. Now, boy, put them in the slips, give your other dog to Daniels, and come with me,’ saying which young Bennett rode away down a long stretch of soft velvety turf to a slight indentation to be seen in the Downs two or three miles away, which was known as Hollow Coombe. The place had been partially cultivated once, but was now a mass of weeds and thistles, clinging round an old garden hedge, in which stood a roofless ruined cottage and three stunted fir trees.

Mistress Richards and Daniels, her factotum and henchman, walked in the direction of the well-known patch of gorse, just before reaching which it was averred the Hollow Coombe hare had always vanished.

‘I don’t like this job, and no good’ll come of it,’ said Daniels, addressing his mistress with the freedom of an old and favoured domestic who had known her from a child.

‘You will think differently when you see the Hollow Coombe hare at Mr. Bennett’s saddle flap, Daniels,’ replied his lady; but the old man shook his head and muttered something between his teeth.

At length they reached an elevation from which they commanded the whole sweep of turf up which the course must be run, and across which so many dogs of fame had succumbed, some not even escaping with their life, and with the circuitous route they took to avoid the hollows had not long to wait ere the quick eye of Mistress Richards told her that, far away below them the desperate race for life had begun. It was too far to distinguish hare and dogs, but the figures of a horse and his rider could be seen coming at speed for the well-known gorse. True to her instincts the good Down hare waited not to be found, but sped away with six score yards of start. ‘Slip, slip,’ cried Bennett, as she made up the steep ascent from her favourite seat, and he saw both dogs well sighted; the next instant they were straining neck and neck in her wake.

Straight as an arrow to the mark she went, every yard of ground being in her favour as it was on the ascent, but not an inch could she gain on the good game dogs in her rear. For the first half mile they ran even as leaders in a team, then inch by inch the fawn drew forward, and old Snowball, the pride of the Berkshire Downs, found himself outpaced. But if he was outpaced so was the hare, and the stride which had swept so often across Langton Wold, was taking the Wizard once more to victory; yard by yard he gained on his hare, and running true as steel and straight as a line, wrenched her once or twice, but could never bring her fairly round. Fate, however, was on his side, for a slight dip of a few hundred yards had to be crossed, and as they reached its edge his dash for blood was like a flash of lightning, she could not hold her pace on the descent, round she must come or die. The Wizard lost scarcely a yard, so well did he serve himself on the turn, but ere he could make another effort she was in the very jaws of Snowball, who, outpaced as he was, could do rare work now the Yorkshire dog had brought his hare back to him. Then at it they went ding-dong, first fawn then white, until three or four sharp turns had completely taken the steel out of their hare. A cannon on the opposite side of the hollow which rolled them both over gave her another chance, and she made the most of it, gaining a score or more yards, but the Wizard came like fate on her track, and with a grand rush threw her high in the air ere she had run to within half a mile of the wonted shelter. When she touched ground she was dead and stiff. Bennett came up leading his bonny grey, who was once more blown to a standstill, but as he was about to lift the hare, the fawn dog with a growl seized her, and trotted off, while his master had enough to do to attend to poor Snowball, who could scarcely stand. Neither would the fawn come back or relinquish his burthen until he laid it at Mistress Richards’ feet. Strange as it may seem, there was no more coursing that day, but as Daniels was sent forward with the dogs to the old thorn tree, either the

merits of the fawn, or some far more important matter was earnestly discussed—so earnestly indeed that an immoderate time was taken in getting to the lumbering old coach, and when it was reached the fawn dog was transferred to Daniels' care, not so much to his satisfaction as it would have been supposed such a valuable addition to the kennel would naturally have been. In fact, before he was half a mile on his road home, he contrived very adroitly to let the dog go, and had the satisfaction of seeing him quickly rejoin his kennel companions on a distant hill. 'Joy go with ye,' said he, 'for you 'are either the Devil or one of his imps.'

In the meantime heavy storm-clouds had been gathering unnoticed away in the west, the wind blew with a hollow moaning sound, and Bennett was urgent in getting the lady into her carriage and on her homeward journey as soon as possible, lest the tempest should overtake her. His care was exercised none too soon, for ere her home was reached a heavy storm of hail, rain, thunder, and wind swept over the district with a fury that had not been known for years—the lightning being of the most forked and vivid description.

Great was Mistress Richards' annoyance to find when it was over and Daniels returned, that he had lost her new dog, and no sooner was the sky clear than he was started on horseback to recover him and see if his late master had reached the shelter of the Blowing Stone Inn ere the storm came on.

He was back in an hour or two, and his first words to his mistress were: 'I knew no good could come of catching the Hollow Coombe hare. A man and a grey horse were found dead, struck 'by lightning, half way between the camp and the Blowing Stone, 'and that man was George Bennett.'

Mistress Richards dropped as if shot at the words, and for three months she was delirious, but a year or two's travel in the East recovered her, and she came back once more to her old pursuits, her only pleasure being to walk the wild hills where she had seen the last of one she had loved from his boyhood. Many sought her hand in marriage, for she was still beautiful; perhaps more beautiful than ever, as her features lost the look of robust health which had marked her period of youth, and softened and refined under the influence of a wound which knew no healing. More than that she was rich; but all sought her hand in vain—the Earl who owned the Bay Malton colt, and had won a little fortune with him ere he changed the turf for the more slippery career of a courtier, amongst them. When in the fall and decay of life her only pleasure was, as in its prime, hunting-staff in hand, to walk the Downs and watch her favourites at their work, plainly clad, strongly shod, and unattended; from October to March she walked on, day by day and week by week, ever loving, when the mist and fog rolled up, to take her way to the Hollow Coombe or the weather-beaten thorn, and never while she lived was wanting a descendant of the Wizard to trot by her side, or spring from slips at her bidding. Where she went they went—

her joy, her love, her all ; and younger generations wondered at the strange old lady who, casting aside the habits and pursuits of her sex, seemed to live for sport and her dogs alone ; but they knew not the sad story of that October morning and the Early Ashdown Meeting.

N.

## FRANK RALEIGH OF WATERCOMBE.

### CHAPTER XXIX.

It was not until the last grand day of Commemoration—that day on which a brilliant assemblage of beautiful women and distinguished men were gathered together in the Sheldonian Theatre, the latter, amid a thunder of applause or a hurricane of hisses, to be honoured by the degree of D.C.L., and the former to veil their blushes under the shower of pithy and appropriate compliments poured down upon them from the undergraduates' gallery—that Frank received an order from the Horseguards, commanding him to join the — Regiment of Light Dragoons without unnecessary delay ; and, by the same post, a letter from his father bidding him, before he quitted the University, to forward a complete schedule of his debts forthwith to him. The Squire moreover, after commenting severely on his son's extravagance, and the precipitation with which he had rushed into an engagement alike distasteful to Lady Susan and himself, positively refused to give his consent to the marriage until Frank had gone through a three years' campaign with his regiment, then on service at the Cape of Good Hope.

Accordingly, the early portion of the brief period allowed him for getting his kit in order, previous to embarkation, was spent happily enough among his Welsh kinsfolk, the Herberts of Penhafod, whither he repaired to fulfil an engagement made for him by his father ; for there he had the luck to see, for the first time, some capital fowmart-hunting, an old-fashioned sport and a most exciting one, still followed in Cumberland, but now almost unknown even in the Principality of Wales ; but, of it more anon. The last fortnight, however, was passed at home—if, indeed, riding like a wild man to and fro over the moor between Watercombe and Heathercot, devoting the remainder of the day exclusively to Mary Cornish, and returning only at night to the paternal roof, could be so designated ; a course of proceeding fatally calculated to chill the fervid affection ever felt for him by his father, and to widen the breach already existing between them.

'No, never more ; never do I wish to see another Commemoration !' said Mary, who, mounted on Taffy, was, as usual, accompanying Frank part way over the moor on his return to Watercombe ; 'the recollection of those two or three last days will haunt me to the grave. I shudder when I think of them !'

‘Then, you’re a foolish little puss,’ replied Frank, in a coaxing tone, ‘to imagine for one moment that the attention I paid Miss Blanche Lethbury meant anything more than mere courtesy to that lady. No, Mary; I should despise myself if I were so fickle; my affection for you, I repeat solemnly, is unchanged and unchangeable.’

‘Thank Heaven!’ said the girl fervently, as if her happiness on earth depended alone on that affection, and she had narrowly escaped the shipwreck of hope dearer to her than life itself; and while she bemoaned the cruel fate that was about to separate them for so long a time, it was an unspeakable comfort to know that Frank’s visit to Leicestershire would thereby be necessarily postponed to at least an equally distant period.

Nor were the fears she entertained of her rival by any means groundless. With her womanly instinct, rendered a hundred times more sensitive by the tender passion that now for the first time swayed every thought of her soul, it became painfully evident to her that Frank’s eye, if not his heart, was dangerously attracted by the beauty and fascinations of Blanche Lethbury: she saw, too, or fancied she saw, that a kind of family conspiracy had been hatched among the Lethburys to catch him under any circumstances, although his engagement to herself had been made known to them by Mrs. Cornish on the first occasion of their meeting. Nor, unsuspecting and guileless as her own nature was, did she fail to observe the countless stratagems by which, in the form of sigh, look, and every movement of her exquisite figure, the practised coquette did her utmost to entangle Frank in the meshes she was so busily weaving around him; and when, still further ‘forecasting the form of care,’ she anticipated the too probable result of his visit to Leicestershire, her heart fairly sank to the lowest depths of despair.

So, having once shaken the faith of this true-hearted girl, Frank very soon discovered he had an up-hill and difficult game to play ere he could reassure and convince her of his unchanged loyalty: indeed, so effectually had the demon of jealousy succeeded in sowing the seed of doubt in her heart, that only by earnest and assiduous efforts on her lover’s part was he able at length to regain the old ground of confidence he had occupied with such perfect happiness heretofore. He did so, however, before the final parting took place; and, although it could not be forgotten, that untoward episode of the Commemoration Week was never again referred to by Mary Cornish.

‘How on earth you managed to miss that fish, Blanche, I cannot understand,’ said Gore Leveson, as on riding to covert alongside her he amused himself by bantering his fair cousin on the unsuccessful result of her Oxford campaign; ‘you certainly had him on your hook at one time, and yet, with all your skill, you failed to land him.’

‘You’re wrong there, Gore; he rose shily, and never was fairly hooked,’ said the belle, tossing back her handsome head, as if half angry, half amused at the tone of his remarks.

‘Rose at the wrong fly, perhaps,’ said Leveson, provokingly ; ‘got foul-hooked and sharply pricked for his pains. Well, that’s a lesson for the young fry to look well before he leaps next time.’

‘I doubt if he were worth catching, after all,’ replied Blanche, giving the thoroughbred chestnut under her a smart cut with her whip: ‘at all events, in his present form, that country girl from the wilds of Devon, with her russet gown and pink-and-white face, whom you call so pretty, is heartily welcome to him and all the torrs he is heir to. He couldn’t waltz and had never seen the cotillon danced ; in fact, your young friend, Gore, seemed only half civilised, and the sooner he joins the Light Brigade and is taught his steps the better.’

‘Whew ! sour grapes, I declare ! Now don’t be ungrateful, Blanche, after all the trouble I took to put you on a good thing ; don’t disparage the prize because you failed to win it.’

‘Don’t you talk such rubbish ; as if I was in the habit of waging war with young bears, or ever cared a rush for cub-hunting,’ replied the belle, wincing under the imputation conveyed by her cousin’s badinage, and treating it with the most indignant scorn.

‘A leg over the trace at last,’ thought Leveson to himself, chuckling at the success of his mischievous pastime. ‘Well,’ he continued, ‘if the lions and Caffres spare him, and he return a hero, it may suit your book to look him over once again ; so I’ll bring him to Cotswell, if I may.’

‘Oh ! just as you please, Gore ; and if I am not at home, he may do for little Minnie—she will be out by that time,’ replied Blanche, with a nonchalant air, as if she cared not a button whether he came or not ; whereas, in reality, Frank had left an impression on her heart that sealed it against all other aspirants for many a year to come, and she would have joyfully waited, not three but ten years, were she sure of securing him in the end.

Leveson was silent for a moment ; and while he was meditating how far he could continue ‘the worry’ with safety, the pack, with its full accompaniment of huntsman and servants, appeared in view, crossing an upland field in the distance and advancing at a jog-trot towards the appointed meet. This sight attracted at once the eager attention of both, and, greatly to Blanche’s relief, brought her cousin’s unmerciful bantering most opportunely to an end.

A backward cast in fox-hunting, deadly sin as it is pronounced to be, is nevertheless a necessity occasionally adopted by the most judicious of huntsmen ; in following up the hero of a tale, however, the same practice is constantly required, in order to recover and carry on the line of scent when, by digression or check, that line has been broken ; nor can the pursuit be well sustained without such liberty. To the cry, then, of ‘Hark back !’ must our followers be now summoned (if haply there be a few left not absolutely choked off by the length and severity of the chase), while we clap them again on the track of Frank, now enjoying his life in that fertile and

picturesque Welsh county, called by a native poet 'The Garden of Wales.'

Penhafod, the old home of the Herberts, dates its origin, according to Welsh chroniclers, to a Norman knight, one of the followers of William the Conqueror; although long since modernised to suit the requirements of a more civilised age, it still presents, by its frowning battlements, loop-hole windows, and massive stone walls, all the characteristics of a feudal castle, from which its lord and his troopers could sally forth to plunder, pillage, and overawe the natives of the surrounding district, and bid defiance to any desultory attack on their part. It occupies, too, the very site best adapted for such a fastness, namely, on the brink of a dark and precipitous ravine, abounding with rocky fragments and stag-headed elms, some of which might have been coeval with the castle itself. In the topmost fork of one of these veterans, the grandest by far in the whole gorge, a pair of ravens had built their nest from time immemorial; and by looking down from a ledge of rock parallel with the foundation of the castle, and close to the entrance of the subterranean passage leading to its donjon-keep, the old birds might be seen, year after year, supplying their ravenous progeny with a daily stock of carrion ample enough to sustain a couple of Southern hounds.

Frank had scarcely been three hours in the house when, after doing more than ordinary justice to a substantial dinner, consisting of pink trout, mountain mutton, flappers, toasted cheese, and oat-cake, all being the home-grown produce of the estate, he was invited by his host to accompany him to the ledge overhanging the glen, 'to take a look,' as the latter said, 'at those black rascals, whose young get more flesh in one day than half the labourers in this district in a whole week.'

For a moment Frank was at an utter loss to understand Mr. Herbert's meaning, and concluded he was going to show him a litter of black-and-tan puppies, of which ancient breed the squire of Penhafod had long been a careful cultivator. The young ladies, too, at table, three in number, who during dinner had scarcely even opened their mouths except to put something in, puzzled him yet more on the subject, saying with one voice, 'Yes, you must go and see our lions fed—this is just their feeding-time, and with a field-glass you can almost tell what they have for supper. Real freebooters are they, living on plunder, and giving no quarter to flesh or fowl.'

'Pardon me, girls,' explained the father; 'the ravens rarely, if ever, kill their own game; they are simply scavengers, and far prefer putrid to fresh meat. It's true they'll hang watchfully over a sickly sheep or a weakly lamb, and the moment the breath is out of the body they'll pick out the eyes as a *bonne bouche*; but the flesh is reserved for a future meal; so, don't paint them blacker than they are, poor birds.'

'That's just what you say of the foxes, papa,' exclaimed the eldest of the young ladies, who, having a fancy for parochial work,



was engaged to be married, much against the wish of her family, to the Welsh rector of the parish. 'Then people do them a great injustice, if they are as guiltless of lamb-killing as you declare them to be.'

This was a sore subject with the Squire of Penhafod, whose genial, benignant countenance changed at once from sunshine to shade, like an April day, as he answered warmly, 'No animal in creation, I say, is more maligned than a fox. People are apt to lie from habit, or even for mere amusement, but when they can make gain out of the vice, and fools are found to pay them for lambs which the foxes never killed, their inventions become fertile beyond all bounds.'

'My father maintains exactly the same opinion,' said Frank, 'and is convinced that, when lambs are killed and carried away, dogs, if not bipeds, are the real culprits. Nevertheless he finds it expedient sometimes, for the good of the cause, to listen to incredible cock-and-bull stories about foxes, and even to satisfy the demands of those who concoct them.'

'That may be good policy in a country regularly hunted by fox-hounds,' replied Mr. Herbert; 'but here we have foxes in plenty for occasional sport, without the need of preserving them; and when a poultry-yard has been seriously plundered, I take my hounds up and kill, if I can, the offender: that is the only compensation I ever make, or ever mean to make, for damage done by foxes; and as to lambs, I ignore that charge altogether, and for this reason: I own, myself, a flock of five hundred mountain ewes, which, protected by no shepherd, roam at large over the craggy hill-tops of Twyn-y-Garth, and there, among the brackens, produce their young. There, too, in close company, nay, under the shelter of the same rocks, a litter of foxes is annually bred; and yet, when the sheep are gathered at shearing time, it is a rare occurrence indeed for a ewe to appear without her little lamb trotting by her side. Would this be the case, think you, if one of the old foxes had once tasted the blood of a lamb? Would it not then slay for slaying sake (as is the habit of the animal with poultry) a whole hecatomb of lambs? Would it not also teach the cubs to do the same; and then, the only difference between them and wolves would be that the latter would destroy the old sheep as well? Consider, too, how diminutive are the mountain ewe and lamb; scarcely bigger, and certainly not stronger, than a stout mountain fox; and, therefore, little able to defend themselves if attacked by so active and bloodthirsty a foe. A vixen, it is true, will sometimes pick up a dead lamb and bring it, or part of it, to her cubs; and the remains, being found at the mouth of the breeding-earth, are deemed to be direct evidence against her; but, no such thing; the murder has not been her work, and my verdict will ever be, decidedly, "Not guilty."'

Mr. Herbert was an autocrat in his way; and, far and near, as the lord of a goodly heritage, the representative of a family long

established in the Principality, and he himself immeasurably superior in intellectual attainments to the county gentlemen of that period, no man said him nay, go where he would through the whole length and breadth of the land. But, irrespective of his territorial position and other advantages, the Welsh people regarded him with a respect and love almost amounting to veneration; for, when he and his black-and-tans made their appearance in their own or the adjoining county, the natives turned out *en masse* to welcome and follow them to the field, knowing full well that sport, as a matter of course, would be the certain result, and that, nine times out of ten, the death of a fox would crown the day. And then, ye gods! how the valleys rang with the music of the hounds and the hallooing shouts of a hundred brazen throats—the very woodlands seemed to rock with applause.

Like one of his own hounds, Mr. Herbert, when once on the line of a fox, was not easily whipped off; and if his eldest daughter, who was wont to consider hunting as one of Satan's wiles, bringing idleness and intemperance in its wake, had not recalled his attention to the raven's nest, and reminded him that the shades of night were falling on the glen, and that, if he would see the young birds fed, he had no time to lose, he might have gone on ringing the changes from foxes to hounds, and hounds to horses, probably till midnight; for Frank was a willing listener to such themes.

A narrow and tortuous descent by a hundred stone steps, the last of which were cut out of the living rock forming the foundation of that quarter of the Castle known as the Norman Keep, brought the whole party at length to the broad ledge overhanging the ravine. From this convenient and picturesque standpoint, not only could the spectators look down upon every tree in the narrow gorge, but absolutely into the raven's nest, which, with its pair of nearly full-fledged tenants, seemed to be spread like the inverted cover of a rough hamper almost at their very feet.

The birds, aware of the inspection, and apparently from custom in nowise disturbed by it, remained motionless and silent as death; indeed the only sounds that broke the stillness of that soft summer eve were the notes of a wood-dove, cooing a plaintive response to the tinkling of 'a hidden brook,' as it won its way through the opposing rocks, singing 'a quiet tune.'

'If they'd only open their mouths,' said Frank, peering down upon the black pair, squatted closely together, 'I really believe I could pitch a beefsteak into one of them.'

'Or a biscuit, if you can handle a quoit with tolerable dexterity,' replied Mr. Herbert, consulting his watch and looking up steadfastly in the direction of the dark range of mountains bounding the northern side of the county, then turning his gaze towards the heavens above, as if he were expecting a comet and knew the exact moment at which it ought to appear. 'Very odd,' he continued; 'their time is up, and I see no signs of the birds far or near; something must have happened to impede their coming.'

‘Perhaps they can’t find food, papa, and don’t like to return without it,’ said one of the young ladies, hazarding a conjecture.

‘Likely enough, during this fine weather,’ rejoined Mr. Herbert; ‘I can find no flesh for my hounds, I know; though the range of a raven is not to be measured with that of a stupid kennel-man, whose vision is contracted, and his other senses muddled by tobacco and beer. The bird, high up in air, sweeps half a county at a glance; or, if the carrion be lying hid in some unbrageous spot, invisible to its far-seeing eye, still the tainted gale will reveal its whereabouts for many a league, and guide the bird to its prey with an instinct that never fails. The same, too, with the vulture; but not so with the eagle, who, killing his own game, depends on his eye alone for his daily supply.’

Mr. Herbert, like many a country gentleman addicted to field-sports, had also a taste for natural history, and was about to quote Audubon, Wilson, Darwin and others as to whether vultures are governed mainly by sight or scent in discovering their food—a vexed question never satisfactorily settled by those philosophers—when the dissonant, grating notes of a raven, sounding like ‘Corph, corph, corph,’ repeated at regular intervals as it travelled through the sky, fell on his ear and at once arrested his discourse. In an instant, too, the well-known signal roused up the occupants of the nest, to the sides of which they rushed incontinently; and there, on its outward edge, with necks stretched and heads upturned, they stood at their full height in the very attitude of intense expectancy.

‘Oh, if only Chantrey were here to see that sight!’ exclaimed Mr. Herbert. ‘Those birds, like the two woodcocks he shot at Holkham, would be immortalised in marble. Never have I seen a fitter subject for a sculptor’s chisel.’

In a few seconds the old birds appeared in sight, the hindmost of the pair bearing a most unusual burden, which, from its weight or length, served to impede the bird in its progress through the air as it endeavoured in vain to keep pace with its unencumbered mate. ‘Corph! corph! corph!’ uttered the leader, looking back to encourage the other, as if fully conscious of the difficulty under which it laboured.

Wheeling in a graceful circle once or twice over the glen, and carefully reconnoitring the party on the ledge, the bird in front, descending by degrees, then settled on the topmost branch of the stag-headed elm, and was immediately joined by its mate, still bearing its burden, but, as revealed by the field-glass, panting heavily under the exertion.

‘By St. Hubert and his hounds! it’s a polecat the bird has in his beak, and the very one I killed on Mynydd-y-Glew the night before last,’ ejaculated Mr. Herbert, watching the raven with intense interest through his powerful glass. ‘My huntsman was in a hurry, and only half skinned the varmint, leaving the head, legs, and tail untouched by his knife; so there can be no doubt as to its identity.’

He then handed the glass to Frank, bidding him judge for himself if that were not the case ; but he and the young ladies at once corroborated the statement, declaring they could see with a naked eye that the tail and limbs still carried their dark fur, and were unstripped like the rest of the body.

The old birds then descended to the nest, and in a few seconds, like a fox broken up by hounds, the polecat, torn to shreds by their strong cut-and-thrust bills, was speedily disjointed and gulped down by the hungry brood.

Frank's predilection for sport, and especially for hunting, being well known to his kinsman, the Squire was at no loss to find amusement for him during his short stay at Penhafod ; for there, no matter what period of the year it might be, hounds and the various game they were accustomed to hunt were never out of season, from the first day of January to the last day of December in each revolving year. At the time of Frank's visit, otter, polecat, and marten-cat (the last animal having become since then all but extinct even in the rocky woodlands of the Welsh mountains) were the beasts of chase—the ' pryfeid garw,' or coarse game—that provided continuous work for the hounds of Penhafod during the summer months. But, as the rivers were running low, the shy otter, well aware that on deep water depended his chief refuge, rarely trusted them at such a time ; or, if he fished a stream during the night, he made haste to secure his safety by returning before break of day to the cliffs of the sea, from the stronghold of which terriers would be powerless to bolt him.

The marten-cat, too, was only to be found here and there in the fastnesses of the Llanwonno and Llanbradach woods, where the craggy nature of the ground gave the beast so great an advantage over hounds that a kill, even with the sharpest terriers in Wales to help them, but rarely crowned the day. So, as none of the foregoing difficulties affected the wild sport of polecat or founmart hunting (as the beast is called in Cumberland), Mr. Herbert, in proposing it to Frank, was delighted to find the latter had never seen that animal hunted ; the only mode by which he is taken in Devonshire being by traps.

' Then,' said the Squire, ' I'll promise you a great treat ; and the sooner you are entered the better. The hunting men of Devon scarcely know what they miss by ignoring this sport ; so you must take a lesson and teach it them when you return.'

' We hunt the wild red-deer, though, in Devon,' said Frank, standing up for the speciality of his native county : ' but the polecat, with us, would baffle all the hounds in the world, owing to the innumerable rabbit-burrows with which the land is honeycombed from the Exe to the river Tamar.'

' That's a sound argument, Frank, and fully justifies the use of a trap for the capture of so destructive an animal : but, mind, it must be a box-trap, with drop-doors at each end, not a steel gin, or you will be apt to catch a more noble animal.'

Although a sufficiently large kennel for the temporary accommodation of the whole pack had been built on the northern side of the Castle the hounds rarely occupied it, except on nights previous to hunting, when a light mess of flesh and oat-porridge was served out to them with a sparing hand. According to the simple and primitive style, therefore, of a past century, they were all trencher-fed; that is, billeted among the tenant-farmers of the estate; it being an understood condition of the tenancy that every farmer should rear and maintain one hound for the Squire's use; while, on the other hand, it devolved on him to keep down the noxious vermin of the forest for their benefit.

Nor did the country people for many a league beyond the limits of Penhafod, whether tenants or not, permit this latter condition to remain a sinecure; for, game being scarce and foxes fairly numerous, every week in the season saw some sufferer, generally a woman, wending her way towards the Castle and bearing a piteous tale, perhaps about the loss of her old grey goose, which, from the owner's account, must have been as valuable to her as the one that laid the golden eggs was to its avaricious and short-sighted proprietor. Nor was the appeal of the poorest cottager on such occasions ever made in vain, for the villain that had done the mischief quickly paid the penalty with his life; or, if he escaped, he did so by a miracle from the avenging jaws of the Squire's hounds.

It may well surprise many a good kennel-man of the present day, such men, for instance, as Charles Hamlin and Will Boxall, to learn that, notwithstanding this rough-and-ready mode of treatment, the hounds, as a rule, were always in rare condition for any work; no fox too strong, no day too long, although the fox they had to deal with was mountain-bred, wild, tough, and lanky as a Brittany wolf, and the stars oft came to their aid ere the chase was brought to a close. They were a real hard-driving lot, too, those Penhafod hounds; no towlers round a tainted thistle; no dwellers astern carrying a musical tail; and stout indeed need the fox have been that could live an hour and twenty minutes before them when they managed to slip away with him on even terms.

Then, as to strain and pedigree, the only kennels resorted to for fresh blood were those in which the genuine Welsh hound was known to be kept unmixed with the English foxhound, which the Squire regarded as a composite animal; in fact, as a mere cross between the long-legged smooth terrier and the Southern hound—'a noble beast,' he would say, 'admirably devised for the very work he is called upon to do.' For hardihood, too, Mr. Herbert always maintained there was no colour like dark tan; and so long as a hound had good loins, a deep chest, and straight legs, he cared little about the big bone deemed so essential to the English foxhound.

A description of the polecat-hunting, which at Penhafod was followed on bright moonlight nights in winter, and at peep of day in summer, must now be deferred to the next chapter.

## THE OLD-FASHIONED FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

I WONDER how many hundreds of keepers, under-keepers, gun-carriers, loaders, game-carriers, and hangers-on were employed on the day in which the previous number of 'Baily' appeared, whose services were never dreamed of forty or fifty years ago ! I wonder how many hundreds, or rather thousands, of sovereigns found their way into head-keepers' pockets on the First of September ; and I wonder how many keepers have been murdered and poachers sent to gaol since the day when the sale of game was allowed by Act of Parliament, and the preservation of game has become a mania, and not an unprofitable mania either, for those country gentlemen (?) and pot-hunters who supply Leadenhall Market and the London salesmen !

Those who are not too old-fashioned to read Theodore Hook's novels may remember how Gilbert Gurney found in his hotel-bill a charge for a 'roast lion,' the landlord not daring to sell a hare, and styling it a 'lion' in his hotel ; but I much doubt now if there is a decent hotel in England, or decent restaurant in any large town, in which partridges and hares did not form part of the bill of fare on September 2nd at the latest. And where on earth do they all come from except from the pot-hunters, who sell their game, or the poachers ? I was told, on most reliable authority, by a manager in a wholesale London house of business, that a game-dealer had a standing order from their firm to send off a hundred and twenty-five brace of partridges to retail customers at the commencement of September, and a similar order for pheasants at the beginning of October—and I have little doubt but that this is a common custom—and I have heard from several first-rate shots, who are frequently invited to shoot on grand days, that an offer to take away a brace or two of birds is often more an exception than a rule, as it used to be. Why not ? or how otherwise ?

I do not hold in the least with Quaker Bright or Mr. Shaw-Lefevre—whose Board-of-Trade reign is not quoted as super-excellent—about abolishing the Game Laws ; and if there were no Game Laws, I should hold up both hands in favour of establishing them ; for what reason on earth can there be to prevent a man keeping game on his property any more than to prevent his keeping pigeons ? The game is as much the owner's property as anything else, and no man has a right to come on the land to steal it ; and a man who sneaks on to take game would not be particular about a turkey or a goose, or anything else.

There was a time when game was a luxury for the rich, and it would not be much loss if it was so now. People don't cry after hot-house grapes and pineapples ; and I believe that the greatest boon to England would be to abolish the sale of game—which is, in these days of high farming, practically an artificial luxury, bred in places specially set apart for it—or at any rate to compel the salesmen to keep a register of the times of purchase and the name of the seller,

and the place from which it came, and to make those who own or rent shootings, and who sell their game, take out a game-seller's licence. No doubt the law would be evaded in many instances, but it would be a considerable check on the present system. People who call themselves gentlemen (?) would be ashamed to see their names in the game-sellers' list, and the *game* would not be worth the candle. When the Ministers dine with the Lord Mayor, on the 9th November, and an almighty lot of twaddle is talked about 'the Merchant Princes of England,' and Alderman Bloggs is overcome, and raps the table with his glass, happy in his banker's account, I have often thought, on reading the bill of fare next morning, which contains, perhaps, five hundred pheasants, five hundred partridges, two hundred hares, &c. &c., going through all the game lists, why on earth the toast is not given of the 'Game-sellers and Poachers of England'; to which toast Mr. Leadenhall Centrefire, on behalf of the Sellers, and Mr. Jailbird, of the 'Wired Hare,' beershop-keeper, on behalf of the Poachers, might respond.

This long exordium brings me back to an old-fashioned First of September, when I was a boy of thirteen or fourteen, and loved, above all things, to go out with the Squire in my own neighbourhood. The guns never exceeded three, and more frequently two was the number, and my duty was marking. There was no regular keeper, except a kind of handy-man—the Squire's foster-brother—who was half bailiff, half keeper, half everything, true and honest as the day, and ready to die for the family. This man, 'George,' was born and bred on the estate, and had his own way in everything, and called the young Squire by his Christian name in the coolest manner possible, and looked on the Squire's son as his own boy. If Harry, the son, was in a scrape, George would go to the Squire and bully him, and say that he was hard upon the boy, and reminded the Squire of episodes in his own life when he and George were boys together. Everything was George's. It was 'my carriage,' 'my horses,' 'my turnips,' 'my stubble.' This George was a queer fellow. He had a cock in his eye and a kick in his tongue, which made him 'cluck' and wink at the same time. He was a privileged character, and told his master about once a month 'to suit himself with some one else, as he was not going to have any more bounce from him.'

The Squire, for whom I used to carry the bag and mark, had a nice compact property worth some three thousand a year, or perhaps a little more, and was one of those who lived on his property from year to year and very seldom left it, for he kept a small home-farm for his own amusement. The farms, which were let to substantial tenants, passed from father to son, to a great extent, at very reasonable rents. He was a man who never wasted a shilling, and who was always ready with his money to do a real good to any one—unostentatious but generous, never idle, and always kind and good-natured. His house was the picture of neatness and order, as he made a rule that, without order, sport must break down as much

as business. All means and appliances for amusement had their place; the bats and stumps and cricket things were in one corner, the archery things arranged in another, the bowls in another, the skates in another, and so on; and after any sport was over we had the same inquiry, 'My lads, is anything lost or mislaid?' and if an arrow or a cricket-ball was lost we had to find it the next morning, if not overnight. He was middle-aged, and spoke with great precision; but a quick grey eye, which twinkled pretty sharply, showed that if he spoke slow he thought quick. The Squire's gun-room was a caution. There was an old cross-bow of Queen Elizabeth's time; a blunderbuss and holster-pistols of the highwayman age; an old cavalry sword and helmet of the Peninsula era; his father's first gun, an old flint; his own first gun, a flint-gun too; a couple of double-barrelled guns, flint converted into percussion, and a third double-barrelled gun, brand new, which he gave his son, a youth of between seventeen and eighteen, who had just left school and entered at Cambridge; together with his first game licence, accompanied by a little speech telling him how his grandfather had presented him, the Squire, with a new gun at the same age, when he was going to the same college at Cambridge. 'We'll say' (which was his commencement of every sentence with the Squire), 'don't let the gun make you idle, my boy; it is for recreation, and not for a constant employment; for no man can be happy unless he does something useful every day of his life.' And the Squire carried out his theory; for, besides guns, there were saws, axes, pruning-knives, geological hammers, scientific instruments, and a lot of his favourite books; there was not an inch of his property which he did not know and attend to, and there was not a county matter on which he was not consulted, besides thousands of private matters on which his friends sought his advice. He was a good archæologist, mathematician, botanist, and specially versed in the Georgics of Virgil, upon whose principles he was reported to have regulated his home-farm. There were some Roman tumuli and old Roman potteries about in his neighbourhood, and when men were out of work, he would say, 'We'll say, my friends, idle hands are bad things, and I can give you a trifle to make some excavations about here.' Aye, and the Squire's trifle meant full agricultural wages within a fraction, and a little more hanging on to it.

Of course, on the first of September—I am speaking of the first day of the boy's new gun—young hopeful was mad to be off at daylight, but Paterfamilias overruled him and named half-past eight as quite time enough, and at that time he went off. The Squire, in spite of some little fidgetiness on the part of his son, insisted on giving to his son, who had little experience beyond rabbit shooting, his first lesson, much in these words: 'We'll say, Harry, that some of our neighbours will ask you to shoot, and there may be three or four guns out, and strict order must be kept. Now, remember these things: first, in loading your "piece"' (which he styled the gun), 'keep the muzzle



‘away from your head; use your forefinger and thumb only with the ramrod—for, should an accident occur you don’t lose your whole hand; you will observe that I have filed a small notch on either side of the right-hand barrel, so that you may always know it in case the piece should turn round in the hurry of loading, and by looking at the notch you will know which barrel is empty. When you have loaded, look in front of you before putting the piece under your arm or over either shoulder, for you must never turn the muzzle towards any one. If a bird flies behind you unexpectedly, as it often will do, and you are shooting with two or three more, and the piece is under your arm, turn sharp round as you stand before putting it to your shoulder, as should it go off, it will only send the charge into the ground; and if the piece is over either shoulder, put your other hand to it and turn round quick with the muzzle in the air, like a soldier presenting arms, before sighting your bird: you may miss your bird, but you won’t shoot your friend, as you possibly may do if you are preparing to fire. If you have fired one barrel and want to re-load, take the cap off the undischarged barrel before loading the empty one. If you are holding your piece in both hands with the barrel in front of you, expecting a shot, and a bird goes back, throw your right arm up instantly and lower your left, as by so doing the charge will only go into the ground as you turn. In fact, Harry, by a little thought and drilling, you will learn never to be in such a position that the muzzle of your piece will, under any circumstances, be pointed at any one else.’

Master Harry, I am bound to say bore the lecture with some little impatience, as *of course* he thought he knew everything. It would save a good many lives, Mr. Baily, if boys were properly broken in now: as the Squire broke in his son. It used to be the beginning of a boy’s education with a gun, to teach him how *not* to shoot himself or any one else, and the lesson lasted him for life. But no! Young England now expects his centre-fire at fifteen, and is much above being taught. Well! we had our day’s shooting with the kind permission of George, the general-utility man, who insisted on beginning at the far end of a farm which abutted on the land of a pot-hunting farmer, on another property.

‘There! I’m not going to begin here, Squire; the people of Buggins’ farm were at it at six o’clock this morning, and have drove a lot of birds into our big field, and we may as well go and get ’em at once. Then I have told you many a time that you ought to *law* them Buggins’ farm folks about that double hedge and spring. That hedge is ours, and we ought to claim our right and put a post-and-rail fence eighteen inches outside the ditch, and I should like to see ’em put a foot across it. Why, every bird they have is in our double hedge or in the spring.’

George was omnipotent, so we went up to the turnips adjoining Buggins’ farm. There was not a glut of game, but there was plenty. The Squire shot well, as he did everything else, and Harry

missed his first bird and killed his second with the left-hand barrel, having missed with the first. But, alas for the old gentleman's lecture! after an hour or two's shooting a bird got up under Harry's feet and wheeled away to the right, and had not George thrown himself instantly on his face he would have got the charge in his hat—if no worse. The Squire's sorrow was great.

'I'll tell you what it is, Harry,' said George, 'I'll take that there gun away from thee directly, I be'ant a partridge, and won't be made "a box of cold meat of" by you.'

'Harry,' said the Squire, 'I think your mother would like to see us at luncheon, and we'll go into the big fields near the house afterwards; and, George, we shan't want you; you can carry two brace of birds and the hare to Farmer Broadbeans from me.'

This was the Squire's way of doing things. He did not like scolding the boy before the servant, although the familiar George was the Squire's foster-brother, and he made allowances for a boy's impetuosity, but he saw that there was danger if there were three out. And the other way of doing things was this, he sent the game to Farmer Broadbeans, on whose land he had shot first; and the secret of his wanting no keeper was because he was one of the 'live and let live' school. His farms were let to good tenants at a reasonable rent, with a *rebate* for excepting from his leases all rights of sporting. The consequence was that a fair head of game was kept which did nobody any harm, and the tenants did not plough within a couple of yards of the hedges, and left good hedgerows with plenty of rough grass and cover, and nests were respected. No doubt this would be called bad farming in these days, but when the Squire used to live wholly amongst his people he was entitled to a little amusement, as well as hard work which he did.

He always sent the firstfruits of his shooting to those on whose land he killed it, and every one of his tenants was offered a day or two during the season with a friend; and consequently the tenant were the preservers.

BUT (a big 'but' this) in those days, as a general rule with country gentlemen who had not immense estates, and who had not fore-shadowed the vice of over-preserving, and making sport the business of life, the ordinary country gentleman was content with an occasional day's shooting, and a moderate bag of two or three brace of birds to a gun, and a hare or a possible woodcock or snipe or two later in the season.

The real pleasure of shooting was often combined with business, and the Squire would say, 'I want to call on So-and-So, come on, I'll take my gun in case of finding anything;' and country neighbours would walk across one another's land in that way without offence; or, if the parson of the parish or his lawyer wanted to see him on business, the Squire as often as not would say, 'Come to dinner and bring your gun, and we'll talk matters over, and see if we can find a bird or two.' In fact he made his shooting a pleasure for every one.

Mr. Baily—although there always were a few monster game-preservers—as a rule, shooting in the days I am talking of, say forty years ago, was an amenity belonging to the estates of country gentlemen of moderate means, and was the medium of showing hundreds of little kindnesses before these game-dealing days, when people have covers full of tame pheasants, and hares in thousands. These are the scandals which bring Quaker Bright and his merry men down on the landed gentry with a lot of exaggerated statements miscalled facts. Though, by-the-by, the Quaker has never explained how it fits in with his conscience to be always fishing in preserved rivers. I presume the keepers where he fishes wear broad-brimmed hats and drab, and refuse fees from visitors.

I must digress for one moment to retail a piece of Quaker Bright's driest pieces of humour; for, though I don't agree with the Quaker in politics, I know few greater treats than hearing him speak. It occurred in Session 1875, on Sir Massey Lopez's motion about 'County Rating.' Mr. Bright, in speaking on the question, congratulated the county gentlemen on the fact that they had occupied the House for three nights and not one of them *had said a word about the Game Laws.*

What a pleasure it used to be to the half-pay officer, or the little old maid who had seen better days, to receive a brace of birds from the Squire; a little present without any ostentation, but given in real kindness. I wonder how many of those who, on the first of September, are 'smiting (or attempting to smite) the partridge' (as Sydney Smith said), if put alone with a brace of pointers in a strange country, without the aid of keepers and gamedrivers, would know which way to begin—I wonder how many would understand the theory of the sport! And how many who have learnt to hold straight, and help to make a bag (just as a man learns to play a straight ball on a lawn without knowing anything of cricket), would be able to pass a competitive examination as to the habits of feathered and ground game, and would go the right way to work, taking advantage of the opportunities afforded by wind and weather.

No. Shooting, like cricket, has been overdone and artificially made easy for amateurs at a very high price, and with much detriment to the real sport, and with no little danger to others.

The old fogeys who went out and walked their twelve and fifteen miles, and came home with a small bag well earned, and who sat round the fire after dinner and discussed the merits of the old pointer who was dreaming on the rug, and who woke up now and then, and put his paws on the fender and growled at the heat of the fire, and turned round and slept and woke up and growled again, had the real sport of shooting, because it was the amusement and not the business of life. I cannot imagine a more wretched state of slavery than making cricket, shooting, fishing, or any other sports the absolute necessity of any one's life, however rich he may be. Just as '*nipping*' all day will destroy a constitution, just so the craze for sport and nothing else must destroy the mind.

Look at Lord Palmerston—was there ever a truer sportsman? and was there ever a harder worker? When Lord Palmerston's government was upset on the Tuesday in Derby week, old Pam jogged down to Epsom on horseback the next day as if nothing had happened; and (*crede* the 'Times'), meeting Lord Derby on the lawn, walked up to him and offered his hand, and said, 'Well, Lord Derby, are you going to win to-day?'—'No,' answered Lord Derby; 'we can't win on Tuesdays and Wednesdays too.'

In the old days the keeper would put a brace of birds and a hare in your trap as you started, or a brace or two of trout, as the case might be, and would take his five shillings, and say, 'I cleaned your gun, sir;' or, 'I put up your fishing things; much obliged to you, sir; good night, and safe home.'

*Postscriptum*.—I like this old-fashioned finish. I must tell you a sell that occurred to a pretty good shot, who wanted his fun without paying for his whistle. It is an understood thing now, without being a *lex scripta*, that if people are asked to a grand *battue*, or to go on a visit to a country-house, where there is a great shooting, that the shooters must pay up, and vulgar fools throw about five-pound notes, or ten-pound notes even. Sensible men say to the head-keeper, quietly, 'Well, keeper, what is the usual fee?' whereat the keeper names a handsome price probably, but which, according to general custom, is not exorbitant for a man to pay who has had the best of living and the best of shooting for nothing. If he cannot afford to pay the conventional price, he has no business to indulge in the pleasure; for the keeper, although well paid, cannot afford to keep up the enormous head of game which is now kept, and which is only kept up by endless watching and sleepless nights (although bad in principle), without making his harvest before he gets old and useless; just as a county bowler does not expect to be paid on the same footing as a local professional.

My friend Jones, who is a good shot, is one of those who lives about in country houses a great deal, and whose departure is deplored much by butlers, footmen, housemaids and other retainers, who see him drive away to the station, and who look with despair at their empty palms. My friend Jones is against paying servants anywhere, and one of those who joins wholesale in the clamour against the scale of keepers' fees.

My friend Jones exemplified his theory, by relating how he was staying at my Lord Tom Noddy's, where he had the best of grouse-shooting and all kinds of shooting (including deer-stalking), and that he had shot a magnificent stag—which was quite true. He told me how the laird wanted the head and antlers to put up in the hall; but that he ordered the forester to dress the stag's hide or skin (I confess ignorance as to the correct word) and send it to him; and Jones added, 'Of course *you* would have given the keepers 'about *ten* pounds, whereas I only gave them a sovereign amongst 'them all for ten days' shooting; and,' he added, 'the forester, who

‘seemed quite a gentleman, almost cried when I shook hands with him and said “good-bye.”’

The ‘stag’s hide’ (?) was dressed and sent home (carriage *not* paid) as advised, and Jones, on receiving the letter announcing its departure, made me go home with him to see it unpacked. Was that forester—a canny Highlander—quite a fool? I think *not*; for he sent to Jones a *very* poor doeskin, and kept the stag’s hide for himself. That forester was ‘sax pound sterling railway fare awa’ from Jones’s home, and he rightly calculated that he was safe. Had he been a humorist, he might, while packing the doeskin, by substituting ‘shan’t’ for ‘shall,’ have quoted the hunting song from ‘As You Like It’:

What *shan’t* he have that killed the deer?  
His leathern skin and horns to wear.

*Postscriptum No. 2.*—Some four or five years since I met the Squire in the Strand. He was as upright as a dart, and looked as neat and trim as ever, though in his eighty-fourth year. For a moment he was hazy as to who I was, but his memory came back, and in a minute we were, in fancy, back again at the old Manor-house, amongst old friends and neighbours, many of whom were dead; and he gave me a hearty invitation to pay him a visit, which unfortunately I could not accept. I congratulated him on his good looks, and he answered, ‘We’ll say, I show pretty well outside, but at my age I feel that I must be, we’ll say, very near the bottom of the hill.’

The Squire, who is a real character, and no creation of my own, took his place in the old family vault the following autumn. I don’t believe that he died at all—he simply stopped going. He was the last of the race, as his only son, who received the lecture on the gun, died suddenly at Cambridge, a few months after the celebration of his majority. *Requiescat in pace.*

F. G.

Mitcham, September 1, 1876.

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## AMERICAN TROTTERS.

TROTTING horses have for many years past received little attention in England, and very few of us trouble ourselves concerning them, fond as we nationally are of driving. Across the Atlantic the trotter is looked upon in a very different light; and although, perhaps, it would not be fair to say that he eclipses the racehorse proper, he certainly rivals him in interest and value. The consequence is, in that country the trotting horse has been brought to a state of speed and perfection which is totally unrivalled. And not only have our cousins across the herring-pond found out the way to

make him go fast, and, as we may say, lick Old Time himself, but also how to give him the endurance to run on year after year, even unto such a venerable age that it would by no means be an impossibility for a horse to trot with and beat his own great-grandson; in fact, they have found what we believe the elder Chifney called 'the art of training their legs to stand'—an art which, though we fear it is pretty well lost in this country, is of equal importance with that of getting them fit to run. In the present day, with the scarcity and alleged degeneracy of our own breed of horses, it may neither be unimportant nor uninteresting to lay before our readers a concise account of some of these veterans and their doings, as well as the means which have been taken to produce such gratifying results; for gratifying it must be to any man or any country to produce such an animal, which can endure hard work in public for a period of fifteen years, facing the starter in that period between four and five hundred times, and winning a large amount in stakes, to say nothing of bets—the latter consideration, no doubt as pleasant to owner and breeder as the former must be nationally, in estimating the value of the breed of horses for war or use.

Perhaps first we had better consider by what manner of horses the feats to which we propose to call attention have been achieved; and, taking the 'Trotting Horse of America,' by Hiram Woodruff, as our guide (a book well worthy the careful perusal of any one connected with horses), we can only come to the conclusion that they are now either thoroughbred (as we understand the term in England), or as near so as possible; perchance of the same standing in that respect generally as Lottery (the steeplechaser), The Lamb, The Colonel, Goldfinder, and many others of like strain.

George Wilkes writes: 'It is recognised by those who are versed in the origin and characteristics of the American trotter, that the highest type of that invaluable breed descends from the English thoroughbred horse Messenger, which was imported into this country in the latter part of the last century; indeed, so widely is this fact acknowledged, that breeders of experience, in view of the excellence of which he was the founder, and of the vast extent of interest which has proceeded from his loins, have been heard to declare that when the old grey came charging down the gang-plank of the ship which brought him over, the value of not less than one hundred millions of dollars struck our soil.'

Before leaving this horse let us also see what Hiram Woodruff says concerning him: 'It is curious to estimate the influence of one horse, especially if he lives to a great age, gets stallions that become noted, and stock distinguished for fine constitutions and longevity. Messenger covered some twenty seasons in this country; and as he had plenty of mares, and was a sure foal-getter, he must have been the sire of about a thousand horses. Then comes the fact that his sons were as long-lived and as thoroughly employed in the work of increase as himself, and that his grandsons continued to possess

‘the fine qualities and peculiar gifts which he owned and conferred. In this way, and, taking into account the singular faculty these horses have had of stamping the living image of their line upon their produce, and of infusing into their sons and daughters the less tangible but not less real attributes of pluck, resolution, and endurance, we shall be enabled to make some estimate of the incalculable influence Messenger has had upon the trotting track of this country.’

These are words we should like to see impressed on the memory of breeders of blood stock in the present day, when roarers, weeds, and unsound horses of all descriptions are welcomed with open arms at our stud farms, provided they can produce, what appears to be the modern equivalent to the philosopher’s stone, ‘A smart two-year-old and quick half-miler.’ Well may we ponder over them, when one of the most notoriously unsound horses of modern days, as regards wind, has been allowed to make his *début* as a sire at the paddocks originally instituted by George IV. for the purpose of breeding stout horses.

‘*Revenons à nos moutons.*’ Messenger, we know, was honoured by the visits of some thoroughbred mares, as well as conferring his favours on the commoner sorts of the county, which, we take it, had a spice of blood about them, as so many good horses have been bred in America, of no authenticated pedigree, whose performances have stamped them as first class. We do not gather figs from thorns, neither grapes from thistles, so they must have had blood in them by some means. These Messengers, like our shorthorn families, were found to stand a great amount of inbreeding (a sure sign of good blood) as well as crossing successfully with other strains; amongst which one of the most prominent was that of the Stars, whence derived we are unable to say, and must refer our readers curious on the subject to the records, if any such exist, across the water.

With them the Messenger blood appears not only to have hit, but to have caused a considerable improvement in size and strength, as well as in soundness of legs; and the celebrated Brown Dick resulted from such a cross, about the only colt his sire of the Star blood, and of wicked tendencies, got before he was operated on, from a mare of Messenger blood. The horse, like his dam, was a pacer at first, but soon settled down in Pfifer’s hands into a steady and reliable trotter. The family would not stand inbreeding like the Messengers, though as game as possible, of which no finer example could be given than Widow Macree, who, after having been unable to stand up all night from severity of work, came out and won a race in heats the next day.

Another noted strain of blood was that of the Bashaws, derived from the Grand Bashaw, a horse imported from Barbary, and whose blood has come down through Andrew Jackson and Cassius M. Clay to George M. Patchen, the horse who perhaps of all the antagonists of Flora Temple made the best work with her, not even

excepting Princess. Hiram Woodruff says they were not such fine natural trotters as the Messengers, neither would they stand being put to work so early as that strain; but his uncle, George Woodruff, in whose stables he learnt the arts of training, riding, and driving, was very fond of them. However, like our own Eclipse and Herod strains, those of Messenger and Grand Bashaw soon became so intermingled that it was hard to dissect them, and some very wonderful trotters have been the result.

Another line of blood comes through imported Trustee and the trotting mare Fanny Pullen, at one time supposed to be of the Messenger blood, but afterwards said to be of the strain of an imported thoroughbred horse of whom little or nothing was known. Whatever might have been his dam's breeding, we come on a rare strain of blood in Trustee, the sire, who was a son of the game Catton, who traces through Mercury to Eclipse, and, like Sir Peter on the opposition benches, could get alike race horses, hunters, and roadsters, and who was an ancestor on the distaff side of Van Tromp, who is said to have been able to trot a bit himself. Moreover, Trustee was a son of the well-known Emma, by Whisker, of immortal fame. With these lines continually crossed and intermingled, and we know from the pedigrees extant that they were so (we shall have more to say anent particular ones hereafter), it becomes evident that, even supposing the dams in the first instances were not quite of the purest aristocratic lineage, the youngsters must in time be what would be called a well-bred lot. In fact, a recent writer on the subject (Mr. Charles J. Foster) gives it as his opinion that they are gradually but surely improving, as they approach more nearly in character and appearance to the pure-bred horse; and the portraits of recent celebrities are far more like race-horses than what are considered trotters in this country, having the depth of girth, lengthy oblique shoulders, wide hips, and long quarters, which we look for in the racehorse, and the length from hip to hock in many of them is astonishing. However, if their portraits are to be trusted, there is a great lack of what is termed 'quality' about them, which is doubtless to be traced to the mares with which the blood horses were first crossed.

Many of the best of them have had no authenticated pedigree, and some on one side only; but we should by no means set them down as ill-bred on that account, as the Americans use well-bred horses for ordinary work far more than is done in this country, and thus several crosses of pure blood may, and probably have been infused in their mares without any record of the same. Even at the present day in England this is by no means uncommon, as not many years ago a horse won the Liverpool Steeplechase who was got by a blood horse, but his dam's pedigree was presumed to be unknown. A near neighbour of the breeder, however, told us that there has been a strain of pure thoroughbreds on that farm for generations, and although the mares have not perhaps been sent to high-class or fashionable sires, the pure blood has always been kept up, and they



are winning hunters' and farmers' races until this day. It need scarcely be added, that the mystery as to the breeding originated in the days of cocktail races, and when half-breds had an allowance. Very high prices have been refused for some of the mares. Even here we must not always set a horse down as a bad bred one because we do not know his pedigree, and how much more must that be the case in a young country of such vast extent as America. It is a curious thing that at least two celebrated trotters have been wonderful jumpers. No fence could keep in Goldsmith Maid in her younger days; and Hiram Woodruff said of Dexter, that he 'could jump like a cat.'

We will now give a few examples to show the work these American horses are able to endure, and commence with old Top-gallant, a son of imported Messenger, who, when *twenty-two years old*, trotted against Whalebone, of whom Hiram says, 'he looked like a thoroughbred horse, and was one of the most splendid geldings I ever saw,' though nothing was known of his pedigree. Whalebone got one heat, and Top-gallant beat him, after a severe struggle, in the others, the time being forty-five minutes and forty-four seconds for the sixteen miles, or better than twenty miles an hour. He was ridden by the celebrated George Woodruff, who weighed as he stood 147 lbs.; when twenty-four years old, at the Hunting Park Course at Philadelphia, he trotted against Dread, ridden by George Spicer; Top-gallant, ridden by Matt Clintock in the first three heats, and by George Woodruff in the fourth; Collector, ridden by Peter Whelan; Chancellor, ridden by Frank Duffy; Whalebone, ridden by Frank Tolbert in the first two heats and George Woodruff in the third; Lady Jackson, ridden by John Vanderbilt; Moonshine, by James Hammil; and Columbus, by George Woodruff, until he broke down in the second heat. Hiram Woodruff says: 'Eight such horses and such riders had never met before, and it is doubtful when they will again. Never, certainly, until the good old customs of using trotting horses under saddle and requiring the jockeys to ride in dress are revived.'

We have not space for a description of the heats, but must confine ourselves to saying that, having trotted twelve miles, Dread won, and the twenty-four-year-old Top-gallant was second, and that the next week at Baltimore he beat Whalebone for a purse, three-mile heats, easily. The old horse died at twenty-eight. Whalebone won a race in harness against time (thirty-two miles in two hours easily), notwithstanding that his sulky broke down and another had to be procured, causing a delay of four minutes.

Lady Blanche, by Abdallah, of the Messenger blood, after an immense amount of road work and knocking about, when twenty-three or four years old, beat Snowdrop and Beppo on the Union Course, in four heats, the best of which was 2.43, or thereabouts. The next week she beat Beppo to waggons, drawing Sam Hoagland, who weighed 204 to 210 lbs. She died just as she was to be driven

against Sorrel Fanny at Baltimore, who herself was twenty-two years old.

Ajax, by Abdallah, out of a little road mare, when sixteen years of age, beat Mr. Charlick's bay mare twenty miles under saddle for 1000 dollars.

We now come to Dutchman, whose time for three miles we believe still stands the best on record; and even then he was not forced to do all of which he was capable. His pedigree is not known, though all his points indicated blood, and he had a savage temper in the stable. At five years old he worked in a string team in a brick-cart, and did his full share of the hauling. He was then driven on the road in a waggon, and could go a little better than a mile in three minutes. For some years Dutchman continued to meet and defeat the best horses of his time (amongst them the renowned Lady Suffolk); then for three years he was used on the road in the service of Mr. George Janeaway of New York, after having been beaten by the pacer Oneida Chief and Lady Suffolk at Kendall Course, Baltimore, when he was fifteen years old; he was driven in double harness with a horse called Rifle, and in 1846 had a trot with him against a team from Brooklyn the length of the road from New York Pavement, at Twenty-eighth Street, to Bradshaw's, at Harlem, each to carry two men in a waggon, which they won by three hundred yards, driven by Hiram Woodruff. The following year he died from injuries to his spine, having been cast in his stall. Report said this good and stout horse, who could go fast and go all day, was by an imported thoroughbred, out of a country mare; but it was nothing more than report, though his form and character seemed to carry out the idea.

Ripton was another of unknown pedigree, but a gay horse and grand goer, a bay, with white legs and face, fifteen hands high, who commenced trotting work at about five years old, of which he took an immense deal to get him fit; or, in other words, to do his best he wanted a very strong preparation, and, if above himself, was bad to hold, and would run away from sheer fun, as he had no vice. He continued on the course, doing road work at intervals, until he was twenty-one years of age, beat all the best horses of his time, and was equally good in snow or mud, or, in fact, over any ground, and could go all distances, winning many races literally out of the fire by his gameness when lame and groggy.

We now come to the grey mare Lady Suffolk, whose dam was by Plato, a son of Messenger, and her sire, Engineer, was also by Messenger; for real hard work no trotter has ever beaten her. She was good under saddle, in harness, or to waggon, and was run with scarcely any rest or respite at all distances against the best trotters America could produce from five years old until she was over twenty, trotting in one hundred and thirty-eight races, all of them heats, many of four or five, and over all distances from one mile to four, so that she must have started between four and five hundred

times. Although meeting the best of her day, she won eighty-eight times and received three forfeits. She trotted twice in 1853 (her last year), and was defeated both times, being then, we suppose, played out, and, alas! died without leaving a foal to carry her wonderful gameness and endurance on to posterity.

Flora Temple, one of, if not the greatest wonders of the trotting track, succeeded her, being foaled about 1845, and changing hands several times for comparatively little money, as she was under fifteen hands, though very powerful and well formed, and had not just a nice temper for ordinary work. About five years old, though, she found her proper station in life, and having given a taste of her wonderful powers against some of the cracks at Muir Course, Long Island, in which she trotted the first heat in a common heavy road sulky, and was second, finally winning the other heats when better rigged out, this little mare, who had actually been sold for thirteen dollars, soon became mistress of the trotting world. Although well made she was never good under saddle, or rather not so good as in harness, from want of proper education in that way, Woodruff thought. She was ten years before the public, did an immense amount of work, literally wearing out several good horses that attempted to contend against her, and follow her up year after year, and then was thrown away for want of proper care and attention to her work, when Woodruff said he believed *she had not arrived at her best*, as her speed had come to her gradually and she had always continued to improve.

Got by a horse called One-eyed Kentucky Hunter, who was by a well-known racehorse of the Southern and Western States called Kentucky Hunter, Flora Temple was out of a little mare the picture of herself. As we have said, somewhat erratic in her early career, she settled down into a good and staid mare in after-life, and although in the stable she was so touchy in her demeanour that she would run open mouthed at intruders on her box, if of the male sex, she was kind and gentle with ladies, and appeared to have a most thorough understanding with Hiram Woodruff while in his care—in fact he had effectually gained her love. She was ten years in training, running a hundred and three different races (irrespective of heats), eighty-six of which she won, three of those she lost being against Ethan Allen and Running Mate, which, of course, placed her at great disadvantage. She also encountered in harness horses, especially Tacony, under saddle, which was a decided handicap in her opponent's favour. At the time Mr. Foster wrote of her she was looking well at twenty-nine years old, and had produced three good foals.

One of her most remarkable opponents, and the best stallion that had trotted in her time was George M. Patchen, a horse of the Bashaw blood, through Andrew Jackson and the English blood, through Trustee and Fanny Pullen, the sire of his dam being own brother to Trustee, who trotted twenty miles in the hour. He

contended with the mare over the Union Course, and was just beaten by her in the best race she ever ran, so close that their time was virtually the same. This was a very powerful horse of great substance, but strange to say he was given away before he was foaled, and probably retired earlier from public life on the course than the mares and geldings, as we do not hear about him for long.

The next of note to come under our notice is Dexter, who has been designated the King of the Trotters. He had the Messenger blood, through Hambletonian, and was out of a little black mare by American Star, out of a mare of whom it was only known that she was a good road mare of great bottom, with a sound tough constitution, and that she lived to be very old.

This colt, a brown, with white face and legs, about fifteen one in height, and very strong, ran loose pretty well until he was four years old, and never tasted corn; but when he was bought by Mr. Allee, and worked a bit, he so pleased Hiram Woodruff, that he early predicted a great future for him. In this he was not disappointed, as he quickly put himself at the top of the tree in saddle, harness, and to waggon, and made all the famous horses lower their colours. He also trotted under saddle a mile in 2 minutes  $18\frac{1}{3}$  seconds on the Fashion Course, but his best efforts were against Ethan Allen and Running Mate, when he is supposed to have made the extraordinary time of 2 minutes 17 seconds, pulling his own driver and vehicle, which is not recorded as he did not win. But on the Riverside Park Course (a half-mile one), against Brown George and Running Mate, he placed 2 minutes 19 seconds to his credit, and thus beat Flora Temple's best time, the first heat being 2 minutes  $21\frac{3}{4}$  seconds, and the last 2 minutes  $21\frac{1}{4}$  seconds, making three extraordinary heats.

At Buffalo, on the 14th of August, he was asked to beat this time, and did it in 2 minutes  $17\frac{3}{4}$  seconds, with good wind and a commanding stroke, the course at the time being considered to be slow. During the same week many fast horses trotted over it, and the best time they made was 2 minutes 30 seconds. He was only beaten four times out of fifty-three starts; of these three were by Ethan Allen and Running Mate; and having been on the track four years, was purchased by Mr. Bonner, when it was quite evident he had not arrived at his best by a great deal. Mr. Bonner does not trot his horses in public.

In those four years he did a great deal of hard work, and being, although a good-constituted horse and very wiry, not a heavy feeder, never requiring the muzzle, trained light towards the end of each year. But he was game to the backbone, and when Woodruff speaks of his 'wicked head, the gamecock throttle, the immense 'depth over the heart, the flat, oblique shoulder laid back clean 'under the saddle, the strong back, the mighty haunches square and 'big as those of a cart horse, and the good wiry legs,' we cannot

but lament that he is precluded from handing down his own excellence to posterity.

Lady Thorne, foaled in 1856, is by Mambrino Chief, her dam by Gano, a son of American Eclipse and Betsey Richards, by Sir Archy, thus it will be seen that she is as near thoroughbred as can be, and inbred to Messenger and Sir Archy. She was quite one of the best amongst a good lot, though she remained in training but about half a dozen years, being injured by an accident in 1870, during which time she trotted in sixty races and won forty-one times, all the races being heats. It will thus be seen that she did not appear in public until about eight years old. In her youth she was very queer tempered. Her appearance denoted her high breeding, and she stood considerably over sixteen hands high.

Goldsmith Maid was foaled in 1857, and got by Edsall's Hambletonian of the Messenger strain, and her dam was by Abdallah, another instance of inbreeding to the Messengers. She did little or nothing until she was eight years old, running almost wild, and a very wilful lady she proved when taken in hand, but she has done an immense amount of work, beating all the best horses of her time, and trotted on until seventeen years old. For all we know to the contrary she may be trotting at the present time.

American Maid commenced at five years old, and has been hard at it trotting heats for seven years: she comes of the Cassius M. Clay's blood, and is a very fine mare.

The best times of the trotters, as given in the record, have been—one mile in harness, Goldsmith Maid, 2 minutes 14 seconds; saddle, Dexter, 2 minutes 18 seconds; to waggon, Dexter, 2 minutes 24 seconds. Two miles in harness, Flora Temple, 4 minutes 50½ seconds; saddle, George M. Patchen, 4 minutes 56 seconds; to waggon, General Butler, 4 minutes 56¼ seconds. Three miles, Huntress, 7 minutes 21¼ seconds, in harness. Dutchman, in saddle, 7 minutes 32½ seconds. Longfellow, to waggon, 7 minutes 53 seconds. Four miles, Top-gallant, 11 minutes 4 seconds in harness; Dutchman, 10 minutes 51 seconds in saddle; Longfellow, 10 minutes 34½ seconds to waggon.

It is needless for us to go on to the longer distances, as it will be self-evident that, in them, the speed must, perforce, be lowered; neither have we given the performances of the horses named above merely to show of what American trotters are capable, but with the idea that something might be learnt therefrom in regard to the treatment of our own horses.

We find that the best of them have been suffered to mature before being called on for any great exertion, and that when thus treated they could go on enduring an immense amount of work at an age when many of our horses are old, worn out, and done for, nay, even that they actually improve up to twenty years old or more; we see also that under this treatment the time and pace get slowly but surely better.

Let us now look to the ancestors of these trotters, our thoroughbred horses. Eminent authorities tell us that they have been improving from 1700 until now. If we look back to the last century, when the greatest improvement is supposed to have taken place, and the *racehorse* was being gradually evolved out of Admiral Rous's *butchers' hacks*, who were then running, we shall see that they received very similar treatment to the trotters of the present century across the Atlantic. That is, they did no work to speak of until four, five, and six years old (Brocklesby Betty was bred from before she raced), and that then they were asked to run heats under high weights and over long distances. Improvement followed this trying ordeal in both cases, in both cases the horses ran on and stayed for years on the course; and in both instances the general breed of horses in the country was benefited and improved.

Having arrived at a pitch of excellence before unheard of, we changed our system, took to early forcing, short races, and light weights. Whether for better or for worse it is not for us to say, though we may point to the fact, that the little horses of the last century could run heats over the Beacon under twelve stone, without breaking down, while our bigger and *improved* horses of to-day cannot traverse the Beacon course at all, or under any weight.

We think the history of the American trotter is worthy the consideration of our owners and breeders of horses, as affording a parallel case of improvement to that of our racehorses under nearly similar treatment. It would be also well for them to consider the views of Woodruff, after forty years' experience of training horses, on the subject of early forcing and training. He says early maturity means early decay; and, with regard to training, 'We find 'Dutchman never trotted a race until he was six years old, and that 'he had no training to undergo until he was seven. Does anybody 'think that he would have been a fast, strong horse at eighteen if he 'had been put through the mill of hard training, high trials, and 'severe races at three and four? It is the "grand preparation" and 'the screwing up in the high trial that takes away the steel and life 'in young horses. Very often the race itself is an easy one for the 'winner; but the mischief has been done before the race was come 'to, and the young horse is seriously damaged, if not ruined, for 'life.' Woodruff at the same time advocated early handling, but not early work. These words are well worth pondering over at a time when we are lamenting the dearth of sound, useful horses; and we cannot but think, to use an old phrase, that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, and that in this respect trotter and galloper are very much alike.

J. N. F.

## THE LATE CAPTAIN PERCY WILLIAMS.

IN July 1836 I joined the 9th Lancers at Edinburgh and was appointed to his troop; he was a good deal on leave, but when present did his duty well, and was quite sharp enough on the young ones. I recollect that he selected the four greatest brutes in the troop for me to ride in the school, and that he had a beautiful chestnut horse with white legs for charger, known as Old George, with whom Queen Adelaide was so pleased that she wished to buy him. The 9th were at Hounslow when William IV. succeeded to the throne, and were called Queen Adelaide's Royal Lancers.

Lord Rosslyn, who was the Colonel, had a racehorse called Shamrock, very bad tempered and difficult to start, but a famous horse to carry weight, and Percy rode him at Cupar, the last time, in 1836, that the Caledonian Hunt met there, and at Eglinton Park the next year. He also had Ben Brace, a very good-looking, slow horse, afterwards ridden as charger by John Madocks.

In 1839, the 9th marched up to Nottingham—one troop was at Derby and the headquarters at Leeds. I was at Derby with Percy part of the time. In the hunting season he was most of the time at Melton. Lord Suffield then was Master, and Charles Treadwell huntsman; and they had Mr. Lambton's hounds, but the whole concern was strange to the country and not very successful in showing sport; and at that period old Jack Musters hunted his own hounds with Markwell as first whip.

Next year the 9th were at Norwich and Ipswich. In the summer we did a good deal of cricket—Percy was very good in the field; he and Jerry Clark (Sir Philip) as point and slip, and John Madocks long stop, were famous in the eleven of the regiment.

This season Tom Hodgson, backed by Lord Rosslyn, took the Quorn country, and Percy left the regiment. He brought his hounds from Holderness, and Percy had whipped in to him formerly for a season, but I don't know when; his huntsman was Tom Day, from the Warwickshire.

About the year 1841 the 9th Lancers went to India. Lord Rosslyn left the regiment and was made Master of the Buckhounds; and John Madocks and I exchanged into the 13th Light Dragoons. Then Percy took the Rufford country, George Foljambe giving him much assistance with hounds and in other ways. Jack Glover, who had been with Mr. Chalmers, of Auldbar, in Forfarshire, and afterwards whipped in to John Walker in Fife, was his whip. He was a good man in kennel, careful and attentive, a bad horseman and not much of a hand in the field; but he afterwards hunted the Kildare, hounds about 1846, when Mr. O'Connor Henchy was Master.

In April 1847 I settled in the Atherstone country. Percy wrote to me, 'Keep your temper and stick to the line;' and from that time till his death I was very intimate with him.

The late Lord Scarborough was very kind to him, and Percy almost lived at the Abbey when his Lordship was at home. He had four or five rooms at the kennel always ready for a friend, supplied with a barrack bed and an india-rubber tub. John Jardine, his old servant in the 9th Lancers, was groom, and Mrs. Jardine cooked and kept the house. Ned Oxtoby, a Yorkshireman, was 1st whip, a very sensible, quiet man, and excellent in the kennel: he had whipped in to Will Danby when Tom Hodgson had the Holderness, and was once let down over some cliffs, a hundred feet deep, in a basket, to rescue some hounds, and when he was safely landed at the top there was only one sound strand in the rope. On leaving Percy he went to Lord Henry Bentinck, then to Lord Rosslyn, in Fife, in 1851, and laid the foundation of the present Fife pack. He was an excellent servant, but his health failed, as the climate of Fife was too cold, and the country too rough for him, so he had to give up in the middle of the season of 1857-58. He then settled at Ollerton, near Rufford, and died of consumption about two years afterwards.

Jack Davies, a little fellow with a fine voice and an enormous head, then became first whip, and when Percy's hounds were sold remained on as huntsman with Colonel Welfitt, but he took to the bottle and did not last long. Charles Hamblin was second horseman; a capital sportsman, a most intelligent, respectable man, and an invaluable servant. He used to valet the whole party, wait at dinner, set everything straight for the next morning, ride home on a pony about a mile, and back in the morning in time to go out cub-hunting at daylight. He went to the Grove, and remained there as first whip many seasons, and then to the Duke of Beaufort, where he now is kennel huntsman.

The usual custom of cub-hunting was to go out at daylight, and there was plenty of good hard work in the strong coverts. The hounds used to get badly cut on their fore-legs with the brambles, and had to work hard for their fox. In the afternoon we strolled about the park among the fine old oaks, and chatted about the merits of the hounds: Playmate was a great favourite, a big, light-coloured dog, who although he had a broken shoulder, jumped every gate; Chieftain, a black dog with a long neck, by Foljambe's Sparkler; Traitor was one of the best stallions; Flamer was also a capital dog—both went to the Fife kennels. Rufford never was a very good place for foxes, but Thoresby was the mainstay, and Lord Manvers was a steady supporter. Colonel Welfitt also took much trouble to keep the country right and preserve foxes.

The late Earl of Rosslyn, old Tom Hodgson, Billy Williamson, Watkin Wynn, Jack Thomson, the late Lord Galway, and Lewis Williams, were among the *habitués* at the kennel, and the Hon.



Philip Pierrepont, brother of Lord Manvers, who lived at Evenley, near Brackley, was also a great friend.

He gave up the hounds and sold off in 1859, after having hunted the country nineteen seasons. The Hon. Mark Rolle bought most of the hounds. Sir David Baird and Capt. Kinloch, who were then setting up a pack in East Lothian, bought some lots.

When John Jardine retired, Robinson was groom for some time, and he was succeeded by Underwood, who remained with him up to his death. His stud latterly consisted of Princess, a very fine mare bought at the Pytchley sale; Whalebone and Woodcock, two very good hunters, which he bought of his friend Mr. Anstruther Thomson; and Telegram, a beautiful chesnut horse, from John Darby of Rugby. On retiring, Percy's hunting friends and farmers made him a very handsome present of silver plate, a clock, &c. He then took a house at Barnby Moor, where he lived ever afterwards, and hunted with the late Lord Galway, to whom he was much attached, and he took almost as much interest in the Grove hounds as if they were his own. A little more than a year ago he underwent a most painful operation in removing a tumour in his throat. When he wrote on 5th August, 1875, he appeared to have quite got over it, but about February or March last it again began to show bad symptoms, and he died on 3rd September, 1876, aged seventy-two, after six weeks of great suffering, borne with extraordinary resignation and patience.

As a horseman Percy Williams had few superiors. His easy, graceful seat is well known to all who have seen him trot round the ring at the Agricultural Hall. He had fine hands, and always appeared to have his horse in proper form—on his haunches, still with a loose rein; his temper was even, and he was very gentle with them. His nerve was undeniable, and on his sixty-fourth birthday he rode over a piece of timber with the Pytchley hounds which stopped most of the field. He used to ride horses much above his weight, many of them over sixteen hands high, but always well-bred—most of them thoroughbred. He broke his collar-bone two or three times, generally from falls in rabbit-holes, the Rufford country being very hollow in that respect, and a great deal of fern in the coverts.

As a huntsman he acted up to his motto of 'Keep your temper and stick to the line,' was very cheery with hounds, had a nice clear voice, gave them a great deal of liberty, and left them very much to do their own work. He liked plenty of bone, and latterly his hounds were inclined to be coarser in their heads and more feathery in the sterns than what is considered the fashionable pattern. He was very particular about too much tongue, and would not keep a hound that said a word too much; was devoted to his hounds and constantly with them, and they were very fond of him, and as handy as spaniels. His advice to a young huntsman was 'Stay at home with your wife and your hounds, don't wear a beard, and do wear a white neckcloth.'

He acted up to this strictly himself, as he was always well-shaved

and always wore a white neckcloth. As a race rider he was a very good judge of pace. He was also a very good coachman, and drove the mails many a mile in former days; in short, he was a capital all-round sportsman. He had a most cheerful and contented disposition, was a sincere, warm-hearted friend, a capital correspondent, and wrote most amusing letters, always expressed as if talking to you; and I may conclude by saying, 'Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit.'

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## THE RUN NOBODY EVER SAW.

Frost and snow were triumphant when I took up my pen to write this account of a run which nobody ever saw; horses were on their straw rides and hounds on their benches, so that there was literally no fun moving. There was nothing for it but to grin and bear the infliction with what complacency one could muster; though truly, with the latter and better half of the season rapidly slipping away, one was not so much inclined to sit down contentedly under the infliction as would have been the case a month or six weeks earlier.

There is no greater nuisance, perhaps, than a wretch to whom a sheet of frozen water is as balm in Gilead, and skates the apple of his eye; a man who, despising rinks and rollers, looks on a rattling frost as the perfection of weather, and yet, hypocrite that he is, condoles with you (ironically, of course) on your vexation and disappointment as regards hunting. Such a man it was my luck during this frost to meet. 'Well,' the wretch began, 'how does this weather suit you? not much more hunting I fancy for a bit. Tell you what, you had better sit at home and write a run that you never saw. Good-bye, old boy, just off to the Park to see if the ice will bear.'

I could freely have slain him on the spot, and yet as I turned wrathfully away, his words kept ringing in my ears, 'better write a run you never saw,' nor could I get them out of my head all that evening. The upshot of the advice is the present article. What occurred with regard to lemon and hot water, in conjunction with Kinahan's LL., as I pondered over it, I won't say, but suddenly I found myself as it were on what seemed a very nice, springy, hunter-like sort of horse, with perfect mouth and manners, jogging by field-gates and bridle-roads to covert, in a country which was as near perfection as possible—an apparently boundless expanse of grass, no roads, canals, rivers, or railroads, far as the eye could reach; coverts small and far between, fields large, and the fences just such as any one may feel a pleasure in riding over. A short ride brought me to the fixture, where I found about a hundred men (certainly not more), all looking the beau-ideal of sportsmen, a few ladies, but strange to say, not a boy on a pony, a second horseman or carriage of any sort was

visible. Stranger still, there was no colt-breaker, keeper with gun and black retriever, or poacher with a lurcher at his heels, the only pedestrian being a scarlet-coated runner. By a sort of natural instinct I ran my eye over the hunt servants and hounds, the latter as fine a pack as could be imagined, level, true in shape, and with that sort of unmistakable family likeness that comes from careful breeding for a number of years. The huntsman, a tallish, thin, middle-aged man, appeared to have not the slightest idea that he was a person of any importance, and was civil and respectful in his demeanour, not only to his master and the field, but to his whips also.

Seeing what looked like a good-natured farmer, I asked whose hounds these may be, and he answered, 'They are the property of 'the Hon. —; you see him yonder, on that grey horse,' pointing to a man of genial appearance who had just ridden up.

'That is his cover-hack, I presume,' I replied, noticing that he did not appear to be nearly so well mounted as his men.

'Oh dear, no,' was the rejoinder, 'he will ride that grey; he is 'one of the worst horses in his stable, consequently he always rides 'him himself, because, as he says, his field want no keeping in order, 'and the place he holds is consequently of no importance, whereas if 'either of his men got a bad fall, or their horses stopped with them, 'it might seriously interfere with the sport he has undertaken to provide. As you see, the men are all on the most perfect hunters 'money can buy, and I assure you they are as good as they look.'

The order was now given to move, and we trotted away to a gorse covert; as we neared it I noticed that people were particularly careful to make as little noise as possible in opening and shutting gates, that a great silence appeared to fall over the whole party, and that several who were smoking threw their cigars away, at which I very much wondered, and appealed once more to my new acquaintance as to the reason of it. 'Well,' he said, 'the cover is not 'large, and we are approaching it down-wind, hence care is needed 'that no noise should be made, as our foxes here are exceedingly 'wild, and would take the hint to be off in a moment. For the same 'reason, we always throw away our cigars on approaching a covert; 'the scent of a fox being remarkably keen, the effluvia from them 'would tell him that there was something unusual in the wind at 'once.'

'Why, then,' I asked, 'does your huntsman not make a detour, 'and come up-wind to draw?'

'The covert, you see, is not very large; and by so doing he 'might come on a fox and chop him before he got on his legs; and 'there is nothing annoys the Master so much as chopping a fox. 'You see that now, before putting the hounds in, he just touches 'his horn and cracks his whip, so that Reynard may know what to 'expect, and have a fair, but not too great a start, as the covert is 'never drawn blank, and these hounds are as quick as thought.'

The next moment every hound was at work, and the horsemen assembled in a group in one corner down-wind of the covert, but so sheltered by a hedge that there was very little chance of their heading the fox, should he wish to break in that direction. The gorse was quickly alive with music, for there was little trouble in finding, and it was a treat to hear the rich tones of Harry's voice as he cheered his pack on their game.

Right merrily they rattled round the covert for some few minutes, and then, through the tall openings of hedge, we could see the fox, with the stride of a greyhound and gaily-carried brush, breaking across the next field, which had so wisely been left free for his exit, when, to my horror, right as it were in his path, at the far end, I saw the hat and head of a rustic appear over the boundary fence. It was only for an instant; no sooner did the owner thereof view the fox, than (instead of, as I expected, leaping on the hedge and shouting) he dropped back into the ditch as if shot, and uttered not a word. Luckily the fox, whose attention no doubt was on the hounds in the covert, did not see him, and holding on his course, leaped the fence within thirty yards of the place where the man had disappeared, and in a few seconds we saw the hat of the latter held in the air above the fence. 'Better give them a holloa, had we not?' I remarked to my agricultural friend. 'No; we ain't certain that is the fox they are on, at present; just as likely to be a brace here as not.' No sooner had he spoken than I saw three couple of hounds streaming away over the grass, and instinctively took my horse by the head and shot in the spurs, thinking that with three couple on the line, and the rest coming (perhaps), it was the right thing to do, and confidently expecting to see the huntsman making a liberal use of horn and spurs in their wake. 'Hold hard,' said my Mentor; 'pray hold hard, and wait for the body of the pack.' These I discovered were on another fox; but Harry, just saying to his first whip, 'Get forrard, Jack, and stop those hounds until I get the pack,' turned back into the covert, and met the rest as they crossed the next riding; a touch on his horn and a wave of his cap, with a 'Get away to him, hounds!' from the second whip, appeared to convey his meaning to them in an instant; and, almost before I could divine what was intended, he was over the fence at which the rustic had appeared, with the pack at his horse's heels. Jack had stopped the three couple at the next gate, over which the huntsman popped, and capping them on in the direction his lieutenant pointed, the whole lot dropped their sterns and went away like a Cambridgeshire field from the post. The next ten minutes were the finest I ever saw; the country perfection; fences just big enough to give excitement in crossing them, and the pace tremendous, while the turf rode like a bowling green, firm and springy. But the field! how fair and square they all rode, wide of the pack either right or left, and slightly in the rear of the tail hounds, while I especially noticed that it seemed a point of honour with them not to ride near or hustle

the huntsman. When we came to fences in which only certain parts were practicable—which we did once or twice—each man waited patiently for his turn without crowding, and gave the one before him room to fall or get clear off before he set his own horse in motion. Thus there was really far less delay than ever I have seen at such places where every one was pushing and jostling to be first. Another thing that surprised me was, that although several ladies were going well, there seemed not a bit of jealousy among them, and not one tried to ride down her leader. Again, those who took the gates and roads (for you are not to suppose that even in this country all ride with equal boldness), instead of galloping in the usual heedless, reckless fashion, appeared to keep an eye on everything that might, by heading the fox, turn the line of scent across their track; and although this happened more than once, they were thus able to pull up in time to avoid doing mischief.

At the end of about twenty minutes the pack overran it in a road; our fox had met a donkey-cart and turned short. No sooner was it evident that the line must be back than every one pulled his horse to the road-side at once to leave a clear passage for the hounds, and holding out his crop at arm's length, just dropped his whip-lash to keep them away from the horse's heels, while a young man, whom I had noticed as going particularly well, quite in the first flight, opened a gate into the next grass field for the huntsman and pack to pass through, continuing to hold the gate until the whip could relieve him of it. Again I was astonished at the little waste of time resulting from such tactics as these, our huntsman being able to make his cast and recover his fox in a few seconds, although he did it without any apparent bustle or hurry, and every hound was once more racing on the line.

The next field was a large one, half a mile or more in length, and from some cause the fox had described a sort of half-circle in traversing it, so that those who galloped straight up arrived, or could have arrived, at the far end before the hounds. Being one of these, from the superior pace of the horse I was on, I merely waited to see the leading hound over the fence, an easy, tempting one, when I set my horse at it. 'Hold hard, sir,' shouted the Master; 'we always give them room in this country, and ride to 'the body, not a single hound.' Need I say how ashamed I felt of myself when the next instant the hounds turned, and raced down under the very fence over which I was about to ride? The fox, burst up by the pace, had begun to run short, and having lain down in the next ditch, the pack caught view, and in a couple of fields rolled him over. Had I not been called to order, that leap might have caused a check, which at such a moment might have lost him. What would have been the consequence had a score more followed me is pretty evident. A liberal allowance of room was conceded the hounds when breaking up their fox, and every one, instead of being intent on his flask and sandwich-case, appeared anxious to

keep clear of any hound which, having got a portion to himself, had run off to devour it, as they will do under such circumstances.

The order was at length given for the next draw, and after going about a mile, as we were trotting across a common, I was astonished to see what looked like another field in the distance, coming to cut us off at right angles; but I soon found that they were all second horsemen, whose absence had been so conspicuous during the morning, and who, my old Mentor explained to me, in this country seldom came to the meet or the first draw, and generally kept to the roads, still, however, hanging on the flank of the hounds, so as to drop in on them at the first chance. Thus, as he said, 'they neither get in the way, trample down the fences, crowd the gates, or make the farmers angry by riding over their land.'

The next covert was larger, and we went up-wind to it without any of the precautions I had before observed. Just before reaching it I saw a horse apparently running away with his rider, and coming straight to a gate into the road; it was impossible he could collect himself to rise. Crash! the man must be killed. Not a bit of it. But I had waked with such a start as to turn over the table on which stood the something made with hot water and lemon. The lamp was burnt out, ditto the fire, while a patter against the window told me it was raining hard from the south-west, and there was a chance of hunting on the morrow. I suppose I had been dreaming; never mind, I had such a run as I never saw, and I fancy no other man ever did, and it is much at your service, kind reader.

J. N. F.

## YACHTING AND ROWING.

### THE PHILADELPHIA REGATTA.

WHEN last month's 'Baily' was going to press, and we had just time enough to squeeze in a few lines, saying that London had the Watkins and Beaverwyck crews to meet in the final heat of the principal four-oared race of the Philadelphia Regatta, we were insane enough to add 'that there was every chance of their being victorious,' and alluded to the time test in support of our absurdly sanguine views, as the London men had, when beating Yale College, done the course in 8'51 $\frac{1}{4}$ , the fastest time ever made, and considerably quicker than the times of either Watkins or Beaverwyck. Hope, which a poet alleges springs eternal in the human breast, must be our excuse for taking too rosy-coloured a view of the chances of the final heat, and we plead guilty to having formed a most exalted and erroneous notion of the Philadelphia Regatta and its arrangements, though the experiences of other sporting visitors to America should have been more distinctly kept in mind. It is not for us to assert whether partiality or incompetence were the predominating characteristic of the person chosen as umpire, but the facts show pretty clearly that he stands convicted of one failing or the other. For the all-important final heat

London had the centre station, Beaverwyck on the west getting the best of the turn, and Watkins the outside, what we should call the worst station, though, under the circumstances, the Londoners might reasonably have preferred it; for as it was they were bored by Watkins, who fouled them while the other crew of course drew away. The London stroke held up his hand to claim the foul, and then rowed on, but they were soon bored on the other side by Beaverwyck, this also ending in a foul. On getting clear the boats went very wide, and a tremendous race home resulted in what was thought a bare victory for the Englishmen; but the judge, after some hesitation, decided that Beaverwyck had won by 18 inches. The London men proceeded to the umpire's boat to claim the fouls, when the umpire asserted that he had seen none which interfered with the result, and declined to have the race rowed again. As the umpire's steamer was 200 yards astern he may reasonably not have seen them (and none are so blind as those who won't see), but being unable to judge properly, because the steamer did not keep up with the race, his duty was to order the men to row again, especially as the officials gave one quarter of a second as the difference in time between Beaverwyck and London; and in an important race, such as this professed to be, under auspices heralded as being so super-excellent, it was surely necessary to the legitimate success of the affair that the principal event should depend, as far as might be, on palpable and clearly-defined superiority, instead of resulting in such a manner that even the winners have nothing to be proud of. On these grounds we assert that the umpire stands convicted of ignorance or favouritism; for, taking our sketch of the race as utterly false, the umpire's conduct still remains unaccountable. Supposing, for the sake of argument, that the Londoners were quite in the wrong when the foul occurred, had he seen it he might properly have disqualified them, but as he alleged he did not see a foul, he is certainly bound, under the circumstances, to order the race to be rowed again; and it is too ridiculous, when boats pass the post within 18 inches or one-fourth of a second of each other, to allege that a foul between them did not influence the result. That we have not taken a one-sided view of this memorable race is shown by the fact that even American papers, in detailing it, speak of the Londoners as being put out of their course, fouled, and interfered with by the American boat. The 'New York Tribune,' in describing the event, says, that soon after the start 'Watkins showed a disposition to steer wild,' and began to 'crowd in' the Englishmen. 'It seemed as if the oars were interfering,' and Watkins was 'sheering round in an alarming way.' 'While the Londoners and the Watkins men had been bothering each other' (this seems to have been a very one-sided bothering) 'the Beaverwycks had been prospering by their difficulties.' So much for the trifling incidents which, in the opinion of the umpire, had no influence on the result. Judging by time, the Londoners were delayed at least 10 seconds by being fouled, as their first trial was done in 8.55, and their second in 8.51, while the final took 9.7, which neither of their opponents had beaten, except once, when Watkins did the course in 9.1. One race a day was easy work for them compared with the Henley programme, in which all the Londoners have taken a good share, so there was no reason for supposing the men had gone off, and the most natural way to account for the comparatively bad time of the final is by reckoning that the Londoners lost over 10 seconds by being fouled, which, considering the crew stopped, and Howell held up his hand to claim the foul, is very probable. With respect to the judge's decision of 18 inches, he is to be congratulated

more on his eyesight than anything else, as the boats finished very wide, more than 100 yards apart, and the judge's seat was perched up 25 feet above the water. In justice to that functionary's modesty it must be remembered that he took some little time to make up what, as Disraeli said, 'he is pleased to call his mind,' and was no doubt assisted by the opinion of his friends, who were allowed to keep the judge company in his box, the position of which is of course no fault of his; but what can we think of the ability of a committee which selected so unsuitable a *locale*, and maintained it in spite of suggestions from some of the English division who were struck by the absurdity of the idea.

After this treatment it is not to be wondered at that Mr. Gulston, as Captain of the London Rowing Club crew, sent a formal notice to the officials withdrawing from all the competitions. Sportsmen in England, when this news was telegraphed, were astonished, and no doubt there was a general feeling of regret amongst oarsmen that they had not had another try. It must have been a very strong feeling of injustice, and of slight chance of anything better to come, that made the London men retire; Gulston is the last man to care too much about a licking, for though he has won all the big rowing prizes at Henley several times, he, unlike many captains and crack oarsmen, is ready to make one of a club crew at very minor events, and within quite a few days of his starting for Philadelphia was keeping up the character of the London Rowing Club for ubiquity, by going the round of the suburban regattas, with crews so scratch that they scarcely fancied themselves; Trower is another of the same sort, and Howell and Labat, though less known, have been too often ahead and astern to take a genuine defeat to heart spitefully, besides which, if disposed to be unduly captious, they would no doubt follow their captain's lead.

The Dublin University crew who went to Philadelphia to compete in the Graduates' race, also seem to have little ground for agreeable memories of their treatment by the regatta executive. Their entry for the pairs was refused, as it arrived a day too late; of this, in itself, they have nothing to complain, as they knew the date when entries closed, and a letter, like a boat, must stand by its accidents; but what shall we say of the conduct of a member of the committee, who coming on board with the presumed object of welcoming the Irishmen, devotes his first energies, actually before the visitors are landed on American soil, in endeavouring to get them to admit a post-entry of a Wesleyan College, without a hint that the quasi graduates were in fact the crew of the *Atalantas*, a club well known from their having challenged the Londoners a few years since, and rowed gallant losers from Mortlake to Putney. The Irishmen not quite relishing this hurried opportunity, decided to sleep on it, and finally resolved not to go out of their way to admit the unpunctual entries, and this determination being announced, they received a hint that there being but one entry no prizes would be given. As, however, this regatta was announced as to be carried out under the rules of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen of America, the Irishmen were enabled to quote the Association's rules in opposition to this mean attempt, and they rowed over in due course, though the executive went out of their way to allude to the subject on the programme, which, considering the Dublin men had come across the Atlantic to meet all comers duly qualified and entered, was a somewhat uncalled-for piece of bad taste, and to crown the edifice, the prize awarded to the Graduates' race, it is reported, resolved itself, small by degrees and beautifully less, into two flags! This



should be too bad to be true. The Cantabs have the negative satisfaction of having little to grumble at on their own account, however much they may take to heart the ill-treatment of their compatriots, as, owing to the illness of Mr. Close, they were obliged to give up in the middle of one of the trial heats for the principal race, and similar ill-fortune attended them in the other race for which they had entered.

The question of amateur qualification seems to trouble Uncle Sam but little, and the border-line between so-called amateur and professional is so vaguely defined that we cannot be surprised at the ranks of the latter getting continually recruited from the former element, while probably, should a favourable opportunity offer, the nondescripts not seldom retrace their steps on the quiet. In our country this sort of thing now and then occurs in such sports as pedestrianism and swimming, but the status of a rowing amateur is pretty clearly defined; in America, however, the experience of our recent visitors goes to show that all sorts of mechanics and artisans are passed as amateur oarsmen, and a custom seems to be in vogue of keeping a good man at the expense of the club, that he may add to the glory attaching to membership of that body—vicarious glory enough surely. *Romee Romanus* is well enough in its way, but it must have rather astonished the quartette of Cantabs and the Dubliners to see the style of their amateur antagonists. The cockneys may possibly have been less unprepared to be surprised at nothing, though the jerseys without sleeves and general cut of the Yankee oarsmen must have opened the eyes even of a Putney bird, who might justifiably have fancied himself dropped down into a waterman's apprentice race or a trial heat for the 'hundred.'

It is a curious coincidence that whereas the visitors who have come to England have had a straightaway race, clear course, and no fouls of importance, the great International affair at Philadelphia could not be brought off without a good deal that is not satisfactory. We do not call it unsatisfactory because an English crew did not carry off the prize, but no one can reckon as satisfactory such racing as we have described. If it be all laid to the charge of incompetency, we say at once they have no business to be incompetent when they specially invite all the world to attend and compete. As long as a regatta is local, its arrangements may be as ludicrously muddling as the neighbourhood chooses to admire or endure; it may agree solemnly to call blacksmiths and navvies amateurs, and appoint as referee a biased man or utter ignoramus (the first for choice, as he could not have fancies for all the events, and would decide properly sometimes); but when it enlarges its borders, we have a right to expect it will put away childish things, such as judges' boxes up in the air, and above all be careful that the umpire's leanings in favour of his neighbours should be imperceptible.

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### 'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—'Temperate Autumn, mild, sedate.' 53

WE do not think that the above is at all a bad description of the evening of the year in London; it certainly might be feelingly applied to the few poor souls who found themselves in the beginning of the month within sound of Big Ben.

We were 'temperate,' because it was our nature to; 'mild,' because there was nothing to disturb; 'sedate,' because there was nothing to excite us. There were distractions doubtless—there always are in London. There were the Promenade Concerts, at which, what between Mr. Dan Godfrey's band, the lady who always sings 'Coming through the Rye,' Messrs. Gatti's barmaids, and the pictures 'illustrative of the Prince of Wales's visit to India' (some of which are of a peculiar character), a more or less laborious half-hour might be spent. Another evening, too, you might have taken 'The Bull by the Horns,' but you would have found him a very stupid customer; and only when 'Little Don Cæsar' stepped on the scene, and sweet Kate Vaughan (she will pardon, we hope, the familiarity) charmed you with her natural grace, and showed you that even a 'break-down' could be danced in a lady-like manner, were your pulses stirred. Your sedateness would not have been much interfered with between the Gaiety and 'the Road,' and you would have spent perhaps the happiest distraction in that quiet little club. 'Pratt's' have been guests there for the last month or so, and some good fellows were sure to drop in about the small hours, and there was pleasant talk about the great departed of road and field. But the happiest distraction on a certain day was perhaps a drive to Alexandra on 'The Badminton' coach, with the Doctor and 'the Major,' our coachman, and a load, fit though few. We went 'the Duke's' road, climbing (rather painfully, it must be confessed) to

Bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor,

only—if it please Macaulay's shade—we call it 'Heath' now, and then on to Highgate, where a difference of opinion as to route sent us over the Archway instead of going the Duke's own road, for which the Van-driver raised his voice in vain. We did not make the most brilliant dash in the world up the steep ascent to the Palace, for there was a strong case of jibbing, and an equally strong one of double thonging before it was won. We confess to a liking for Alexandra, though we believe it is considered both cockney and unfashionable. It is charmingly situated, and turn which way you will, there is wherewithal to feast the eye. Bertram and Roberts supply a feast of another description, and how excellent that is, let those who gaze from the balcony of one of the private dining-rooms about the sunset hour when the heavens are aglow in the West, and the smoke of the great city is subsiding, and lighting their first cigar they placidly gaze over the landscape with happy post-prandial thoughts—tell. Not at all a bad thing is a dinner at Alexandra, with good fellowship—and a moon. The worst part is the return and the horrid tram, but that may be put up with. Then another day are we glad to see 'the Duke' in the yard, looking wonderfully fit and well, and able to do what he had not been able to accomplish this summer—'catch 'hold of them,' and take the club coach a turn in the park; and very pleased was his Grace with club, coach, and team. He must have felt that they all to him belonged, for the portcullis 'or, nailed azure, chains gold,' was on all three.

We have briefly indicated the night distractions of the Town at this sedate season, and can only now add that, when Mr. Byron wrote 'The Bull by the Horns,' his quick wit and playful fancy must have been as dormant as Belgravia in September. Mr. Byron has done so much that is really good, he has written such capital comedies for our enjoyment and amusement, that it is

unpleasant to have to find fault and tell him that his latest production—though he tries to evade criticism by calling it a farcical drama—is entirely out of the pale of dramatic art. It is a farce, it is true, for there are characters and they utter words, but that is all. The characters are inane, the words lack polish, the situations are of the most common-place description. Two hen-pecked husbands and their termagant wives is a subject that has been done to death on the English stage, and not even Mr. Byron, as a sarcastic *deus ex machinâ*, a friend who alternately bullies and cajoles each side, can galvanise it into any life. With the author, Miss Farren, Mr. Royce, and Mr. Soutar, as interpreters of the piece, it has of course every aid that acting can give it, but it is a wearisome production, and the audience welcome the descent of the curtain with relief. 'Little Don Cæsar de Bazan,' also by Mr. Byron, is however decidedly amusing. It is a burlesque of the good (or bad) old school, with verbal contortions, music-hall parodies, and break-downs in plenty. It has the advantage of the peculiar talents of Mr. Edward Terry, the vivacity of Miss Farren, the charming face and manner of Miss Kate Vaughan. Mr. Terry's walk as the King is very amusing, and Miss Farren is a gallant Don; but to Miss Vaughan belong the honours of the piece. A pretty face is no doubt a high recommendation, but Miss Vaughan has, in addition to this, the manners and deportment of a lady, and, as we before said, dances even a break-down like one. She understands the art of costume, and nothing can be handsomer and more telling than the black and gold (Miss Vaughan, we believe, has a fondness for these colours) of Maritana, as Countess de Bazan. In fact, Don Cæsar has taken the Bull by the Horns. We endure the latter for the sake of the former.

A somewhat courageous experiment has been made by Miss Helen Barry in opening for a short season one of the most fashionable theatres in London at a time when the fashionable world is not here to support her. 'Ethel's Revenge,' the title of the drama with which Miss Barry has opened her campaign, is an adaptation of 'Strathmore,' one of those early novels of Ouida's, wherein terrible heroes and wicked heroines figure, and which, without being exactly what is called sensational, exhibit the most strained and unnatural embodiments of character, and depict a world and a state of society unknown to civilisation. The novels of this lady have, however, gained much popularity among a certain class of circulating-library readers, and there is no doubt that here and there there is a good deal of rough dramatic material to be got out of them. Whether the adaptor of 'Strathmore' has chosen the best we much doubt. In the first place, the heroine, Ethel, well as the part was played by Miss Barry, fails to win our sympathies in the least. She is an adventuress who has, by her own confession, lured men to their destruction, and can boast only one redeeming point—that at last she does really feel for one man the love she has simulated for many. This man, the hero of the drama, kills in a duel one of her victims, who has sought to warn him against her fascinations, and subsequently marries the daughter of the man he has murdered. Now, this revolts against every feeling of the British playgoer, and we doubt whether it would go down at the Odéon or the Porte St. Martin. Reading a story of this sort does not touch us as witnessing it depicted with all the aid of the actor's art. We can pardon the heartless coquette, or worse, that Ethel is described as being; but the love of Lord Mountsorrel (the 'Strathmore' of the drama) for Miss Fortescue is simply revolting, and it is high praise to Mr. Kelly that he succeeded in toning down

the objectionable features of the character. Miss Barry's personation of the heroine was given with much ability, particularly in the scene in which she evokes a curse on the lover who rejects her. In the last act, too, where she abandons her long-sought revenge—clumsily as the author has brought the situation about—Miss Barry's acting was marked with power and pathos. Miss Florence Roberts made a most charming *ingénue*, and did her love-scenes with a natural delicacy and refinement from which we augur favourably. The play was admirably mounted and put on the stage, the scenery most effective, and the appointments in the best taste.

To those who remember Charles Kean's revival of 'Henry V.' some seventeen years ago at the Princess's, the gorgeous overdone series of *tableaux vivants* at the Queen's Theatre suggest nothing but odious comparisons. Mr. Coleman seems to have had but two objects—the overcrowding of the stage to a point verging on the ridiculous, and the exhibiting of himself in attitudes more or less strained. The play is overlaid with glitter, tinsel, and tin armour; and though everything is, we believe, archæologically correct, the eye wearies with a succession of pictures in which taste and art have been sacrificed to historical accuracy. Of course the stickler for the latter will maintain that in such a case ugliness becomes a virtue,—so we will let that pass. But what shall we say of a revival that in the scene of the siege of Harfleur omits the stirring speech of King Henry to his soldiers? We must perforce recall that wonderful scene at the Princess's, when, amidst the smoke and din of the most realistic fight ever presented on the stage, the figure of King Harry emerged from out the reek of battle, his armour dented, his plume besmirched, and, standing at the foot of the breach, called on his men once more to follow him, 'or close up the wall with the English dead.' Instead of this, what do we see? A picture full of colour and effective grouping, but entirely without life; which gains applause by the splendour of polished armour and a free use of the lime-light, but which does not excite enthusiasm. Neither does the acting. Mr. Coleman has not the slightest approach to dignity of bearing, and all the aid of gorgeous costume cannot make him one whit a king. The subordinate characters are represented by men who seem utterly unable to deport themselves in the slightest degree like unto the men they represent, and of course they are equally unable to deliver the lines set down for them. We would particularly mention, as sinning in both these respects, the representatives of Charles VI. and the Dauphin. Mr. Ryder, Miss Fowler, and Miss Kate Phillips show out from the mass of vulgarity and commonplace, and the boy of the latter was particularly piquant. Miss Leighton spoke the beautiful prologue on the opening night well. Indeed, this composition is—alas, that we should have to say it!—one of the best things in the 'revival;' and, though of course it would be against all rule and custom, we should, if condemned to see 'Henry V.' again, much like to have the prologue repeated.

Few of our readers may, perhaps, have thought of travelling so far East as to the Duke's Theatre in Holborn for an evening's amusement. Should they do so, we think we may promise them a pleasant two hours with Mr. Broekman and his wonderfully-trained collection of horses, ponies, monkeys, elephants, &c. One can hardly imagine the amount of time, labour, and patience which it must have cost Mr. Broekman to have brought his troupe to the perfection they now display. There is a dinner-party, consisting entirely of, and waited on by, monkeys, who go through their *rôle* without a mistake of any sort; and

from the tenacity with which the waiter declines to leave the stage without his *douceur*, we should imagine he must have himself visited St. James's Hall or the Aquarium. There is a wonderful grey pony who jumps, at a stand, a post and rails considerably exceeding his own height; but perhaps the cream of the performance is the riding of an ape, in full dress, on 'The Negro,' a horse who does his best to unseat him in every way; but the ape keeps his hands down, and his seat is well worth the attention of many of our young jockeys, whose performances 'at the post' are not 'a patch' upon those of the Darwinian hero. A natural impression prevailed that the monkey must be tied to the horse, but at a word from his master, he leapt from his saddle on to the ground, so that such aid to his equestrian feats could not have been possible. We strongly recommend our readers to judge for themselves as to the merits of Mr. Broekman's exhibition.

A pleasant variety to the tameness of the proceedings in the theatrical world is the genuine approval accorded to the latest production of Mr. Gilbert's pen, 'Dan'l Druce,' at the Haymarket. The drama is to all intents and purposes a domestic one, and deals only with incidents of a homely character. Although the play-going public have undoubtedly declared in favour of the merits of the new piece, it must be admitted that there are not a few faults in the construction of the play. With so much, however, that is excellent in the conception and working out of the plot, the blemishes are easily forgotten, and the success of 'Dan'l Druce' is no less due to the author than to those who take part in the performance. The story opens with the ruined hut of Druce, who, self-exiled from the world through wrongs he has suffered at the hands of Sir Jasper Combe, is given up as dead by all his kith and kin. The battle of Worcester has been fought and won, and at a critical moment a Cavalier, Sir Jasper Combe, and his retainer, take refuge in the hut. Being hotly pressed, and obliged to fly for their lives, they leave behind them a child, who proves an undesirable burden in their precipitate retreat. After a lapse of several years; Druce is found pursuing his old calling of a blacksmith, his presumed daughter, Dorothy, now grown to maidenhood, brightening every hour of his life. The picture here presented is one that finds its way to every heart; the loving words and tender pathos of the dialogue affording a fine and patient study, which is done ample justice to both by Mr. Hermann Vezin and Miss Marion Terry. In due course, explanations and repentance succeed, and a happy climax is arrived at. Taken altogether, the work is one that from first to last takes a strong hold on our sympathies, and we feel we are indebted in no small measure to the intellectual abilities of the principal character, Dan'l Druce, as rendered by Mr. Hermann Vezin.

One of the latest novelties is the approaching opening of the old Royal Sadlers Wells Theatre as a grand Concert Hall, Lecture Room, Restaurant, Billiard Rooms and Winter Garden combined. In addition to these special attractions, there will be a succession of novelties, too numerous to mention, which will, we are assured, eclipse anything that has hitherto been attempted. It only remains with the directors to carry out the programme they have drawn up to meet with the patronage of the dense population in the neighbourhood, to whom popular instruction and amusement must be a welcome boon.

But we hear the saddling bell ringing out on Warwick Common, and however much we may consider the game not worth the candle, we must go. Kisber was in his agony about that time. He had been knocked about at San-

down Park (where, by-the-way, we had two very good days' racing) the previous week, and at the end of it there were people who declared he was as dead as Julius Cæsar. Warwick, it was thought, would see something sensational; either he would be reinstated or knocked out; but nothing of the sort occurred. 'Kisber was in a little better odour, and that was all; so we had to turn our attention to such fare as Mr. Samuel Merry put before us, and the fare was poor. It was hoped Thunder and Controversy would have met in the Cup, but their owners selected Musselburgh Links for the battle-field; so clearly next year we must pitch our tent 'within a mile o' Edinbro' toon,' and leave Warwick to its repose. Indeed, if something is not done, the September Meeting here will go to that bourne, &c., and we don't think any one will much regret it. Warwick has two good Meetings—the November one a particularly good one—and Mr. Merry had better be content with them. It is no use saying that the Leamington Stakes and the Warwick Cup were once important races, and that there is a prestige about them still. There is nothing of the kind. For the last few years plating has been the rule here, and plating will it continue to be. Rarely, very rarely, can an old meeting that has long been decaying be galvanised into a fresh lease of existence. True, the Messrs. Frail have succeeded in so doing with Northampton, but then they infused new blood into it, and there is no new blood at Warwick to be infused. Nothing could be more wearisome than the sport of the two days, the last especially so. The Leamington Stakes, which on paper looked fairly a good thing for Snail, was won by Finis in a canter, Lord Rosebery's horse seemingly not being able to live with the others at any time in the race. The Fyfield stable had rather a good time of it, for it carried off the County Handicap with Bric-a-Brac, and the prices on each occasion was satisfactory—no 6 to 4's. Sir George Chetwynd had hardly his usual luck, for Chypre ran but badly, and Capillaire and the Clown were his only winners. Pulcherrima, with odds of 2 to 1 on her, was beaten by La Tamise, and we don't suppose he trusted that rogue Sugarcane in the Trial Stakes. There was nothing there (Snail having gone back to Berkshire) but Lilian to oppose Freeman in the Cup, and as the former would hardly have figured to advantage, the contest was wisely declined, and Freeman walked over. By dint of fine riding Speranza beat Kinton in the Welter Cup, a rather severe blow, for Kinton was *the* good thing of the last day, next to Capillaire. The Admiral was present, and there was some Cesarewitch betting, Coomassie, Chaplet, and Hopbloom being the medium of speculation. Others were backed, too, and when the handicap appeared the next evening, we fancy some speculators must have wished they hadn't.

But now we leave our temperance and sedateness behind, and turn our steps to that great northern gathering which, next to Ascot, is the most brilliant *r  union* of the racing year. How is it that our pulses (we are speaking personally) are more stirred on the Town Moor than they are on Epsom Downs? Both, to use the hackneyed word, are 'historic' grounds—is it that the history of the one is more exciting than that of the other? Perhaps it is because we are in the country of the horse *par excellence*, and we know and feel that we have not come so far to assist at a scene of riot and revelry—a cockney carnival, with a great race thrown in—but to a meeting where every man, woman, and child, high and low, gentle and simple, are votaries of the sport, and enjoy it with a zest of which some of we poor Southerners are ignorant. Doncaster,

with all thy faults—and thou hast many, goodness knows—we love thee still. That thou fleecest the stranger within thy gates as no traveller from Jerusalem to Jericho was ever fleeced before; that in this respect thou art incurable, and reply to our groans and remonstrances by sticking on another guinea or two, we know by a little experience. This year lodging-house keepers were rampant on account of the Prince's visit, and what they asked it boots not now to tell. We have very great satisfaction, however, in saying that the worthy citizens a little overshot the mark, as the many notices in the windows of 'apartments' amply testified. People went to York, to Leeds, and other towns rather than put up with Doncaster victimising. By-the-way, we believe, in old times merrie Sherwood extended from Nottingham to what was then called Dankastere, and it has just occurred to us that the present inhabitants of the latter town must be descended from the robbers and freebooters who infested the forest, and gave 'the proude sheryfe of Notyng-ham' such a deal of trouble. It is true, 'Robyn Hode and Lytell Johan' only robbed the rich; whereas their degenerate descendants——But let us to our racing.

The cracks had arrived when we reached Doncaster on the Monday afternoon, and were reported as well as cracks should be. We found the course in excellent order, the turf elastic, and Rose Hill not the bare slippery place it was two years ago. Of course Kisber and the Leger were on everybody's tongue, and the crowd on the course, the following morning, to see him and Petrarch take their final gallops, very great. There was but one opinion about Kisber as he strode along with Custance on his back, and not a man who did not go back to breakfast convinced that there was nothing the matter with him, and that the Leger he could not lose. The market caught the tone of confidence, and Kisber was much more buoyant, though towards the small hours of the night he again was on the down line, and his backers, who had seen him pulling Custance out of the saddle in the morning, piteously inquired what it all meant. The racing on the first day was very good, though the meeting of Lowlander and Controversy in the Fitzwilliam, over Lowlander's own course (three-quarters of a mile) did not admit of much doubt, and Lord Huntley's horse won in a canter. Speranza is a much-improved mare, as her running at Warwick showed, and she carried off the Doncaster Plate from Euxine and the favourite Azov very easily. Then came the Great Yorkshire Handicap, for which St. Leger, on the strength of his last year's run, had been deservedly a favourite, together with Dalham; and though there was an idea that Merry Duchess might after all be the stable horse, yet the public rushed on St. Leger with the frantic rashness for which they have so often paid. Dalham was much fancied, with all his weight, and the Kingsclere stable steed, the unlucky Pageant, once again. But a new favourite came on the scene twenty-four hours before the race, and Bersagliere, who had been nibbled at during the previous week, became an extremely warm one when it was known he had been tried for speed with Thorn, and been not found wanting. They knew he could stay from the Ascot running, so it looked the good thing it turned out, and people were glad to get on even at 6 to 4. The St. Legerites had the satisfaction of seeing their horse retreat to 100 to 8; but though it was evident the stable were going for Merry Duchess she did not improve her position, while Dalham went back before the Bersagliere furore, and the third favourite was Brother to Royal George. As in the Great Ebor, Agglethorpe made the running; Dalham, who showed temper at

the post, never would go up to his horses; and Bersaglier, always lying well in front, headed Agglethorpe at the bend, and though Merry Duchess looked well once, the favourite wore her down and won easily by a length. What was the matter with Dalham we can't say, but Webb could not get him along, and he finished at the rear of everything. Bersaglier's win was a very popular one, and a fair lady, who loves a good horse and knows something about him, too, had much to say about it.

The Leger morning dawned auspiciously, and within the memory of the oldest inhabitant there never had been such a crowd as poured for hours on to the racecourse. The Prince of Wales met with the heartiest of receptions, though at some points of his progress Mr. Christopher Sykes' carriage, containing his illustrious guest, passed almost unnoticed, so great was the throng. Perhaps, after all, Yorkshire was more concerned about Kisber, and how he would acquit himself, than about the Prince. The former had only taken gentle exercise that morning, of course, but he was put through his paces at the rooms after breakfast, and the report was favourable. There had been a rumour, without the slightest foundation, that John Osborne had declined to ride him, Custance having been claimed by the Duke of Hamilton for Wild Tommy—a rather recent addition to the list of starters. However, in the morning it was positively known that Osborne would have the mount, and though bookmakers offered to take 6 to 4 at one time, before racing began, Kisber was very firm, and his owner laying 2000 to 1000 on him removed the last rag of suspicion that hung about the horse. Cautious warriors who had waited till the last moment to see which way the cat jumped found it was all right and hastened to get on, in some cases laying 9 to 4. Petrarch was comparatively friendless at the finish, and '20 to 1 bar two' represented the *status* of the others. It certainly looked a good thing, if ever there was one. Here and there were men to be found who shook their heads mysteriously, but as they could only declare that the favourite would not win, and could give no reason for the belief that was in them, they were not much heeded. The horse looked wonderfully well in the paddock, though of course he had, as far as appearance went, to yield the *pas* to Petrarch. The latter was, to our eyes, the ditto of the horse we saw on the Two Thousand day, looking big and a little above himself—a condition which the result would seem to show he is at his best at. Wild Tommy was a grand-looking horse, fitter than he was at Epsom, but still evidently not quite wound up, and not carrying the confidence of his stable, as 100 to 1 was freely offered against him. The Duke of course backed him, taking the nice bet of 10,000 to 100 and 600 to 100 for a place, but we do not think anybody followed suit. The place betting lay between Skylark and Julius Cæsar—the last-named being strongly supported; and Coltness, who was as fit as horse could be made, also came in for many place investments. If we had been asked what were the most thoroughly trained there, we should have said Skylark and Coltness, and but for the former's unfortunate hocks, he would have been perfection. There was some difference of opinion about Kisber's style of galloping, some people asserting that it was perfection, others that he yawed and tore at his bit too much *à la* All Heart, who galloped like a mad horse. Petrarch was fidgety and nervous, Wild Tommy covered ground in his stride, and Skylark swept by in grand style. Lord Rosebery ran Levant as well as All Heart, but if the former was intended to make running for her stable companion that pulling brute frustrated the intention by taking Constable to the front directly the



flag fell. Wild Tommy was last away, and Osborne finding the pace in the first quarter of a mile indifferent went to the front with the favourite and led them up the hill. Past the rifle butts the pace was much better, Kisber still leading, and at the Red House turn he was going so well that the race then was declared over. Petrarch was lying well up here, and Wild Tommy had been gradually running into a good position, but still there was nothing to alarm Kisber's backers until at the bend John Osborne was seen to be uneasy on him, and in another second or two loud cries announced his defeat. Almost immediately Goater brought up Petrarch, and a few moments afterwards Custance challenged on Wild Tommy. It was an exciting struggle, for the gigantic son of King Tom looked as if he was going to smother Petrarch; but it was only for a moment, and Goater, calling on the latter, won a fine race by a neck. Petrarch never swerved, and thus effaced the stain that lingered on him after his Ascot running. There, the horse, it is now plain, was not himself, but in the Leger we saw the winner of the Middle Park Plate, the Two Thousand, and the Prince of Wales' Stakes. Some writers and Turf analysts have, we see, questioned his gameness, but, differing from those gentlemen, we venture to think that if Petrarch had not been a game horse he would not have won the Leger. He is a non-stayer, doubtless, and perhaps a mile and a quarter is about his best course, but non-staying power does not imply that a horse is deficient in courage. There have been game milers, and even half-milers. A horse, unless he is a wonder, cannot go beyond his distance.

As to Kisber's running, and his most extraordinary defeat, we hardly know what to say. A great deal *has* been said about it, and all sorts of extraordinary assertions advanced to account for his failure. The horse was pulling Osborne out of the saddle one moment and was done with the next. Of course it is impossible to avoid taking into consideration the action of the book-makers, their determined hostility (in the case of one leading member of the fraternity dating from a period when not a whisper had been circulated to the horse's discredit), the tone of the market for a fortnight previous to the race, and even up to the fall of the flag, when, though the horse was apparently firm, the fielders were eager to field. It is the old story that has been told about many strong favourites, and will be told, doubtless, about many more, and Kisber has only joined the number of Leger cracks who, with odds on them, have failed to pull it off. It ought to be a warning to us all that when the first sign of something being wrong is apparent we prepare for the worst. When 7 to 4 was laid against Kisber at Sandown Park we should have taken the alarm. At the time we thought him 'dead,' and if we had gone on so thinking the majority of us would have been wiser and not sadder men on the Leger day. Lulled into a false security by the apparent confidence of Kisber's owner and the stable generally, was taken a fatal plunge, and we are now left to reflect on the strange career of favourites, on what an unhappy position it must be that of owner and trainer of one, and, lastly, how much more book-makers know than backers.

Thursday and Friday gave us better racing than one generally sees at Doncaster after the great event has been decided. Blanton's stable was in great form—too great, we should have thought, for when they had such horses as Lollypop and Brigg Boy in it, it might be as well perhaps to find out which was the best. However, owners know their own business much better than we can tell them, and so the Duke of Hamilton and Sir John

Astley must have had a good deal of fun when they saw their two horses racing together and finishing first and second in the Portland and Prince of Wales' Plate. The Duke had the best of the fun, however, for he got a very good price about his horse in each race and won, while Sir John took 7 to 4 and lost. What the astute Blanton took we can't say, but it does seem curious that Lollypop, after his win in the Portland Plate, was allowed to start at 10 to 1 for the Prince of Wales's. It was stated that the stable wished to depend on Brigg Boy alone in the Portland Plate, but a fair lady interfered, and expressed her opinion that Lollypop should be allowed his chance, and a very good chance he took, and very much do we congratulate the Duke of Hamilton on his having got good amends for the disappointment he has experienced with the horse. Thorn, who was evidently third best in the Cleveland Handicap on Wednesday, beat Kaleidoscope in the Alexandra Plate, John Osborne coming with one of his rushes and catching Lord Dupplin's horse just on the post—a very fine performance of horse and man. Speranza has been running very well this season, latterly especially, and if Major Stapylton was a betting man he would rejoice at the prices he might have had. But he likes the pleasure of a win better than the money, and when his mare beat Equanimity, for a fine race for the Wharnccliffe Stakes, by a head, he was perfectly satisfied. The Cup was not a race such as we have been accustomed to see at Doncaster. In the first place, a little game had been played with New Holland the previous night at the rooms, and some leading book-makers who knew the horse was amiss helped themselves, the horse being struck out the next morning. Craig Millar and Controversy had been alternate favourites; but before the race Hampton came into great request, and 9 to 4 was accepted about him before the flag fell. The Duke of Hamilton had bought Charon for the large sum of 1,750 guineas in the morning, and the running, such as it was, was made by him, though everyone appeared to have waiting orders, as they did not go faster than a man could kick his hat for the first mile. Ascending the hill the pace was a little better, and when fairly in the straight, Hampton and Charon were out of it, and Craig Millar, going to the front, easily shook off Controversy, and turned the tables on Lord Rosebery for his Edinburgh defeat. Twine the Plaiden showed us that she had returned to her three-years-old form by beating Zee in a canter, and winning three races off the reel. Some interest attached to the meeting of Great Tom and Coltness in the Doncaster Stakes, but it was nothing of a race, as Lord Falmouth's colt won very easily. And thus ended, taken altogether, a brilliant Doncaster.

The racing world is, as we write, in the thick of the Cesarewitch fever, a complaint which it takes badly about this time of year. It has been an amusing handicap in one sense, as it shows how alive Admiral Rous has been to the good things, or rather imagined good things, and how down he has been on the forestallers and early takers of long shots. So far so good, and we are pleased to see the veteran handicapper determined not to be caught napping if he can help it. A lot of horses have been backed, and, as far as we can judge, Woodlands seems good business; but at the same time the truth is somewhat difficult to get at about Mr. Swindell's horses, and whether he has backed them or not is often a matter of doubt and uncertainty. The market would seem to say this time that he has, and of course Woodlands must have a great chance. We thought when the weights appeared that Coomassie was bound to render a good account of herself, and though they back Hopbloom,

Talisman, in the same stable, ought to beat him. Blanton promised to be very strong with his horses, but we hear nothing more about Gurth, who, it was whispered during the summer, was the rod in pickle, and whom the Admiral rather came down upon in consequence. Neither is Rascal mentioned, though we know some clever people who towards the middle of last month 'hopped on,' as the phrase goes. Blantyre has been backed as if really meant, and so has Merry Duchess, but we have no fancy for either. Of the Irish division Umpire and Ben Battle look most promising, and we believe the former to be a good horse. We have a great fancy for Coomassie and expect to see her in the first three. Beyond this the oracle is dumb.

The Dublin Horse Show has become the great horse mart of Ireland for the best description of Irish-bred horses, and there is this marked difference between it and our English shows in that the animals exhibited are fresh horses sent there each year with a view of being sold, and are not kept merely for the purpose of gaining prizes. The number shown in Kildare Street, during the last week in August, was one-fifth less than last year, and in goodness they were about the usual average. The prices asked, however, were so excessive that but few sales were effected. The principal buyers were Mr. Lansley of Cricklewood and Mr. George Darby of Rugby, the latter taking away with him the prize winner in the middle-weight hunters' class, and also a nice bay mare by Kildonan, but at prices which did not leave much room for a profit. For the winner of the welter weight hunters, Colonel Barton of the 18th Hussars gave 300/. Captain Trotter, so well known in The Shires, carried off the prize in the four years' old class with a clever brown colt by Knave of Hearts. This colt returned home without being disposed of.

The horses at Howden Fair, this September, were better than usual, and a deal more genuine than the lot that was brought to Horncastle. The railways afford such facilities for dealers to travel round the country to the farmers' own homes, and to buy up the pick of their stables, that only the inferior cattle have of late years reached the fair. This year, however, a number of fresh young Irish horses came on to Howden from the Dublin Show, and found ready purchasers. Of the less expensive class of horses, old Joe Franks of Vincent Square, Westminster, bought a good many.

At Barnet pony fair, held on the 4th of September, there were almost as many Russian as Welsh ponies. For a tolerable two-year-old the Taffies were asking twenty guineas, whilst you might get 'a Rooshan' for less than half the money; so great is the difference in the breeds, the one being as tough and stout as the other is soft and bad-hearted.

On Saturday, October 6th, Sir Thomas Lennard will hold his annual sale of hunters at Belhus, and to those who can find time, amid Cesarewitch complications and Middle Park mysteries, to remember the coming glories of the chase, will do well to run down across the Essex flats for a look round previous to the commencement of regular hunting. Sir Thomas has ransacked all the best known centres of supply to form the very useful collection which will be open to public inspection during the ensuing week. Nor are they hunters merely in name; and those who go the rounds any day before the sale will be permitted to see something more than a hood, quarter-sheet, and four sets of bandages, with which encumbrances alone in view purchasers are too often asked to make up their minds as to the qualifications of the animal they conceal to take his part across country. The horses will be ridden over several

fences, just to whet the appetites of fanciers, and the sale will be wholly and entirely without reserve, and in perfect contrast with one just concluded 'on just t'other side of the water.' There are hunters up to all sorts of weights, most of which hail from Ireland, where the 'rile article' seems to be indigenous to the soil. By subsequent education all little asperities of manner and impetuositities of feeling, so natural to horses of Milesian temperament, have been carefully and judiciously toned down, and all will be found to possess manners—which make the horse, no less than the man—and two sides of their mouths. Sir Thomas has brought some practical judgment, and no small experience, to bear upon his hobby, and as the sale of the previous year furnished such satisfactory results, we look for a greater gathering and better prices than on the last occasion. The usual hospitalities will be liberally forthcoming, and we commend an imitation of Sir T. Lennard's example to other 'lords of many lands,' provided that they are willing to carry things through in the same spirit of patience, judgment, and liberality.

'Chill October' has come at last, and in a few more weeks Silk will have given way to scarlet, only the inveterate punter being left to follow the fickle fortunes of the Turf to the cheerless plain of Aintree, or to take part in Mr. Frail's festival at Shrewsbury, where the good things, alas! don't come off so often as they used to do. The old-fashioned Turfite used to put aside his race-glasses after the Houghton week. Nowadays, however, 'Nous 'avons changé tout cela;' and they race somewhere or other from the 1st of January till the 31st of December.

But to return to cub-hunting. By the 1st of October most packs are in full swing, and already we have heard good accounts of the Old Berkshire and the South Oxfordshire in the South, and of the Grove, the York and Ainsty, and Lord Middleton's in the North. The latter pack kept to their usual fixture the Monday before Doncaster, and we are glad to hear that foxes never were so plentiful. It used to be the prettiest sight in England before one half of Langton Wold was ploughed up to see the hounds jogging over its wide extent to the Welham coverts, where they had always met for their opening day. John Scott, in his brougham, would be looking after the last gallop of a Leger favourite, and half Malton generally turned out to see how the crack faced the Grimston Hill, and then adjourned to Welham to see what Ben Morgan was making of the cubs that never were scarce there—nor are they now, for that matter. Cub-hunting, apart from its great use in steady-ing young hounds, and in stirring up the woodlands, is about the best schooling in the world for young horses, and the best training for getting old ones fit. Old John Osborne used to say that if you want to sweat a horse there's nothing like 'sweating him for the brass;' and this is very true of hunters. If you want to get a hunter fit there is nothing like sending him out with a careful man on his back in the cubbing season whenever you have a chance: and still better if you have time and inclination to ride him yourself. What can be more delightful than on a fine morning in October to take 'time by 'the forelock,' and find yourself at seven in the morning on a young horse that you have been hacking all the summer outside a big woodland, and to hear that welcome music the loss of which you have been lamenting for months past. Besides, what chance would there be of sport in November or December if the foxes weren't taught the way they should go in September and October? What would the hard-riding swells say who love a quick forty minutes and then home if they had to shiver half the day

outside a covert in November waiting for a fox to break? Why, I am afraid that, to slightly alter one of the Belvoir lays:

'Their spleen would know no bounds;  
They'd curse the master, not the huntsman,  
Hang the fox and d——n the hounds.'

However, let us hope none of these dreadful things will happen, and that, in the season coming on, the many litters of cubs that we hear of all through England may be well and gallantly accounted for.

After the long drought of July and August, much rain fell at the beginning of the month, and softened the ground in those countries where the soil is light, which was a good thing for the hounds' feet, so that a great many packs began cub-hunting a little earlier than usual, and most of them had eaten a cub by the end of the first week. From nearly all our correspondents we hear that foxes are reported plentiful—but when has been the year that the 'velveteen men' have not told a huntsman so?—and how often have we known hounds find plenty of cubs in September, which mysteriously disappear about Christmas? This may partly be caused by the present undisguised traffic in foxes, or from other causes which can be guessed at. In some countries no accurate knowledge of the number of cubs can be known, because there are some coverts, in which pheasants abound, where masters of hounds are not allowed to go before the first of December; so that gentlemen hunting in those districts have the supreme pleasure of cub-hunting (if there are any foxes) nearly all the year round; but happily such a wretched state of things is the exception to the general rule, and is, we believe, quite unknown in the Midland Counties. From Belvoir we hear very good reports; Gillard is looking forward to an unusually good season, and those who hunt in that country will be glad to hear a good report of the Duke's health. He recently had a touch of his old complaint, but has since been enjoying good health, so all will be happy to see him once more in the hunting-field.

Tom Furr reports plenty of foxes in all parts of the Quorn country, as does also John Bailey in the Cambridgeshire, who has a very good entry of bitches. The death of the cheery old Squire of Stratton is a very great loss to that country. The Pytchley were at Brigstock three weeks, and we are very sorry to say that they found foxes very scarce, both old as well as cubs, or they would have considerably prolonged their visit, as is their custom. Several of the woods they did not draw at all, as there were no cubs. However, the young hounds have entered quite to Goodall's satisfaction. The Atherstone began on Saturday the 2nd, and their first four mornings were very good, as they had a capital scent; but from that time up to the 16th the ground was as hard as iron, and the scent very indifferent. However, after a good rain, they had a capital day on Monday the 18th from Barton-in-the-Beans, when, after rattling them about in Nailstone Gorse, they killed one cub, then got on to the line of another, which took them at a good pace by Bagworth over the railway to Thornton, down to the reservoir. This was a good twenty minutes. Up to the 18th George Castleman had been out ten mornings, and killed six brace of cubs, so that the young hounds have been well blooded. Up to the 14th the Surrey Union, or that portion of the country over which Mr. Godman now presides, had been out four times, and George Summers had killed a brace of cubs, and Sam Hills has found plenty of cubs with the old Surrey, the popular Master of which is enjoying

his 'otium' at Eastbourne, and going out with the harriers. Most of the Yorkshire packs began early in the month, as did also the Grove and the Brocklesby. The Badsworth have a new Master in the place of the late Mr. J. Hope Barton, namely, Mr. Charles Wright, of Bolton-by-Bolland, near Clithere; with these hounds John Hollidge, from the Grove, has succeeded Tom Nevard as first whip, who was obliged to give up on account of some nervous affection; and Hepworth, who was there last season, is living at Hardwick out of employ. John Comins, who left the Old Berkeley at the end of last year, has been succeeded by Bob Worrall, the 'causa belli' in the V.W.H. country. Unfortunately during the month of July he was run over by a cart, had a narrow shave of being killed as the wheel went over his neck, and he has not yet entirely got over the effect of the accident. Although the old Berkeley is not a good scenting country, it may be relied on Worrall will do his best to show sport. There is so much shooting, however, that these hounds cannot get as much cub-hunting as a huntsman would like; and we are surprised and sorry to hear that they actually drew Bricket Wood blank.

The Hampshire Masters were very early in the field; Mr. Deacon, who returned from Homburg, refreshed by the pure bracing air of the Taunus mountains and his daily potations of Ludwig, is pronounced by his friends to be very fit and quite in his old form, while the farmers say he is fuller of chaff than ever; we hear he has been getting up at two o'clock and has picked up some cubs in his morning rambles. Mr. Walter Long, junior, assisted by Alfred Mandeville, also began early, and has routed some of his big coverts very successfully: it is a pity he has not a better scenting country, as he is very keen and worthy of it. The indefatigable Colonel of the 'little Hursley,' accompanied by his aide-de-camp and Alfred Summers, have passed several mornings in those vast forests which are his happy hunting-grounds, where they have found a fair lot of foxes, old and young, as also a lot of cubs in Mr. William Allee's little spinnies round Rookley. Several of the officers now quartered at Winchester have been out and proved themselves to be 'early birds.'

John Dale, who has now hunted hounds for forty years and is still cheerier than all his juniors, has given a good report of Lord Radnor's hounds and their doings. We have often thought that we should like to see Dale appointed professor of Hound-language, and hear him lecture thereon to the young ones at the Hunt Servants' Annual Dinner (of which he is the vice-chairman), as none of the present generation can draw a big wood and cheer a hound on a drag like him. We were out last season in the Midlands, and were sorely exercised at the peculiar lingo of a first whip who was in covert and out of sight, so that for the life of us we could not make out if he had just viewed a fox or marked him to ground; yet he is one of those whom 'Young England' delights to honour, because 'he can ride like the devil, 'you know!' Others we have seen who don't cheer their hounds at all in covert, but just let them tread them up—or if they do speak to them at all, it is in a language which no decently-educated hound could possibly understand. These are the men we should like to send to Professor Dale; and there is also a gentleman huntsman we know who would do well to take a leaf or two out of Dale's book, for when cheering his hounds he makes a sound like a sick man crossing the Channel.

The Vine have been cubbing with great success, but the scent was

decidedly bad at the beginning of the month. The South Eoks were also early in the field, and the New Forest began on Monday the 11th. Although the scent, owing to the unsettled weather, was not good at the beginning of the month, the Duke of Beaufort's pack did pretty well, and our correspondent says we are full of foxes and full of hounds and have every prospect of a good season. We are very glad to say that no fresh cases of dumb madness have occurred in the Essex kennels since the unfortunate bitch pack was destroyed, so that it is hoped, since the kennels have been thoroughly disinfected, that they are now quite free from that fearful pestilence. One Master of Hounds, we hear, has generously offered Mr. Arkwright six couple of bitches as a present, and, if he can only get a few more, they will be able to hunt, as usual, by November; and in a case like this we hope that an appeal for assistance will not be made in vain. Stephen Dobson has been out cub hunting twice a week with the dog pack. The evergreen John Treadwell has also been up early, and was out on the 29th August, when he found a lot of cubs and killed a leash. He says, 'The young hounds go to work like old ones; the country is very well off for foxes, especially in the Vale.' Up to the 13th the Ledbury had been out eight times, and Grant had killed five brace and run two to ground. The cubs are very stout, and take a lot of killing. Melton is expected to be very full, and amongst the new comers will, we hear, be that excellent sportsman Lord Wolverton; and, owing to a great change in the management of the George Hotel at Rugby for the better, a good season is also expected there. Frank Goodall has been the guest of the Rev. John Russell, and had a week with Mr. Bissett's staghounds, and although they had not much sport when he was out he was delighted with what he saw. How he must have enjoyed the change and the absence of all the 'Champagne Charlies' who come out to kick up a row with his own pack.

The new reform bill, or quinquennial revision of the Rules of the Hunt Servants' Society, which will be introduced at the General Meeting next year, will, we hear, be very good, as it will thoroughly show the benefit members what the honoraries have done for them, and the latter will clearly see in what a satisfactory way their money is expended; so that for once we can safely predict a reform bill which will satisfy everybody.

Mr. W. H. Tuck, of Regent Street, having had such great success with his two pictures of the portraits of present Masters of Hounds, is now arranging a third, namely, that of the Past Masters of Foxhounds, which promises to be exceedingly interesting; Mr. Tuck has received in this instance the assistance of one of the editors of 'Country Quarters,' who has arranged the different M.F.H.'s in their local and chronological order, the Northerners being all placed at the top of the picture, the heroes of the Midland Counties in the centre, and the Southerners at the bottom; thus the men of each county are kept together, and the Masters of each hunt will be placed, when possible, in their strict order of succession. Mr. Tuck has already received many portraits, and promises of several others, so that it will be an ex-Master's own fault if he now loses this chance of being immortalised. When finished, every County Club should at once order a picture.

The bicycle nuisance is at its height. A friend of ours lately, driving his team in the neighbourhood of Clapham, was raced by one of these objectionable vehicles, and in self-defence was obliged to turn his leaders into an attitude somewhat aggressive as against the bicyclist. 'You might have killed

'me!' shrieked the man of two wheels. 'It would have been no use, if I had,' returned our friend, 'there are so many more of you left.'

We have specially noticed the death of Mr. Felix, the celebrated Gentleman player; and whilst our ink was wet in writing the article news came to us of the death of Mr. Arthur Ridding, Fellow and Tutor of New College, Oxford. He commenced his career in the Winchester eleven, making his *début* at Lord's in the school matches in 1843, and playing for three years in the Eton and Harrow matches, and subsequently being conspicuous in several public matches of importance at Oxford and elsewhere. He was a fine field and a very hard hitter, and could punish Clarke, the celebrated slow bowler, pretty much as he pleased. He never made the same mark as his two brothers, William Ridding, the wicket-keeper, and Charles Ridding, the finest long-stop ever seen, perhaps, but he was a very good amateur. Like Mr. Felix, he was a great musician and a genial companion, much gifted with wit and humour. Mr. Ridding was fifty years of age.

The death of poor Percy Williams and a record of his life, done by the hand of one who knew him and loved him well, appears in another place in this Magazine, but we cannot here omit a tribute to his memory from an old servant, Charles Hamblin, who lived with him long, and is now the valued kennel huntsman at Badminton. 'There was no better gentleman, no better sportsman, no better master in the world than he was,' writes Charles Hamblin. 'My dear old master, he never found fault with me or said I did wrong in the sixteen years I lived with him, and I thought as much of him as I did of my own father.' These are simple and touching words, evidently truthful and coming from the heart, and the dead man needs no finer or better epitaph. Peace to his memory.

There is little to be said about the Leger which has not appeared in some of our contemporaries, but we must say a few words in favour of our selected Derby friend, Kisber. One writer asserts that he is a coward, another affirms that he is lame, and so on, but we believe the correct tale of the defeat was his exercise gallop on Tuesday, and in the race on Wednesday, through being too fresh, he overpowered his jockey and ran himself to a standstill. But the Hungarian colt has many engagements, and no doubt before the end of the season will prove himself to be the good horse we always said he was when Aquilo and other old tipsters ignored him. We dismiss with contempt all the wild tales that have been repeated from St. James to St. Giles, and can only say that we believe the Buccancer horse succumbed to the chances of war and not to an attack of the pencil.



# BAILY'S

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EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF MR. JAMES DEAR.

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1876.

# DIARY FOR NOVEMBER, 1876.

M. D.	W. D.	OCCURRENCES.
1	W	Brighton, Worcester, and Lincoln Races. Swaffham Coursing
2	TH	Worcester, Lincoln, and Lewes Races. [Meeting.
3	F	Lewes Races. Market Weighton Coursing Meeting.
4	S	Spartan Harriers Meeting.
5	S	TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. Auteuil Races.
6	M	Streatham Races and Steeplechases.
7	TU	Liverpool and Streatham Races. Newmarket Coursing Meeting.
8	W	Liverpool Races.
9	TH	Liverpool Races.
10	F	Liverpool Races.
11	S	London Athletic Club Winter Meeting. Bordeaux Races.
12	S	TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. Auteuil Races.
13	M	
14	TU	Shrewsbury Races and Steeplechases. Bordeaux Races.
15	W	Shrewsbury Races.
16	TH	Shrewsbury Races. Bristol Dog Show.
17	F	Shrewsbury Races.
18	S	Thames Hare and Hounds and Spartan Harrier Meetings.
19	S	TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. La Marche Races.
20	M	
21	TU	Warwick Races and Steeplechases.
22	W	Warwick Races.
23	TH	Warwick and Manchester Races.
24	F	Warwick and Manchester Races.
25	S	Manchester Races.
26	S	TWENTY-FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
27	M	
28	TU	Croydon Steeplechases and Hurdle Races.
29	W	Croydon Steeplechases.
30	TH	Croydon Steeplechases.





*James Dear*

# BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

### MR. JAMES DEAR.

It would be hard to discover through the length and breadth of the kingdom a more perfect type of an Englishman than the subject of our present sketch, and we may add it would be equally difficult to find one more deservedly popular. Mr. Dear is a Hampshire man, and has long resided at Winchester, but his name is known far and wide by reason of the good sport he has had for the last five-and-twenty years with his excellent pack of harriers. Fond of all kinds of outdoor sports, he first commenced hunting the country round Winchester, in 1853, that had previously been hunted by Mr. Richard Bailey of Kings Worthy and by Mr. George Wall, and since that time he has had uninterrupted success. Welcomed everywhere, 'The little dears,' as his pack is called, have become quite as much of an institution in Winchester and the neighbourhood as the Cathedral itself, and their reputation is known, too, beyond the limits of the county, for Winchester being a large military station, few have been the officers quartered there who have not had many an enjoyable gallop with them. In 1862, a dinner and testimonial of silver plate were given him at Winchester, added to which was a silver hunting-horn, on which was engraved 'Presented to Mr. James Dear, by 'Ladies who love to hear the music of his hounds.'

Some years ago it was Mr. Dear's practice to go with his friend John St. John to the New Forest, where he was generally able to give a good account of the few remnants of the fallow deer which escaped slaughter when the order was given for their destruction, and which, retiring into the wildest recesses of the large inclosures, again increased and multiplied, but have become so wild that, when hunted, they run more like a stag than a fallow deer. He has never forgotten the sport, and every April has been a regular attendant with Captain Lovell, going from and returning to Winchester in the day. He has been for a long time quite the leading spirit of the

Hampshire Yeomanry, of which gallant corps he is the regimental sergeant-major, having joined the regiment as private on its formation in 1830, and is the only original member left. Mr. Dear is also a very good shot, and in his time a better walker than most men.

The article on Winchester Racecourse in the present number of 'Baily,' descriptive of an October morning with the harriers, describes more fully his pack and system of hunting.

## ON WINCHESTER RACECOURSE.

THERE are few more pleasant occupations than that of recalling to memory, and living over again, the time that has passed in enjoyable scenes; it is pleasant to the man who took an active part in them, and often pleasant to the reader or listener for whose benefit they are recalled. Let us then hope the readers of 'Baily' will not find all barren, if we try to photograph for them a pleasant episode in our autumn amusements. We will lay the scene of our sketch in front of the new Stand on Winchester racecourse: a spot probably known to many of the readers of 'Baily'; and, though racing is not the sport of which we would now write, it is impossible to traverse the well-known down without a thought of some of the old world heroes whose hoofs have thundered over its elastic turf; and the little old-fashioned Stand, a quarter of a mile away down in the bottom, has ere now seen some of England's best blood struggling for victory, and its weighing-room been rendered gay by the colours of such horses as have never graced the new structure on the top of the hill. Here Eclipse made one of those wonderful examples of the horses of the day for which he was noted and carried off the King's Plate in 1769. Here such horses, in later times, as The Hero, The Wizard, and Blue Gown, have been stripped for that once-esteemed prize; and, more interesting still to hunting men, here Assheton Smith rode, and won his only race, and (*proh pudor!*) the Rev. Robert Lowth, the rector of Hinton, author of the celebrated Billesdon-Coplow poem, also donned leather and silk. Times are changed since then, and we would rather come in a quiet October morning, than in June, when the Stand is surrounded by a howling crowd of betting men, yelling 'Two to one, bar one—I'll back the field for a pony!' or, 'I'll take two to one!' 'Yes—and probably run off with it,' as was recently observed in our hearing. We have had enough of such scenes; and when the dew is still on the grass, and that invigorating feel in the air which is never experienced save in early autumn, meet Mr. James Dear, and his harriers. A quarter of an hour is allowed before we proceed to draw the stubble field, which is fenced off from the course by a low hedge, and a bank, which was once inclosed as a fox covert, for therein grew such gorse as would have delighted the heart of even Mr. Vowes (uncle of the

celebrated Dick Webster) himself, ere the plough took possession of the land and swept it away. Here Mr. George Wall, when Master of the Hursley in 1850, put down a lot of cubs, and, although no very grand runs resulted from the measure, they gave the Hursley such brilliant little spins of a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes in the open as had scarcely ever been known before. But ere it could become a regular preserve, and attract old foxes who would have run a distance, there was a change of masters; money was short, and the covert swept away.

Let us during this time look around us and take stock of the Master, the field, and the merry little pack. But first of the country round us. What a one it is for harriers! It cannot be surpassed, nay, we even doubt if it can be equalled, and those who only draw their conclusions from riding up and down the hills on the Brighton Downs can have no notion what a first-rate harrier country really is. So good is this one, that the late Mr. John Bushe (and there was no better judge), who had hunted in all the best countries in England and Ireland, maintained that a run with a good strong hare was the nearest approach to real fox-hunting to be found in Hampshire; for his idea of being boxed-up all day in a big black wood with a ringing fox, or perhaps none at all, accords with our own. We suppose, also, that it is endorsed by Lord Gardner, for whom, in his best day, hounds in Leicestershire could never go half fast enough, as he and his daughter frequently come out with these harriers.

If any man is ever insane enough to doubt the effect, moral and physical, which field sports in general, and hunting in particular, have on our nature, let him just take a glance at the worthy Master, Mr. James Dear, as he rides up, and then say if he is not as perfect a specimen of a jolly, healthy-looking Englishman as can be seen in the United Kingdom. We have known him now for more years than perhaps either of us like to count up or enumerate, and there he is, the same man now to all intents and purposes that he was in those days when we looked upon him as the very Nestor of hare-hunting—his smile as cheery, his eye as clear, and his love of sport as keen as ever. Even now he can take his share in a morning's cub-hunting, and then, having changed the top-boots for walking costume, render as good an account of partridges for the rest of the day as most men; and there is scarcely any sport at which, like his old friend Jack Russell, he has not had a turn. But it is with his harriers that he is in his glory: courteous to all with whom he is brought in contact, and of such a kind, amiable disposition, that he is gladly welcomed over their land by all his neighbours and friends. He has now hunted the country round Winchester for several years. He gives prizes annually, in connection with those who hunt with him, at Winchester Fair, for ewes and lambs, to the amount of 50*l.*, to be competed for by those over whose land he hunts, and the shepherds are not left without remuneration. His whip, or 'Man Friday,' is Tom Wilding, who formerly was in the Royal Artillery and served in the Crimea,

since which time Tom's coat requires more cloth than was then the case. He is exceedingly civil, and apparently as fond of the sport as his master. Contrary to the usual saying, Tom is a perfect 'Jack of 'all trades' and, moreover, a master of them all. Perhaps the pack, in point of general appearance, would not satisfy the fastidious eye of Mr. George Race of Biggleswade, whose hounds, when we saw them last, were perfect gems of beauty, or the ideas of those three noted old Masters of harriers in the Midlands, who, we have heard, annually visit each other's kennels and will sit, from breakfast until luncheon, on the flags, gravely debating whether a certain lady hound under inspection shall be retained or drafted; for, like the French, they hold 'that the first duty of every female is to be beautiful.'

Mr. Dear does not go to these lengths with his pack, but we can certainly say that he will keep none that are not useful; and we question if any pack more thoroughly to be depended on can be found in the length or breadth of the land. They are very close workers, as they are bound to be, from the patient style in which Mr. Dear hunts them, for there is no holloaing, and he must certainly have been born for the express purpose of showing what hounds are capable of doing when let alone and allowed to hunt.

The field is now not nearly so numerous as it was fifteen or sixteen years ago, about the time of Mr. Bushe, when a regular party from London came down to hunt with the harriers whenever they went out, but it is still composed of those who like to see hounds work in the open, and be sure of a gallop. A few have the moral courage to stick to him regularly, while others come out half apologetically, as if they were not altogether certain that they were doing the right thing in deserting the big black woods. However, all sensible persons are agreed that on a nice clear autumnal morning this pastime, if the ground is at all in good order, is a most excellent way of getting horses into good condition and imbibing fresh air.

On the particular morning to which we allude the earliest arrivals from Winchester are Captain Jarrett, formerly Master of the South Wilts Hounds, who is riding Emma, a thoroughbred one, who had displayed a decided antipathy to her legitimate business and run on several occasions very unkindly, but who appears to be taking to the chase as if she liked it. With him is his sister, on a magnificent grey horse, a grandson of Bay Middleton—one that is fit to go over any country, whose selection speaks volumes for her judgment; and Miss Bowker, on old Donato, who won the Military Gold Cup at Rugby some years ago. Then comes Mrs. Bidwell, who never deserts the little pack, General Forrest, and Colonel Dowker, followed by Mr. S. Blake (on a sturdy weight-carrier), who comes up regularly twice a week from Anglesey for his health's sake and his own real enjoyment; he is chatting with Mr. W. N. Heysham, who is on an autumnal visit to his native county just



to while away a month until the fences in the Midlands lose their blindness and the foxhounds are in the open, and, as the Hursley are not out this morning, Mr. Arthur Deane.

We next see Mr. Henry, or, as he is more generally termed, Harry Dear, the Master's brother, who sometimes hunts the hounds in his absence, and talking with him is his friend Mr. George Bailey of Stoke Charity, than whom there are not two men in England with a quicker eye for viewing a hare a long way off, or finding her in her form in a fallow. It is needless to add they are both valuable auxiliaries of the Master. Next are to be seen a few officers of the Rifle Brigade quartered at Winchester—Major Williams of Worthy Park, who, with Captain Powell Montgomery, some years ago got together a pack of bloodhounds for hunting deer in the New Forest when Her Majesty's hounds ceased going down there, and his two sons; Mr. Acheson Gray of Worthy, Doctor and Miss Hitchcock from Wyke; and another of the same craft from Winchester, who is fond of a gallop; Harry Goater, then looking a picture of health, but alas, since dead, leaves a string of horses walking round Worthy Grove, and trots up on his pony just to see them find; Mr. Jacob Fitt, from Westley, who occasionally has a gallop with the harriers; and Mr. Hopkins, the dealer, who is very often next to the hare.

The quarter of an hour being up, Mr. Dear walks his horse through one of the gaps in the little hedge, followed by the pack and the field, and the latter, all like skirmishers, now extend from their centre. In a few minutes Mr. Henry Dear holds up his hat, and the Master, saying quietly, 'Put her up,' lays on the pack, and away we all go best pace over the racecourse and towards the South-Western Railway, so that even Emma has to lay herself out to gallop, while Donato and his grey companion go striding along as if the Cup was being once more run for; then we described a large circle round by Waller's Ash, past Mr. George Bailey's house, and back to the racecourse. Arrived here, the pace told on the hare, and compelled her to resort to those artifices in which, in point of cunning, she far surpasses the fox; and it is a treat to the lovers of hunting to see the little pack swing and make their own casts, their heads only just appearing above the turnips. At length they get a view, and poor puss, after making a final effort to outstrip her pursuers, takes refuge in an iron roller, which is too small to allow her enemies to follow. But Dandy, the terrier, is at hand, who, after the manner of his race, goes in, the painful cry which is the worst part of hare-hunting follows, and all is over.

By-the-way, this Dandy is an extraordinary animal; his sagacity and love of hunting are something marvellous. He will scratch at his master's bedroom door regularly every hunting morning, as much as to say, 'Come, turn out, it is time for you to get up.' He knows perfectly well when it is Sunday, and nothing will induce him to follow his master for a quiet ride round his farm. He will go as far as the kennels, when, if the hounds are not let out, he will turn

round, as much as to say, 'If you don't mean hunting, I wish you 'good morning,' and at once trot off home.

As a health-giving, enjoyable autumnal recreation, let those who are tired of or too old for Alpine climbing try a few days with these harriers. They will find good accommodation at the Royal Hotel at Winchester, and if not provided with a mount, they can supply the deficiency by applying either to Messrs. Hopkins or Tubb. One thing we can answer for, those who are fond of hunting will never regret their visit; but those who go out only to ride and jump may be disappointed.

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### THE 'TOP OF THE TOWN.'

THE days have gone past—shall we say for ever?—when a halt was called by Newmarket specials at that long, windy platform which looks out upon the desolate bleakness of Gog-magog hills, and when a ring was made at less-frequented corners in as short a time as it takes to collect a crowd around two 'prentices settling their differences by an appeal to fisticuffs in the street. Many a curious turn has speculation taken, many a change has come over the spirit of the market at these impromptu gatherings during a ten minutes' pause on the journey to or from the metropolis of the Turf; but the old order changeth, and nowadays, after a fast three-quarters of an hour from the town sacred to malting interests, we merely slacken speed through Cambridge Station, and 'Forward' is still the cry, until we finally run to ground within view of Park Paddocks. Those, however, who make Alma Mater their headquarters, whether attracted to that seat of sound religious learning by the charm of old associations, or warned by sad experiences of unprofitable nights spent in what racing optimists are pleased to term the 'fine old town' of Newmarket—those, we say, who, eschewing specialities, are content with ordinary fare, may find plenty to amuse them within sound of St. Mary's bells. There is nothing to remind us of Newmarket's proximity in the crowds that, composed of the ordinary nondescript elements, await the arrival of the train, which brings up its contingent of scholars and athletes to 'catch the blossom of the flying term' in lecture-room, on river, on greensward, and other centres of attraction to the young idea. Those indescribable appanages of sport in all its varieties, the cricket cads, the boating cads, and the cads of all and every calling, are gathered together to welcome back their various patrons after the 'Long,' all eager for the close of that unprofitable dead season, but with not a cut of Newmarket about their motley company.

The streets are full of freshmen, in all the glory of unbattered caps, and gowns as yet unsullied by contact with the rougher uses of University life. Paterfamilias still lingers, with parting words of advice upon his lips, to see his young hopeful fairly launched upon

the sea of troubles of an Academical career, and forgetful, perhaps, of the 'wild pulsation' which urged him to cast aside all thoughts of the Greek drama and the differential calculus, and to take the wings of the morning to Newmarket Heath, regardless of tutorial admonitions, and warnings at the hands of his ruling powers. The dog dealer and stealer is at his old post, with his combed and curled wares disporting themselves at his feet, all of which have done duty to former generations of freshmen, as the 'wonderfullest dogs in 'the 'Varsity,' and warranted not to run away; and there, too, is the inevitable reading man, in strong preparation for the great event of the year, taking his constitutional in full academics from two to four, with a hard evening's walk in prospect, and first favourite in his 'coach's' stable. There is the hard-worked lecturer, pounding along on a hack of riper years, but in a totally opposite direction to that of the 'sporting undergraduate,' still, unhappily, a creature of reality and not of fiction, and preparing, attired in the horsiest of costumes, to seek the pleasures of his 'native heath.' There will be as much racing and chasing as ever there was 'o'er Cannobie Lea' among the fast and loud lot, whose hacks are being prepared for their day's toils in the stableyards of Death's and Pratt's, and there is more than one suspicious-looking tit being quietly walked down the Newmarket Road in unmistakable tandem gear; while mine hosts of the various commissariat establishments are heavily requisitioned for luncheons, in which the eatables are tastily tasteless, and the potables poison to all save the *dura ilia* of undergraduate vigour.

Our way lies along well-remembered tracks traversed more than twenty years ago, when College edicts were more Draconian and dons less complaisant than in these easy-going times, when it is accounted no grave dereliction of duty to be seen on Newmarket Heath, and when staid professors and reverend tutors may be descried taking their afternoon's stroll down the cords instead of along Trumpington Road. It was widely different in 'Wild Dayrell's year,' when the stern ukase had gone forth prescribing the appearance of each undergraduate in Hall on the Two Thousand Guineas' day; and there was quite a Lord of the Isles and St. Hubert finish among the leading horsemen who rode back so hard to save the horrors of a week's 'gating.' Midsummer Common stretches dank and dewy towards the windings of 'willowy Camus,' reclaimed from its intricate navigation and accumulation of filth since our freshmen days; but the straggling street of Barnwell retains all its ancient features of squalid indigence. There is the well-known bye-way leading to the 'Plough,' sacred to evening drives during the summer races on the Cam; and still farther on is Quy church, that landmark of the fen country, bordering on which lay our happy hunting-grounds for snipe and plover; and that time-honoured hostelry at Bottisham still retains its name and fame for cherry-brandy, which we must, perforce, halt and taste just for old associations' sake. Onward up the incline of yonder pine-covered hill, and we gain the old starting-post of the Beacon Course, erst marked by its antique rubbing-house, and

soon we are cantering over the crisp brown leaves of the beeches that fringe the road leading through the Ditch; and the green vista of the July course trends away to our left, ere the Satanic *agger* is passed and the misty expanse of the Heath lies before us, jealously guarded by 'Astley's Folly' from the eyes of watchful touts.

It is one of those quiet, grey, hazy October days, when the sun never quite succeeds in breaking through the canopy of stippled clouds which enfolds the world, and the waning year would fain linger on the mellow borderland which sunders the territories of glowing autumn and inhospitable winter. The leaves float downwards as if they delighted to prolong a 'dying fall,' and the dew lingers all day long upon rank grasses in coppice and thicket; lazily-floating films of gossamer are stretched in all directions across our path, and seem to twine themselves noiselessly round advancing objects, as if some spirit of air had spread his elfin toils to entangle the thistledown; and the very last butterfly of the season flutters languidly past as if bent on thoughts of self-destruction—the last of his painted race, and facing 'this bleak world alone.' The larks have begun to 'pack,' and sweep wildly away in twittering chorus towards yonder stretching acres of shiny-leaved mangolds, in whose sheltering lines many a brown covey finds harbour, and hares soon to have their days of peace broken by the gazehound, as he sweeps from the leash towards his doubling prey. Those gnarled and knotted thorns, twisted into tangled serpent shapes by stress of wind and weather, shed their leaves grudgingly, as a miser doles out his stores for the winter season; and soon the sheeted string will file past bare 'Bushes,' and under skies of leaden hue, when the bitter East blows blackening over field and fen. The ancient cathedral landmark is blotted out by the blue mist; the Ring on the Flat looms ghostlike in the distance, with its melancholy pump thrown out in the fashion of an advanced guard; and, following the long, ribbon-like seams of the bush-harrow up to the turn of the lands, and past the back of the new stand, the eye, glancing along the summit of yonder grassy ridge, rests upon the tower-like structure from which so many generations of sportsmen have watched the varying fortunes of the fights decided at the 'top of the town.'

While the spirit of reform is abroad among the ruling powers at Newmarket, and the Jockey Club is setting its house in order, would it be asking too much of them to turn their attention to the state of their vaunted Heath, and to stretch forth a timely finger to remedy certain drawbacks which cause many of their running tracks to compare anything but favourably with those of rival courses? The July course, still depastured by sheep, can show as fine a stretch of elastic turf as any in the country; but since the flocks have been banished from the opposite side of the Ditch, and the 'shepherd's track' up the Criterion hill has become a mere imaginary line, the herbage has grown coarse and rank, and in parts almost as long and tangled as the carpet of the boundless prairie. This is especially the case close by the Cambridgeshire starting-post, and at the Red Post on the

Rowley Mile, and the bush-harrow, however ornamentally it may comb out the luxuriant herbage on the surface, does next to nothing towards making things smooth beneath it, and the ground is full of roughness and inequalities in places where it looks most invitingly smooth. A mighty head of polled black Scots, such as we have lately seen reducing the tussocks of couch-grass in Hampton Court paddocks, would work wonders upon the Heath by feeding off the sour vegetation, and making room for the more toothsome grasses to be nibbled down by sheep. Then the actual surface might be brought into closer contact with the levelling influence of the roller, and the training and galloping tracks be rendered less hard and uneven in dry weather. Theoretically a thick coating of herbage may be all very well, as tending to lessen concussion, but the soil thus covered becomes less amenable to the means adopted for keeping it free from holes and hollows, and treacherously uneven and rough. A winter's care, given the means of reducing superfluities of rank herbage, would work a marvellous change for the better.

Like skirmishers feeling their way into an enemy's country, stragglers begin to pour down yonder hill, invading the Flat, and crowding the tiers of that fantastic structure, which resembles nothing so much as an Irish poorhouse in rear, and has a rakish 'Tivoli Gardens' aspect in front, suggestive of crystal platforms, brass bands, and *al fresco* tea and shrimps. Members of the Ring come down by two and three, like jackdaws into a cherry tree, and with quite as much chattering and clamour; and it is evident that the favourite is having a bad time of it with Ghost and Cat's-eye, while an outsider's name crops up at intervals only to be knocked down again, like puppets by Punch. The 'old yellow chariot,' with its coronetted panels, is drawn up close to the winning-post, and but for the background we might deem that the merry days of the Regency were returned again, and that George Guelph once more led the revels upon his beloved Heath. The heir of that house, however, contents himself with mingling in the amusements of his subjects in more homely and condescending guise than 'Florimel,' and it must be a relief to find no royal standard run up at his approach, no vulgar Mayor and Corporation pressing forward with unaspirated addresses, and none of that rude curiosity exhibited, which, under the false name of loyalty, obtrudes itself upon those in high places. The hog-maned grey, with front of royal scarlet, is to be seen in the van of sport, by the birdcage, in the cords, or mingling in the crowd which goes forth to meet some famous winner, but never, thank heaven, as the centre of a cheering mob on Newmarket Heath. Members of the Jockey Club muster in unusual force, and it is evident that the 'autumn session' will be a protracted one, and there is much conjecture as to the fate of certain amendments, some of them of almost too revolutionary a tendency for the dignified conservatism of the conscript fathers.

Bent upon seeing how the new plan of drawing for places in the Cambridgeshire would bear the practical test, we wended our way

Ditch-wards, and watched the arrivals of the thirty-two as, by 'one, 'by two, by three,' they gathered round the fiery banner of McGeorge from Ditch stable, or birdcage, or—the trysting-place of most—at the 'top of the town.' The English and Irish Masters of the Horse, Colonel Forester, the Master of the Buckhounds, and others interested in the experiment looked on curiously, and a whole host of equestrians were ranged behind the platoon of 'dolls' intent on watching the 'sorting' process. Lord Alington, with 'martial 'cloak' trailed gracefully over his hack's quarters, looked like a reviewing general, as he took up his ground in the centre of the course, and hailed each new arrival at the Post. Advance, as became his name, led the van of competitors, with the orange 'bar sinister' over his rider's milk-white satin; then two forlorn hopes in St. Agnes and Commandeur, outriders of The Ghost, the phantom who has troubled handicappers, bookmakers, and backers so long, come to be 'laid' at last. Newport, a small but elegantly-turned colt, with the 'evil eye' glancing nervously beneath his blinkers, belongs to St. Mungo surely enough; and all the hunting men are longing for Tassel, a regular weight-carrier, square-built and towering above the rest, like a Goliath in the ranks. Rosebery trots quietly down the hill, looking about him in the easy, good-natured, impassive style which old Fisherman was wont to assume before the commencement of business; and his ancient rival, Woodlands, sharing the fate of all fallen favourites, walks quietly past on the other side. He is the omega and Pluton is the alpha of that rainbow line now falling into their places, and Wadlow canters up alongside Footstep, whose veteran owner with his finely-balanced seat and hand still unshaken by renewed onslaughts of his 'old enemy,' we miss from the Heath to-day. Cœruleus and Telescope are side by side, quite in brotherly fashion; but Judge Clark is destined to notice neither blues nor greys to-day, though Coomassie will show a bold front, and awake shouts in her honour as they rise the last steep gradient by yonder Red Post, where so many have died away. The 'roll-call' is as pretty a picture as the heart of Harry Hall could desire, with the Ditch for a background, and above it an orange fringe of autumn foliage borrowed from distant woods, and above all the cold, steely grey sky with just a surface tinge of yellow lent by the setting sun. Skylark resents the 'placing' process by a hearty lash out behind, and a merry laugh rings out as some few of the innocents who have fallen in on the right (quite by accident, of course) are ordered to come down lower, and to cast in their lot with the stripes of Exeter on Vril, and the crimson and grey of the hapless Merry Duchess. More than once has the riot act to be read, as Sutherland, like one of his namesake's favourite steam-engines, breaks away now and again, while Hopbloom is quietly biding his time on the upper ground, and Pensacola shows that 'getting of at score' is a speciality with her. Equestrians, all save one, who stands rapt and motionless, like the headless horseman of the prairie, have galloped off to be in time for the finish, and the silence is only broken by words of reproof or encouragement, or

saucy chaff from jockey-boy lips, as the order rings out to right about face and form line once more. Then as they advance for the third time, the red signal flashes downward with a fluttering 'whirr,' and mid thunder of hoofs and clamour of tongues, an ugly rush is made for the higher ground, along which Newport is forging at his topmost pace. Cat's-eye and Claremont are rear-guards ere a quarter of the journey has been completed, and so we follow them streaming like a pack of hounds past the Criterion starting-post, and catch a faint echo of the roar that greets the victory of the first double winner 'at the top of the town.'

AMPHION.

### LINES

*On reading an extract from the Hunting Diary of Vernon Delves Broughton, Esq., showing how and where the Duke of Grafton's hounds killed their Goosholme fox on 29th November, 1872.*

A FOX, by the pack sorely pressed in his flight,  
Reaching Marston St. Lawrence began to take fright ;  
In the housekeeper's room how alarming the crash,  
As he shot like a thunderbolt in at the sash !  
They screeched with one voice when he first came in view,  
But the holloa they gave was a hullabaloo ;  
Such a dust was ne'er rais'd in that parlour before  
As now rais'd by the brush which was sweeping the floor ;  
Too late the old butler indignantly cried  
'Not at home' to the stranger already inside ;  
Though the housewife's preserves harbour'd mice by the score,  
No fox until now had set foot in her store.  
Arrayed in her best, the last perquisite gown,  
Alas ! for the lady's maid, poor Mrs. Brown,  
Much distress'd by the worry, the gown which she wore  
Like the fox torn to pieces still worried her more ;  
The table o'erturned, and the teacups dispers'd,  
Such a break-up before never ended a burst ;  
The servants picked up broken platter and bowl ;  
They called ever after that parlour Pug's hole,  
And a pad, which next morning was found on the floor,  
By the Page as a trophy was nail'd to the door.

FRANK RALEIGH OF WATERCOMBE.

### CHAPTER XXX.

IF there be one custom of the past which the luxury of the present age has effectually swept away, and which none but the young and insatiable can regret, it is that of taking the field by daylight for the

purpose either of snatching more time from the fleeting hours or of stealing a march, at the expense of natural rest, on the game about to be pursued. Young hounds must, of course, learn what manner of beast they are required to hunt, and what to avoid; and such lessons are doubtlessly best taught them before the reeking night-scent is dried up by the morning sun. But this is school-business, and scarcely comes under the category of regular sport, though real sport it is, and very sweet to those who love hunting and the detail of hounds' work.

To hit on a hot drag, as in the olden time, and to rouse the fox before he had fairly curled himself in his kennel, or had half digested the goose and giblets of his night's supper, is now known to have been a great mistake; at least so far as it was supposed to give the hounds an advantage over the fox, weighted and oppressed by the recent meal. Caught, however, at such a pinch, he is far more difficult to kill than at a later hour of the day, when the food has passed into his inner stomach, and is then unejectable; whereas, when just swallowed, it is easily thrown up, and his pipes are at once cleared for immediate and urgent action.

Hence, in part, the long runs of a former day, when, as it is recorded of the fine old English foxhunter—

'At early morn his voice was heard at the merry coverside,  
Old Tomboy hits upon the drag, and tells it far and wide;  
Through wood and dale they're streaming now at a good old hunting pace,  
And if the burst were not so quick, the longer was the chase.'

True enough. The wild animal, disturbed in his first sleep by the musical tongues of a numerous enemy, announcing far and wide their murderous object, is off like a shot, and, getting so good a start, is able to hold his own and prolong the chase to an indefinite point of time and space. Hardened by long tramps in search of food, his condition is equal to any emergency; and runs are on record extending from one end of a county to the other, during which his persevering pursuers have been utterly unable to lessen the distance between him and them, owing chiefly to that start.

But, even with this advantage, the stout fellow will sometimes throw away his chance of life by slipping into some familiar earth, lying temptingly open, and delusively promising shelter and rest, when, with the help of a terrier and a whole parish of pickaxes, he is at length unearthed and thrown to the hounds.

'Now then, Frank, wake up, my boy,' said the Squire of Penhafod, shaking him by the shoulder till the bed-curtains rattled again; 'the clock has struck one, and by the time we get a bit of breakfast, the lark will be piping his matin to the god of day; so turn out, or we shall be late for Llansannor Moors.'

'Don't wait breakfast an instant for me,' said Frank, now wide awake, and quitting his couch with a spring; 'in twenty minutes I shall be ready; cut me a hunch of bread and meat and I'll feed on the road.'



‘The old blood coming out fresh and strong, as might be expected from that good sort, the Raleighs of Watercombe,’ thought the Squire to himself, with intense admiration of the lad’s ardour. ‘No, no, Frank,’ he continued, ‘that will never do; you must eat a hearty breakfast before you quit these walls. The ground we hunt is marshy for miles, and an empty stomach is apt to invite low fever from the mephitic vapours arising from such places. Besides, the work’s no joke, fagging through that heavy land; you’ll want all the support a good breakfast can give you.’

Three couple of hounds, one only being black and tan, the rest gingerbread colour all over, coarse-haired, and slightly rough about the muzzle, carrying high crowns, long silky ears and grand sterns, arched proudly over their backs, had been sent on the night before to Ystrad-owen, a hamlet which, although some two miles distant from Llansannor, was surrounded by rough, miry ground, known to be a favourite haunt of the polecat race. Hither, too, accompanied by Evan Llanwensant, a veritable Celt of the ancient type, devoted to this sport in particular, had been despatched a brace of tan terriers, the indispensable *aides-de-camp* of the pack, without whose sharp and energetic help the hedgerows would too often have puzzled the hounds to kill their game. No such specimens of the genuine terrier are to be seen nowadays; none like those of Penhafod. Long-faced, narrow-chested, wire-muzzled tartars, with little drop-ears no bigger than a penny-piece, and much the same colour, lying cosily to the cheek, and thoroughly protecting the orifice of the ear, they would fearlessly tackle the roughest beast of the varmint tribe, and this, too, with never a drop of bull-dog blood to corrupt their veins.

If there were one defect in their personal appearance to which a hypercritic might object, it consisted in their standing a trifle high upon the legs; but this, in reality, as the Squire would point out, was an especial feature in their favour, for above ground were they not needed to live with hounds? and below it, not only were their long shanks no impediment, but, if the earth proved a rocky one, they were a positive advantage, inasmuch as they could spring upon ledges and follow their game when ungetatable by a shorter-legged animal.

In the grey of the morning, and ere as yet even the early robin, the first awake of all our feathered songsters, had piped his simple matin to welcome up the rising sun, Evan Llanwensant might have been seen posted on a ‘lifting-stock’ close to the little tavern in the village of Ystrad-owen, where, with the terriers at his feet and the hounds in the stable, he almost impatiently awaited the coming of the Squire. Slung by a strap to his side depended a heavy bill-hook, while over his shoulder he carried a mandril, or short pickaxe, the tools which the doughty yeoman was wont to use in exhuming the game from his hedgerow earths.

‘You’re not a minute too early, master,’ he said in his native Welsh, as he took off his hat and stroked the crown of his head with

the palm of his hand ; ' they won't be long above ground after the ' sun is up.'

' Then away with you, Evan ; let out the hounds, and we'll fasten ' up the two horses ourselves,' said the Squire, dismounting and adjusting the halter which, in addition to a bridle, he always used on such occasions.

The hasp of the stable-door being immediately unfastened, out rushed the hounds with a roar of delight, a mode of salutation right welcome to the Squire's ears, although, for the sake of the sleeping villagers, he did his utmost to restrain them in their clamorous joy. In a few minutes, however, they were all clear of the hamlet, and well at work, an old hound called Careless carrying her head high in air, and sniffing eagerly the tell-tale breeze as a pointer would do on heathery moor in drawing on a pack of grouse. The terriers, too, inquisitive as weasels, were poking their noses into every drain and puddle-hole that could harbour even a rat, but at the same time were keeping a sharp look-out on Careless, as if from that quarter the first good news would be sure to come.

' Those terriers,' said Frank, as he watched them with loving eyes at their busy work, ' are so like a sort we have on Dartmoor, ' that they must be of the same blood.'

' Well hit, indeed,' replied the Squire ; ' they did originally come ' from Widdecombe-in-the-Moor. Thirty years ago my father, when ' guarding the French prisoners at Princetown, bought a brace ' from one Tom Franks, a man who earned his livelihood by killing ' foxes——'

' And who,' exclaimed Frank, interrupting him, ' has since been ' converted from his evil ways, and is now living, happily I trust, in ' my father's service. He carries the terriers—in saddle-bags of ' course—to certain points, and, as he knows all the earths on the ' Moor almost as well as the foxes know them, he is rarely many ' minutes behind the hounds when they put their fox to ground.'

' So that the terriers are at him at once before he has time to catch ' his wind or the fire of the hounds is allowed to cool ; two important ' points, as I know from experience with my own hounds. Then I ' conclude you don't stop in that country ?'

' No! you might as well attempt to stop a rabbit-warren as the ' earths round Dartmoor,' replied Frank ; ' the tors and clitters are ' hollow as a honeycomb, and so numerous that a whole company ' of sappers and miners would be insufficient for the purpose. So we ' trust to our terriers, and with their ready help the hounds are able ' to give the finishing touch to many a fine run.'

A line of rough, marshy meadows, leading towards the Newton and Llansannor Moors, at that time undrained, and abounding with frogs, newts, and water-rats, the ordinary food of the polecat where rabbits are not abundant, were now lying before them, and for some time long tracts of ground, growing sedge, rush, and mallow, intersected here and there by broad hedgerows of willow and stunted oak, were drawn without the sound of a hound striking a trail.

‘Heavy toiling this, Frank, and never a stroke of music to lighten the march,’ said the Squire, half vexed that they had not already found.

‘Nothing new to me,’ said Frank, cheerily; ‘we can manage to keep above ground at all events here. It may not be pleasant going, but it’s a Garden of Eden compared with the bogs on the hill-tops of Dartmoor; and as to not finding, I’ve trapsed through the mires of Foxtor and Cater’s Beam full many a time without so much as seeing a jack-snipe. But I can’t say I ever felt dispirited, not even by a blank day with hounds.’

‘That’s right, Frank. Of all qualities in a sportsman perseverance is the most essential; and *nil desperandum*, Teucer’s motto to his friends in despair, should be the watchword of every man aspiring to conquer in the end.’

This trite sentiment on the part of the Squire had scarcely escaped the enclosure of his lips ere he observed two of his most dependable hounds, Careless and Famous, spring over a fence in a great hurry, and, pointing for a willow-bed in the distance, dash into it with an earnest meaning that the veriest tyro could not have mistaken.

‘Dyna fe, Careless,’ shouted Llanwensant, in anticipation of the music that pealed forth the next moment from that hound’s tongue. ‘Dyna fe, fy anwyl’ (that’s it, my darling); and then followed a succession of loud-sounding cheers, all given in the true Celtic style, as the rest of the hounds joined in, and roused the sleeping echoes in the distant crags of Penlline.

‘Ware heel, Evan,’ screamed Mr. Herbert, observing the hounds breaking out of Pwll-wy, crossing the Cowbridge river, and putting their heads straight over the marshy waste of Llansannor Moor. The sturdy yeoman, however, paid no attention whatever to this warning; for already had his eye caught sight of some long scratchy footprints, impressed by the polecat on a spit of mud adjoining the stream—prints that assured him at once the hounds were quite right.

‘Then it’s only a hot drag,’ said the Squire, as he and Frank floundered with some difficulty through the weed-choked river; ‘otherwise, the polecat is far too wary a beast to trust to the open when he hears hounds in pursuit of him. An earth, if it’s near, or the thickest cover he can reach, is, as he well knows, his only refuge at such a time.’

The hounds, now in full swing, were pointing for a hanging cover called Coed Stamby, directly in front of them; and as some strong rabbit-burrows were known to exist on the upper side of it, the Squire, in a despairing tone, expressed his conviction that the wild beast would be one too many for them, that he had gone a rabbiting, and, if found above-ground, would betake himself at once to the first earth into which he could crawl. But this gloomy vaticination, happily, was not fulfilled; for, the next moment, the hounds coming to a shallow, lacustrine spot—in winter a pond, famous for wild ducks, but now tenanted only by frogs—they turned again and again round it, enjoying the steaming drag with melodious delight.

‘That’s a lucky turn for us, Frank,’ cried the Squire, who, with his companions, was now able to overtake the pack after a sharp spin over the sedgy plain.

Almost in the centre of this half-dried lake grew a large bed of rushes, into which the hounds, after careering several times round its margin, dashed tumultuously; and from the close manner in which they searched it, twisting and poking through the long matted herbage, they evidently expected to find their game at any moment. But the beast was too wily to throw away such a chance, as rightly divined by Evan, who, giving a lusty view-holloa (the usual ruse adopted for calling off Welsh hounds), lifted them at a swinging trot, and holding them on in the direction of a distant patch of gorse, happily hit off the drag right into the prickly brake.

Here, however, they did not hang a moment; but breaking out on the opposite side into a hedgerow, close under Penlline Castle, the round harmony of their tongues changed into a sharper and quicker note. ‘Mae ’fe ar ei traed yn awr’ (he is on his feet now), shouted Llanwensant, with ecstatic delight; and then followed such a wild cheer of encouragement, bursting from his throat as if from an instrument of brass, that the occupants of Penlline Castle must have been heavy sleepers indeed if they were not disturbed in their dreams by the weird and unearthly sound.

The continuous roar of the hounds, too, and the squeaking of the terriers (for they now added to the hubbub with their counter-tenor notes), seemed to be repeated by a hundred tongues from the crags above, as, again and again, the polecat, beset by his foes on every side, traversed the comb of the hedges, from field to field, with a rapidity perfectly marvellous.

Half-a-dozen times was he headed at open gateways and gaps in the fences, where the Squire, with a terrier in hand, stood ready to nab him as he passed those points; but too quick for both, the active beast shot across the open space like an arrow from a bow, and bid fair, in spite of the odds against him, to gain the rocks and save his life.

‘That’s our last chance, Frank—that narrow strip of open ground ‘between us and the hill,’ said the Squire, as the hounds were bringing on their game with a steady cry, exactly in that direction. ‘He’ll be bound to run the gauntlet at that point; and if the terriers ‘don’t stop him there he’ll carry his skin, I fear, for many a day to ‘come.’

The polecat was now forced to his last plank, a double hedgerow, not more than a hundred yards in length, with a gate at the lower end, and the open strip lying between it and the rocks at the upper. Below, in the gateway, stood Evan Llanwensant, cheering on the hounds, and keeping his eye open on both sides of the hedge; while above were the Squire and Frank, gesticulating wildly, in order, if possible, to scare the polecat from crossing the narrow field and escaping to the craggy ground which he had now so nearly gained.

To and fro, at least five or six times, did he traverse the comb of

that dense hedge, hard pressed by the terriers every yard of the way ; nor could he be driven to face the danger that menaced him in front. And now it was a real treat to witness the sagacity displayed by the hounds in turning short as he turned, and in distinguishing the fresh from the foiled scent.

A foxhound, with his headlong nature, could surely never be brought to such twist-about ways ; and even these Welsh hounds, sharp and hard drivers as they were when pursuing a fox, could only have acquired this peculiar excellence by long practice and the guidance of a master's hand. It may not be generally known that if a young hound be first entered at a polecat, to whose scent he will readily take, there will be little or no difficulty afterwards in getting him to stoop to that of an otter ; although, apparently to a human nose, no two animals can carry a more distinct odour, the latter being all but inodorous, and the former the most fœtid of animals. Men who have had to do with otter-hunting know full well how long and tedious is the process of getting hounds to take to that game ; whereby it must be inferred that the otter is not their natural prey, and consequently that the sport is really and truly an artificial one both to their instinct and taste. And so it undoubtedly is ; for it would indeed puzzle the strongest pack of hounds, already well trained by man, to kill an otter in a fairly deep stream if left wholly to themselves ; and an untrained pack without help would certainly never be able, except by accident, to accomplish that feat at all.

But to the polecat. A sudden cessation of the cry, which up to that moment had been incessant, brought Evan helter-skelter from his post to discover the cause ; but before he could reach the spot where old Careless was standing on her hind-legs, waving her nose to and fro as if to make sure of her mark, the hound threw her tongue with a long steady roar, indicating the presence of the polecat within a few feet of her head.

‘Wedi myned i mewn’ (he’s gone in), shouted the Celt, with a war-whoop worthy of a Sioux chief ; and the next moment, with one bound he sprang upon the fence, wielding his mandril on high like a very tomahawk, as if he was rushing into battle eager to take the scalp of his deadliest foe.

Baffled from his point by the Squire and Frank, and fairly beaten by the chase, the polecat had taken refuge among the roots of an old oak stump, under cover of which he could at least fight for his life to the bitter end. Rag and Tear’em, however, the two terriers, were quickly at him ; and even before Evan could strike one blow with his tool to give them more room, a deadly struggle was going on under the hollow stump of the oak, causing its leaves to quiver to the topmost twig.

In another second the polecat bolted, making a clean bound from the hedge, and springing, as if blinded by the fight, into the very midst of the hounds ; and now so agile were his movements that but for one of the terriers, whose nose appeared cleft to the bone, the

varmint would probably have escaped the many jaws that were snapping in vain at him on every side. Rag, however, pinned him at once; and then, ye gods, the effluvia emitted from the fœtid sacs of the beast would have disgusted a vulture. It seemed to poison the very air, and absolutely compelled one or two of the hounds to fall back and sneeze violently. Frank, too, although not given to be squeamish, was driven forthwith to a respectful distance; while for many a day afterwards his nostrils and even his lungs seemed to be tainted by the pungent and offensive odour.

Well is the polecat described by naturalists as '*Mustela putorius*,' for certainly no other animals, save it and the skunk, are able to confound their enemies by the sheer force of stench alone. This natural mode of defence, however, has been well imitated by the Chinese stink-pots, although, from the evidence of sailors who stormed the Peiho Forts, it may be doubted if the power of the artificial article equals in intensity that of those two quadrupeds. At all events, the British tars stood their ground in that hot and noisome fight, whereas Frank, a novice at the work it is true, was utterly discomfited on the present occasion.

'Habit becomes second nature,' said the Squire, laughing at Frank, and encouraging the hounds to continue the worry; 'when you've seen as many polecats killed as Evan and I have, you'll think as little about this *haut-goût* as those terriers do.'

'When I first went to Oxford,' replied Frank, recovering himself as the light morning breeze freshened the air, 'it was the practice at St. Columb's to smoke with asafœtida the unwary freshman who had courage enough to retire to his rooms before his companions had fairly fathomed the bowl; and the killing of this polecat put me so painfully in mind of the intolerable vapour produced by that fœtid gum, when heated, that I felt much as I did then—almost choked by the effluvia. The process may be thus described: The bowl of a long clay pipe is put into the fire, and before it becomes red-hot a lump of asafœtida is dropped into it, and the gum at once covered with a layer of wet clay. The gas when generated travels through the tube of the pipe, the nozzle of which is quietly inserted through the key-hole of the victim's door, who is usually in a state of somnolency when the cruel joke is being perpetrated. With sudden start he wakes up, feeling almost stifled by the foul vapour; and although he throws every window and door open, it clings for many a day afterwards to his carpet, curtains, and even to his own clothes.'

'Poor fellow!' said Evan, who, while divesting the polecat of his skin, had found time to listen to Frank's narration; 'that's how we smoke out a badger when we want him to forsake an earth. I hope you were never smoked so, Mister Frank?'

'Yes, once, Evan, by a ruffian called Swig Jones, the stroke-oar of the St. Columb eight, who swore if he caught anyone playing him the same trick, he'd murder him as he would a mad dog. But "tit for tat," said I; "the man who gives no quarter has no right to

‘ “expect it from another.” So I waited my opportunity, which soon occurred. After a noisy supper-party in my old friend Branksome’s rooms, Jones being, as usual, half-stupefied with swig—the liquor he so dearly loved—withdrew to his rooms among the last of the party ; and, whether he suspected retaliation on my part, and had received a hint that I was prepared with the materials for smoking him, I know not ; but certain it is that, instead of retiring to bed, he was lying in wait behind his own oak, armed with a poker ; and in less than a second after I had inserted the stem of the pipe through the key-hole, he threw open the door and rushed at me like a tiger springing on his prey. Luckily, however, I was too quick for him, or I verily believe I should not have been here to tell the tale. I bolted across the Quad, making at once for a dark passage leading into the back buildings of the College, when, finding I out-paced him, with might and main he hurled the poker at my head, and with so good an aim that the weapon absolutely grazed my trencher-cap, knocking a splinter off its ragged edge, and indenting the wall with a hole nearly an inch deep, leaving a mark and a witness against him not likely to be effaced for many a year to come.’

‘ A narrow shave, Frank, and a most fortunate escape,’ observed the Squire, with a shudder ; ‘ for if the sharp end of the poker had hit you on the nape of the neck, it would have nailed you like a Caffre’s assegais.’

‘ Iss, indeed, just like my spear through an otter’s back,’ exclaimed Evan, rolling up the skin of the polecat, and cramming it into his coat-pocket ; ‘ but he was a madman to do such a thing.’

‘ Quite true,’ replied Frank ; ‘ the drink had paralysed his reason and converted him into a dangerous brute. The next term, however, after a fit of *delirium tremens*, he was peremptorily ordered by the College authorities to take his name off the books, and since that day we have, happily, seen no more of him.’

By this time the hounds were approaching a piece of swampy ground, lying between Penlline Great Elm and the village of Aberthin ; but, although at a distance of at least a quarter of a mile from a low spinney, part sedge and part willow, they darted off at score, carrying their heads high in air, and running up wind directly for that cover. A peal of music then burst forth, such as only hounds of the Penhafod type could give ; and away they went, clinging to a line of hedgerows, one after another, right into Aberthin ; then across the lower portion of Stallion Down, pointing for the solitary farmhouse of Llanquian, and finally coming to a mark under a mass of faggots adjoining the hen-roost attached to that homestead.

Simultaneously with the arrival of the trio in pursuit (for, over the Down, they had been fairly distanced by the hounds) appeared not only the farmer and his wife—the latter a very comely young woman, scarcely more than half clad, and carrying a baby in her arms—but the rest of the household, all in a similar state of deminudity, and utterly bewildered by the wild hubbub of the hounds rousing them from their dreams at that early hour. The moiment,

however, Owen John, the farmer, caught sight of the Squire and Evan the mystery was explained. 'Well, indeed, master,' he said, addressing the former, 'I did think, sure, it was the Santhilarry 'hounds a-broke out, and a-running our sheep. They be shocking 'bad ones for mountain mutton, them dogs be.'

'Hella ffwlbard yni, bachgen' (hunting the polecat we are, my boy), shouted Evan, observing the look of alarm indicated by the countenances of the whole family; 'and he's come here for his 'breakfast to your pantry.'

A suppressed scream from the wife, indicating the dread she had of such a visitor, turned the thoughts of all to the fowl-house, from the rickety door of which, all the way to the faggot-heap, the downy body-feathers of ducks and chickens lay scattered in every direction.

'He has been making a good meal too, I fear,' continued Evan, casting his eye regretfully over those manifold tokens of the polecat's rapacity. 'But there, don't you fret, Mrs. John; the villain shall 'pay for it with his own skin.'

While the hounds were baying frantically round the faggots, and the terriers endeavouring in vain to penetrate the furzy pile, from which it was certain the beast would not bolt till the last faggot had been drawn, the door of the fowl-house was opened; and there such a scene of havoc was presented as even the Squire and Evan had never witnessed before. From one end of the hovel to the other the ground was strewn with the carcasses of the victims. Seven ducks and ten nearly full-grown chickens lay prostrate, all seized by the nape of the neck, most of them dead, but some still sprawling about, stricken with palsy by a bite through the brain.

Verily it was a piteous sight for the most disinterested spectator; but for Mrs. John, who had nursed them from the egg, and looked on them as the pin-money on which the gaiety of her Sunday apparel chiefly depended, it was a blow so stunning that at first she burst into a flood of tears, and then, recovering herself, commenced reviling her husband as the sole cause of the calamity, for not keeping the door of the fowl-house in proper repair. Nor did her wrath abate a jot till she had seen the faggot-rick pulled to pieces, and the wild beast unearthed from his lair, writhing and fighting to his last gasp in the terriers' jaws.

She then retired from the scene somewhat hurriedly, holding her nose, and coughing violently.

The sun now appearing in all his glory over the line of woodlands known as Coed-mynydd-coch, the sport could no longer be continued with any prospect of success; so, while Evan and the hounds, crossing Mynydd-y-Glew and the river Ely at Pont-sarn, took a straight cut for Llansannor, Mr. Herbert and Frank were compelled to return to Ystrad-owen, where their horses were stabled, thence to proceed by highways and byways back to Penhafod.



## COUNTRY QUARTERS.

## THE SURREY UNION.

‘ ANOTHER hunt of some note in the county of Surrey of which I must tell you the history is the Surrey Union, situated on the western side of the county. The whole of this country may be said to be nearly a quadrangle of twenty miles from north to south, from the Thames to Sussex, and twenty-two from east to west, from Walton-on-the-Hill, above Reigate, to Tongham, between Farnham and Ash, on the edge of Hants, and it contains about forty square miles, a portion of which, however, is too suburban to be useful. The boundaries are pretty accurately defined, and tolerably well known. The Thames forms the northern one; on the east is the road from Wimbledon, through Ewell, past Banstead, and over Walton Heath to Reigate; thence due south, crossing the Mole at Kennersley Bridge to Poveys Cross, near Charlwood. The southern boundary divides the Union from the Crawley and Horsham. Thence westwards it follows nearly the bounds of the county past Rudgwick, Aldfold Compasses, and below Chiddingfold towards the heights of Hindhead, dividing the country from Lord Leconfield’s. This lower south-western quarter was the scene of the Chiddingfold Hunt, under the mastership of the Messrs. Sadler—true sportsmen, who had occupation of the country for generations, and hunted it with a pack of hounds admirably adapted for such a wild woodland district: by a loan in 1865 they hunted a long corner of the Union country. There is also an annual conditional loan to the Burstow Hounds, kept up privately, and whose meets are not made public, in the south-eastern corner.

‘ The late Mr. John Barnard Hankey, who was Master of the Union Hounds in 1831, no mean authority, stated that the north-western boundary followed the Great Western road from Windsor Great Park at Virginia Water to the Golden Farmer at Bagshot, then ran southerly by the limits of the county through Waverley to Tilford Bridge, on the River Wey, and thence up to Hindhead.

‘ A range of hills bisecting the country runs from east to west, from Banstead to near Farnham, ranging in height from 600 to 700 feet. These downs are broken at Guildford by the Wey, and at Mickleham by the Mole, on the scene of the supposed battle of Dorking, and are exceedingly trying to both hounds and huntsmen, being for miles covered with low scrubb, and, moreover, carrying such a bad scent that it is very difficult for hounds to kill a fox on them, and almost impossible to do so if he runs there from the better scenting lands below. This is the great nursery for the foxes, and very strong ones are reared here, so that it takes a good pack of hounds to bring them to hand. Once during Mr. Hankey’s mastership he was chaffed at the small show of noses on the kennel door. He, by way of answer, invited a celebrated pack of hounds from Sussex

‘to come and have a day on these hills. Foxes were plenty, and  
‘the sport good, while they ran down into the low country; but, as  
‘Mr. Hankey anticipated, his stout, hill-bred foxes were too much for  
‘the strangers, and they returned home without blood. It is a stiff  
‘and far from a pleasant country to cross, as the land is deep, the  
‘fields small, and the fences blind and rough. A well-known writer  
‘on hunting thus describes a part of it he chanced to hunt in: “Stiff  
‘“as the low portion of it is, I cannot call it a hard-riding man’s  
‘“country, as the fields are small, and the fences, most of them, too  
‘“rough and wide to be taken in the swing. Nevertheless, a horse  
‘“must jump and a man know how to ride him, to be with hounds  
‘“over it. It is said that Lord Wilton once came out here and  
‘“jumped all the gates he could find, declaring they were the only  
‘“fences he saw fit for a Christian to ride at.” This is in a great  
‘measure correct, as the fences are very wide, and often take a deal of  
‘creeping before you come to the ditch, which is generally blind and  
‘deep; but if a horse can go well in Surrey, especially below the hill,  
‘he can go in most countries. No doubt it is not a flying one, but  
‘there is so much variety, that in one day you cannot tell what the  
‘character of the country or the nature of the fences may be that  
‘will have to be encountered. The part round Chiddingfold is  
‘noted for stout foxes and a holding scent. A fox found on the  
‘heights usually, with slight hesitation, makes off for his woodland  
‘haunts in the vale, and they must have plenty of pluck that follow.  
‘You must hold your horse well together, and harden your heart,  
‘and go pretty straight if you mean to see the end of a good run in  
‘the clays. It is this diversity of soil and frequency of wood which,  
‘while it may add to the beauty of the scenery, greatly increases the  
‘difficulty of killing a fox. Wherever the soil varies, the scent  
‘changes, and this, I think, is as well known to the fox as to his  
‘pursuers, and he will shape his course and proceedings accordingly.  
‘Hounds that have been running with a scent breast-high will  
‘suddenly throw up their heads, and it is necessary to have steady,  
‘low-scented hounds; and what is more rare to find or to make  
‘steady a field of observant horsemen who will not override them  
‘when at fault, and permit them to pick up the scent in their own  
‘way, if sport is to be shown and foxes killed? As I said before, the  
‘scent is very bad on the hills, and there is barely a fence to be  
‘seen; and the Sussex side is, if possible, blinder and rougher than  
‘the other, the ditches being all overgrown with brambles. There  
‘is a mass of big woods badly rided, the only passage through them  
‘being by crooked shooting paths. An old huntsman once called it  
‘“a horrid, close, dark country;” but they have one advantage over  
‘more favoured districts—their fields are always small.

‘The best meets are in the bottom and on the Clandon side,  
‘where, however, there is a lot of wire; Horsley; West Hurley  
‘Place; Great Bookham Common; Oakshot Flat; Walton Heath;  
‘and Epsom windmill was a fixture until it was burnt down three  
‘years ago come Derby Day.

‘Surrey may have less historical renown than Sussex, yet it was  
‘no less the hunting-ground of the Stuarts, and no doubt the Merry  
‘Monarch both hunted and hawked on the Epsom and Banstead  
‘Downs, as well as visited them for the purpose of racing; and a  
‘tradition is on record that on a given day in the seventeenth  
‘century the hounds of Mr. Onslow of Clandon, found a wild  
‘boar in Stringhams, a covert between Ripley and Guildford, about  
‘a mile from the present foxhound kennels. How he came to be  
‘there, or what they did with him, history does not inform us, but  
‘his being found there is averred to be a fact. A century later the  
‘Earl of Southampton is found laying down foxes in Surrey, brought  
‘from Whittlebury Forest, in order to hunt from Lovels Grove, the  
‘seat of his friend the Earl of Onslow. This bad practice of im-  
‘porting foxes is therefore not of recent date. But these were in  
‘the middle ages of fox-hunting, and the man must have had curious  
‘taste who would bring them from the Midlands to hunt them in  
‘Surrey.

‘Towards the close of the last century Mr. John Leach of Lee,  
‘below Godalming, hunted the country; and after him Mr. Samuel  
‘Godschell of Western Park or House, Albury, with Will Baker as  
‘his huntsman, ruled over much of what now forms the country of  
‘the Surrey Union. He kept his hounds at an old farmhouse behind  
‘Albury village, in a sandy lane called Dog Kennel Lane to this day.  
‘Mr. Godschell was shrewd, keen, and satirical. Once, at Albury  
‘Park, when the Hon. Mr. Finch, brother of Lord Aylesford,  
‘owned it, he was dining with a party, when a parcel was brought in,  
‘tied and knotted so that they could not undo it. “Give it to Mr.  
‘“A.; he is accustomed to tying and untying parcels,” said Mr.  
‘Godschell. Mr. A. was a magistrate who had been a haberdasher.

‘The reason of its being called the Surrey Union Hunt was its  
‘being formed by the amalgamation of the countries hunted over by  
‘Mr. Leach and Mr. Godschell, both of whom must, I fancy, from  
‘this fact, have kept hounds simultaneously, at least for a time. A  
‘meeting was held in March 1802, at Hatchlands Park, the seat of  
‘Colonel George Holme Sumner, for many years a representative of  
‘the county and the father of Colonel Sumner, a subsequent Master,  
‘when Mr. Godschell announced his intention of giving up the  
‘country, and offering the hounds to any gentleman who might wish  
‘to take them. Whereon the Rev. Arthur Onslow, then quite a  
‘young man, came forward and accepted the duty as Master of the  
‘Surrey Union, over which it was agreed by the subscribers that  
‘he should have the entire and absolute direction; and they bound  
‘themselves “to abstain from every interference, either in the pur-  
‘“chase of hounds or horses, in management in the kennel, in the  
‘“field, or in distribution of days or events for hunting.”

‘He got together five couple of hounds from Mr. Godschell,  
‘twelve from Goodwood, seven from Lord Egremont’s kennels at  
‘Petworth, and some more from Lord Berkeley. Colonel Sumner  
‘gave the kennels at East Clandon; and Mat Archer was huntsman

‘ and John Hyde whip : they were both very big men, and had lived  
 ‘ with Mr. Leach. Hyde was exceedingly tall, and something like  
 ‘ Sawyer, so many years whip to the H.H.

‘ On Mr. Onslow’s going to reside in Kent, he was succeeded by  
 ‘ Captain Boulton of Gibbons, or more correctly Gavin\* Grove, in  
 ‘ Leatherhead, who continued as Master until 1814.

‘ Then the hounds, with Mat Archer and Hyde, removed from  
 ‘ East Clandon to Fetcham, under the mastership of Mr. John  
 ‘ Barnard Hankey of Fetcham Park, who, however, only kept them  
 ‘ for one year, and retired, in 1815, in favour of Mr. Thomas Seawell  
 ‘ of Bookham, Leatherhead, whose reign lasted until the Derby Day  
 ‘ of 1822.

‘ Mat Archer retired on a pension in 1817, on account of ill-  
 ‘ health, but old John Hyde still kept on. The former was suc-  
 ‘ ceeded by George Henessy, commonly called “Little Pop,” who  
 ‘ was with the East Sussex, and ultimately became a postboy. Mat  
 ‘ Archer was a funny old fellow, and placed fox-hunting as a science  
 ‘ before any other. One day a gentleman’s horse having kicked a  
 ‘ hound, instead of abusing him, he said to some one, “If you call  
 ‘ “him a man of edication, hang your edication for me.”

‘ In 1822 Captain Richard Boulton took the hounds, and engaged  
 ‘ as huntsman Kit Atkinson, who came from the Worcestershire,  
 ‘ having hunted that pack for three seasons after he left Sir Belling-  
 ‘ ham Graham. Little Kit began in Lord Strathmore’s racing stables,  
 ‘ then went to Sir Bellingham Graham when Master of the Bads-  
 ‘ worth. Then came Dick Simpson from the York and Ainsty,  
 ‘ when Naylor was huntsman, who stayed for three years before he  
 ‘ went to Mr. Harvey Coombe ; after that he lived with Lord South-  
 ‘ ampton, Lord Henry Bentinck, and for many years hunted the  
 ‘ Puckeridge.

‘ Hunting at this period and with Mr. Seawell were Captain Hay  
 ‘ of Hound House, near Shore ; Mr. Bob Taylor of Worcester Park,  
 ‘ and his brothers, “Doodle and Noodle ;” Mr. James of Esher ;  
 ‘ Henry Kingscote, from London, a very tall man, who rode beauti-  
 ‘ fully : he was a partner of Mr. Ladbroke, the banker, who lived  
 ‘ near, one of the chief subscribers, and a tremendous weight ;  
 ‘ Captain Stanley Clarke of Leatherhead, who kept a pack of hounds ;  
 ‘ the Rev. Mr. Bolland of Fetcham, who wrote poetry, which he dedi-  
 ‘ cated to Mr. Harvey Coombe, and said of Hankey—

“ His whip and his gloves tucked under his thighs,  
 One word to his horse—‘Stand still, — your eyes!’ ”

‘ There were three or four brothers of the name of Street, very  
 ‘ good men, at whose place the hounds used to sleep out in Kit  
 ‘ Atkinson’s time.

‘ In April 1831 Captain Boulton was presented with a handsome  
 ‘ piece of plate as a memorial of gratitude for his effective manage-

\* Gavin means Hazel, which it used to be, and it had a fox-earth in the pit in the wood near the turnpike road.

ment of the Union Foxhounds, and he then resigned the management into the hands of "The Squire," John Barnard Hankey, who became Master a second time; and in those days 100% was the lowest subscription he accepted. It was afterwards reduced to 35%. Nobody was allowed originally to be a subscriber unless he resided in the country. In 1834 Mr. Harvey Combe made him a present of some twenty couple or more of hounds—the "Osbaldeston lot"—on condition that he engaged John Jennings as his huntsman; but they did no good, as this was a bad scenting country, and they had been used to a good one. John Jennings had been whip to the H.H. under Dick Foster, whose daughter he married; and on leaving Surrey he went to the Old Berkeley with Harry Oldaker when Mr. Harvey Combe was Master. In and about 1836 hunting here were Mr. Jones of Kingston, who was a great friend of Captain Boulton, and always came out whenever he could; the Baron de Tessier of Woodcote; the late Sir John Rae Reid, M.P., of Ewell, and with him his brother George; Mr. Johnson Stubbs of Sutton; Mr. Holdsworth of Reigate; Mr. Pugh of Tadworth, who liked both fox and stag hunting; Mr. H. J. Hope of Deepdene; Mr. R. Barnes, Messrs. Richards, Butcher, and Wrangham occasionally, all from Epsom; Mr. Sims Denby of Dorking; and Mr. Henry Marshall, a solicitor.

In 1842 Colonel Holme Sumner of Hatchlands, a son-in-law of Mr. Hankey, became Master, and held them for fifteen years. At first Jennings was his huntsman, who, after he retired, lived at Bookham; then Oswald Lister, who went to the Crawley and Horsham, and afterwards came to pecuniary grief; and John Dale followed him and carried the horn for many years, to whom Philip Toccock whipped-in single-handed. At this period the hounds used to sleep out once a week at Godalming and Ewhurst, to hunt the Baynard and Crawley side of the country.

Hunting now and later on were Mr. Tom Claggett and his son, Captain (now Major) Claggett of Stapleford Park, near Melton. There was no finer sportsman in Surrey than old Mr. Claggett, and he always had some wonderful steppers; Mr. John Simmonds of Godalming, a capital sportsman and very good rider, who hunted afterwards with the Sadlers; who always put Dale up comfortably, and paid his expenses. Mr. Combe of Esher, a relation of Mr. Harvey Combe, was a great supporter. He used to come out without a waistcoat, and other peculiarities, to which Mr. Claggett drew attention, and said "What liberties some people can take with themselves." Mr. Stephen Pagden of Epsom, who knew all about fox-hunting; the Marshalls of Godalming, timber merchants, of whom Alec, "the gemman in black," went the hardest; but Murray, a heavy man, was the best sportsman. The latter once bought three horses of old Bob Burton of Longnor for 1700%.—Dreadnought, Best Man, and Eclipse—two chestnuts and a brown. Mr. Lee Steere of Jays, and his sons, came out now and then; Edwin and William Napper, the cricketers, and Mr. John Napper

of Ifold; Mr. Sam Nicholson of Waverley Abbey, who also hunted with the H.H., and rode in the Hunt Races on Abbotstone Down; Mr. Currie of West Horsley, who died not long ago, and was drawn by his own waggon and team up to St. Martha's Chapel, by Shalford, with his labourers as bearers, in white smockfrocks, straw hats, and black bands; Mr. Bowser of Poulsden; Mr. Jenkins of Esher and New Inn, one of the oldest men in the hunt, who went on Snowdrop; Mr. Henry Willis of Epsom, now living at Brighton; Mr. Holland of Epsom, who also hunted with the Findon; Mr. Jupp of Cobham; Mr. Mellish of Godalming, a rare old sportsman; Mr. Edward Bray of Shere, one of the very best preservers in the hunt; the Rev. A. Burmester of Mickleham; Colonel Lambert of Thames Ditton; Mr. Andrews of Hampton Court, a good sportsman; Mr. John Back of Byfleet, afterwards of Aldershot Place, a brother of Sir George Back; Captain Cochrane of Thames Ditton, near Kingston; Captain Cooper of coaching notoriety; Mr. Philip Devereux Hickman of Esher; Captain Frederick Barnard Hankey of Fetcham; Captain Henry Hankey, Mr. William Hankey, Lord Lovelace of Horseley Tower, then a good supporter; the Duc d'Aumale, the Duc de Nemours, the Prince de Joinville, and the Duc de Chartres, from Claremont. They used to keep a pack of harriers, hunted by H. H. Stephenson, the Surrey cricketer, who was blooded by Dale. They were also good supporters of fox-hunting, and the hounds generally found on their property. They were terrible riders when first they came, and knew nothing about hunting, but they made rapid progress; and the Duc d'Aumale and the Duc de Chartres rode very well indeed. The former once brought his old father, King Louis Philippe, to see the hounds. Mr. Paley of Reigate, an old sportsman; Mr. Trotter of Horton, who always bred some cubs on his place; Sir Henry Fletcher of Esher; the Earl of Winterton and his son, Lord Turnour, came occasionally from Shillinglee; Sir Edmund Antrobus and Mr. Gosling, from the Old Surrey; Mr. Charles Buxton of Fox Warren, near Cobham, Member for East Surrey in 1865, was a splendid man across country, and was one in the great run on Easter Eve, when they uncartered a stag at Whistley Heath and took him at Windsor Park, during which run they crossed the river twice, once at Chertsey and again at Thorpe Farnell; Doctor Ellery of Crawley; Mr. Thurlow of Baynards was a supporter; Mr. Sparks of Woodhill, a capital preserver; and Mr. Sparks of Gosden Common; Mr. Henry Street of Hull Brook; Mr. Grissell of Norbury Park; Mr. Arthur Fuller of the Rookery, Dorking, was a supporter, and Mrs. Fuller rode harder than a great many; Squire Halsey of Henley Park; Mr. Arthur Whieldon of Ash, before he took the Vine; Mr. Crawford Davison, then of Pierrepont, Frensham, but since residing at Bentley, in the H.H. country, then hunted regularly; Mr. Barrett of Wintershall, who had the hounds down to sleep before meeting there, and always found them a fox next day; Sir Richard Jephson then lived at Shalford,

' near Godalming, with old Mr. Greville, was a regular man, and  
' had fine horses ; Mr. Evelyn of Wooton Park ; the late Mr. W. E.  
' Elkins of Guildford ; Mr. Potter, a lawyer of Guildford ; Mr. Couss-  
' maker, Mr. Thomas Helme of Little Bookham ; Mr. Wilks, near  
' Weybridge ; Mr. Seth Smith of the Pantechmicon, who lived at Silver-  
' mere, and hunted regularly until his eyes failed him ; Mr. Arthur Home  
' Sumner, the present Master of the Cotswold, whom Dale taught to  
' ride ; Mr. T. Longman of Farnborough Hill, who kept a good pack  
' of harriers, and hunted the heaths round Frimley, part of the Union  
' country ; Dr. Garden, of Burpham Lodge, was very fond of  
' hunting, though he could not ride ; and he once declined to attend  
' the wife of a keeper who used to kill foxes. After he retired from  
' practice he used to attend the poor for nothing. On the birth of  
' his first child, he sent Dale a salmon and a bottle of old port, to drink  
' the boy's health, with the hope that he would make as good a  
' sportsman as his father.

' In 1858 Captain Frederick Barnard Hankey, R.N., of Fetcham,  
' a brother-in-law of Colonel Sumner, and son of the Squire Hankey  
' who was Master, took the hounds.

' Philip Toccock now succeeded John Dale as huntsman, which  
' post he filled until 1860, when he went to Lord Yarborough,  
' under Smith, and he was followed by Joseph Ford, who came  
' from the West Kent, and hunted the hounds until the Captain  
' resigned. Ford's assistants were James Roffey, now with Lord  
' Fitzwilliam, and Joseph Rudd, from the North Staffordshire, but  
' he was too hard a rider to please the Master. Then George  
' Bartlett, from Mr. Garth, son of the feeder at Ascott, who went to  
' Russia ; and after him George Summers, from the Puckeridge.

' About ten years since, 1866, there was a change of masters.  
' Captain Hankey had long expressed his desire to resign, and there  
' seemed to be no one forthcoming to take his place ; this inter-  
' regnum appeared so hopeless that the Massacre of the Innocents  
' had already commenced. On one estate no fewer than seventeen  
' foxes were destroyed, and but for the energy of the late W. H.  
' Currie of West Horsley, it is not improbable that the hounds would  
' have been given up ; he, with characteristic pertinacity, used to  
' exclaim : " The bishops may be turned out of the House of Lords,  
' " the peers be abolished, or even the Queen dethroned ; but fox-  
' " hunting is an institution which can never cease in England."  
' The Hon. Francis Scott of Sendhurst Grange, who at that time  
' kept a very good pack of harriers, was at length induced to accept  
' the mastership, which he agreed to do, provided the harriers were  
' placed in safe hands. That was done, and they continue still to  
' flourish. Mr. Scott undertook the management on no condition  
' save that he would hunt the hounds while he could, and while the  
' subscriptions sufficed. It was proposed to hunt this vast country  
' three times or only twice a week. The impossibility of giving  
' satisfaction by such a course soon became apparent. Mr. Scott  
' thought of hunting the hounds himself, and the candour of the

‘ remark of a friend, that he was a sensible fellow not to have told  
‘ that to his subscribers, as they would not have given half the  
‘ subscription had they known it, stimulated him to further exertions.  
‘ When he took them the hounds were very slack for want of blood,  
‘ but in the first year that he handled the hounds he accounted for  
‘ more foxes than had been killed in any previous season, and as  
‘ many as have been killed since in any one year. When it was said  
‘ he will kill them all, the just reply was: “Never fear, the more  
‘ “ you kill the more you have,” and so it proved. Keepers in many  
‘ countries, especially suburban, where shootings are let to Londoners,  
‘ are apt to make away with more foxes than hounds can do.

‘ We could give an instance of a large and favourite covert which  
‘ never failed to have a fox, which was drawn blank thirteen times in  
‘ succession; this was too much for the owner, who turned out the  
‘ tenant, and now again it produces a good stout fox.

‘ Importation of foxes is a common charge brought by large  
‘ keepers, who are too idle to take care of their game, and lay the  
‘ blame of their own laziness on foxes. Happily this groundless  
‘ imputation has become more rare of late. At one time Mr. Scott  
‘ was obliged to meet and deny it by a circular, stating that, to his  
‘ knowledge, not a single fox had been introduced for the space of  
‘ three years.

‘ The three days a week were speedily extended to four—the  
‘ subscriptions increasing as the hunting became more general and  
‘ more popular, nor did this fall off.

‘ In 1870, Mr. Sadler gave up the Chiddingfold country, which  
‘ was resumed by the Surrey Union. This extended their area con-  
‘ siderably, and gave a very valuable addition to it. This, however,  
‘ greatly increased the duties and the fatigue to hounds and men, by  
‘ longer distances from the kennels, and by heavier work in hunting—  
‘ as it is not an easy country in which to kill a fox. Prior to this,  
‘ Mr. Scott gave up hunting the hounds himself; they, however,  
‘ continued to show as good sport as before, under the able guidance  
‘ of George Summers, who became huntsman, whose management,  
‘ both in the kennel and in the field, does him equal credit, well  
‘ proved by the condition of the hounds, and the number of foxes  
‘ killed.

‘ For two seasons George Summers was ably seconded by Philip  
‘ Bishop, many years whipper-in to the Earl of Wemyss, and who  
‘ came from him to Lord Leconfield, and who, this season, has  
‘ shown good sport as huntsman to the Lanark and Renfrew  
‘ Hounds. John Beet, from Lord Valentia, has made a very good  
‘ whip in a strange and difficult country, and we are happy to hear  
‘ that they are both to continue with the Surrey Union. Mr. Scott,  
‘ last January, showed that—notwithstanding his age and disease—  
‘ his right hand had not altogether lost its cunning. Summers having  
‘ broken his collar-bone through a fall, was laid up for a month;  
‘ nevertheless, the hounds, on almost every day they went out,  
‘ accounted for their fox; and we understand that on his seventieth



' birthday, he ran and killed two, and very nearly killed a third, after a remarkably good run, the hounds being whipped off after dark. No man could be harder or keener than Mr. Scott, for even broken bones could not stop him; and how he dived into water on a bitter cold day, through ice which prevented a favourite hound getting out, has been already recorded. In order to ensure, at least, as good sport for the future, early notice was given of Mr. Scott's intention to resign, and we believe it is settled that an equitable division has been made of the Surrey Union country, whereby Mr. Barnard Hankey will take the Surrey Union at three days a week; Mr. Charles Godman of Park Hatch, the Chiddingfold, for two days a week. Mr. Garth will draw the coverts north of the South-Western Railway, and Mr. Richard Combe of Pierrepont, who has established a pack, will occupy the outlying country to the West of Guildford, and beyond the Direct Portsmouth Railway. Mr. Combe has engaged Charles Norris, from the Hon. Mark Rolle, as huntsman, and George Jones, formerly with the Meynell, as whipper-in. Mr. Combe also has a loan of Alice Holt and Woolmer Forest from the H.H. and Hambledon, which will give him a district for two days a week. Thus the future prospects of sport in the county are very encouraging, and much more so than when Mr. Scott took the horn.

' Foxes are more plentiful than ever, and the best feeling prevails throughout.

' For quarters, Guildford is the best place. They can also be reached from Dorking, Leatherhead, Epsom, Reigate, and Kingston.

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### 'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—'The Evening of the Year.'

AND a very pleasant evening so far. We have been gliding into the night of winter imperceptibly, and though—

' The summer flower has run to seed,  
And yellow is the woodland bough;

we have been able to sit under our vines and fig-trees, and imagine ourselves in August instead of October. The chairs still linger in the Gardens and the Row, and the assemblage round the gardener's cottage on a fine Sunday, if not of the elect, has been fair to see. London has been gradually re-gathering under her motherly wing her absent children. They have been scattered to the four winds, and the vast majority have been spending more or less miserable existences, frozen on the tops of Swiss mountains, or broiled in Swiss valleys, sleeping in the dining-rooms (fortunate if they got even there) of Scotch hotels,—units in a motley throng at Scarborough. It may be noticed here, as one among many of the signs of the hard times, that while Switzerland, and the Continent generally, have not been invaded by tourists, Scotland and the English watering-places have been thronged to overflowing. Bulgarian atrocities are the least of what 'Turks' have been guilty.

But the children have returned, and glad they seem to be at home once more. 'The cruel stones' of Oxford Street and Piccadilly (and we fear they *are* cruel to the stranger and the outcast) welcome their own again, and the shopkeepers make merry, and are glad. There is still a little money left we are glad to see, and, indeed, people seem to do pretty much as they used in pre-Turkish and Egyptian days. Paterfamilias Perkins groans, and shakes his fat cheeks, but lives as usual, and goes to his office and club in the same cosy brougham we remember of yore. He also still has some of that Pommery-Greno of '65, and, moreover, says he knows where more is to be obtained. Materfamilias Perkins also shakes *her* fat cheeks, and talks of 'the poor girls,' who have brought home some wonderful winter costumes from Paris calculated to drive Westbourne Terrace to distraction. We believe P. P. to be a humbug, and if it was not for the Pommery-Greno, and the third Miss Perkins, we would like to tell him so. There *must* be money about, for did not young De Boots, whose father allows him 250*l.* a year, give 300 guineas for a hunter at Tattersall's the other day, and has not impecunious Charlie Shuffle-ton, who never had a sixpence and never will, taken a charming little cottage, &c., in the Wood? We did hear, in that latter instance, that there was a difficulty about the cheque (Charlie complained that it was presented too soon), but then there have been a good many difficulties about cheques lately, if all tales are true. They are very easily written, and so wretched are the memories of some young fellows who have drawn them, that they quite forget their account at the bank is closed. They have always got the cheques cashed by some confiding friends, so they have not been losers by the transaction,—which is cheerful and pleasant to think of. But it is awkward for the friends, as the drawers have always been obliged to hurry out of Town on urgent private affairs directly they got the money.

Among the institutions that welcome the children back what so pleasant as the theatres, most of them looking so warm and bright, redecorated with taste and judgment, and most of them too having something really good to attract us. First and foremost must be mentioned the Prince of Wales's, rich and glowing with decorations suggested by Mr. Bancroft, a perfect picture of a luxurious little house, and with a play that, if we mistake not, will draw all London for months to come. True, it is a French play, and not a new one, but, seeing some of the lamentable home failures of the past season, we think Mrs. Bancroft has been wise in seeking foreign produce. 'Peril' is a translation of the 'Nos Intimes' of Sardou, and with the memory of its production in Paris some few years ago fresh within us, we feel we may say that the representation at the Prince of Wales's challenges comparison. Two mistakes, in our opinion, have been made, and we will mention them at the outset. Mrs. Bancroft has changed the name of the play, and removed the *venue* from France to England. Mdlle. Beatrice, in her version of 'Nos Intimes,' with which most Londoners are familiar, wisely adhered to the original in both these particulars, and we say, wisely, because it is essentially a French play, and the principal characters are essentially French men and women. There is just a little unreality in the Prince of Wales's version, the scene laid, as it is, in an English country-house. We feel there never could be an English husband like Sir George Ormond, nor an English medical man like Dr. Thornton. The distressful records of the day tell us that there are many Lady Ormonds, and we are confident that our young braves would be quite at home in the *rôle* of Captain Bradford, but still we wish Mrs. Bancroft had stuck to France, and called 'Peril'—'Our Friends.' A good deal of the clever

cynicism of the play is lost by this change of title. 'Peril,' no doubt, aptly expresses Lady Ormond's situation, that of a wife who, with no great love for a husband some years her senior, permits herself to feel an interest, closely bordering on something much stronger, for a young fellow whom she has nursed through an illness. But in 'Peril' we miss the prominent idea of the French original: that it is to 'our friends' that we owe so many of our discomforts,—that they are the people who insult us, who borrow our money, repay our kindness with ingratitude, and who take from us everything they can get, even to our wives. The scene in the first act would have been much more telling if the original title of the play had been retained. There one friend takes the host's book, another his newspaper, a third his last cigar, while the fourth takes the arm of his wife. The only man who does not take anything is the Doctor, but then, as the latter says, as a sort of excuse for his conduct, 'You know, Sir George, I am not your friend.' With this our fault-finding, such as it is, ends, and we have nothing but high praise for the way in which the play is represented. Perhaps, after seeing it a second time, we are half-inclined to overlook the change of scene from France to England, for the sake of the creation of such a character as Sir Woodbine Grafton, a selfish old East Indian, by Mr. Arthur Cecil. It is one of the most finished pictures that even that true artist has given us, and, where all is perfect, it still stands out, apart from the rest, something unique. But round Lady Ormond centres the whole interest of the play. The heroine, in her English dress, is a woman respecting rather than loving her husband, feeling a void in her heart, a longing for something she hardly knows what, and therefore quite ready to be interested in the handsome young fellow she has nursed and petted. But when she finds that her lover will not be content with mere petting, and that she is on the brink of a precipice—when he proceeds almost to violence—then the woman, jealous of her virtue and good name, asserts herself. Her indignation overpowers and quenches whatever of *tendresse* there might have been in her heart, and loathing and contempt takes its place. Mdlle. Fargueil, the first exponent of the character, allowed her love to be seen, and showed us that she was making a painful sacrifice to her honour when she bid her lover depart. Mrs. Kendal does not make Lady Ormond in love. A little warm flirtation there has been on her side—some little tenderness—but when love is offered her she recoils with horror. The situation is one which hitherto has not found favour with English audiences, and no doubt it is, in more senses than one, very strong. But we have got over 'the milk for babes' diet which twenty years ago or so was thought proper for us, and are more accustomed to 'the strong meats' of the French stage. It would be curious indeed, seeing what is going on in the real drama of the world around us, if we were not. There is nothing in 'Peril,' however, as represented at the Prince of Wales's, to bring a blush to the cheek of Mr. Podsnap's young person. Mr. Sugden throws no more of warmth into his acting of the lover than is requisite, while Mrs. Kendal, as we have before said, is the English wife as she has been understood of the playgoing public for the last half century. Mr. Bancroft showed an amount of feeling, when the false friends ply his mind with suspicions of his wife's fidelity, highly appreciated, and Mr. Kendal was the Doctor, the real friend of the family, who sees them out of their difficulties, knows all their secrets, and keeps them. The play is lavishly mounted, but with most exquisite taste—the scene in the hall of Ormond Court, with its old staircase, its china, armour, clock, and other belongings, is one of the most perfect ever seen on the stage. By the way, another alteration, and not for the better, has been made necessary by the shifting of the scene to this country. The fox

that in 'Nos Intimes' the husband shoots at the end of the play—and which, as a marauding beast of prey, is such a good type of the lover—is in 'Peril' changed into a hare, and thus a good deal of the illusion lost. Sir George Ormond's entrance with the poor hare is tame; and yet what a point did not M. Caussade make as he dragged in the dead fox, who had come after his chickens, and, with a sidelong glance at the lover, flung the animal on the ground. But though an English audience may stand a little warm love-making, the shooting of a fox would have damned the play. Once more we venture to regret the change.

Rarely has there been a more ludicrous exhibition of want of tact and *savoir faire* than in the recent replies of two London managers to the criticisms of the leading journal on the performances at their respective theatres. We should certainly hardly have expected Mr. Hollingshead—a man of culture and ability, a scholar and a gentleman—to descend to the puerile complaints contained in an advertisement he inserted in the papers respecting the comments of the 'Times' on Mr. Byron's 'Bull by the Horns.' And now the lessee of Drury Lane follows suit, and has been occupying columns of the daily press in the attempt to prove that Mr. Barry Sullivan is one of our first Shakspearean actors, and that the critic of the 'Times' is a young man who knows nothing of what he writes about. He makes the most unhappy allusions to the late dramatic censor of Printing House Square—a kindly-hearted gentleman, who looked at actors and actresses through the most roseate of glasses—and follows his brother-manager at the Gaiety by sneers at youth and inexperience. A more lamentable production we have not often seen. We suppose it would be perfectly useless to tell Mr. Chatterton that there are thousands of educated men and women in London who are quite ready to endorse the opinions of the 'Times' critic on Mr. Sullivan's acting. The talk of clubs and coteries, of assemblies and dinner-tables—wherever, indeed, theatrical topics crop up—would tell him this if he could but listen. And, after all, why this heat and indignation—this childish exhibition, for it is really that in both cases—of anger against the critics? They must have hit the mark somehow, for we know that it is the galled jade that winces. And yet critics are but men; and if they are wrong, we venture to think the play-going public will put them right. There have been notable instances of this, indeed, within the last year or so—instances in which the critics have damned with faint praise, and the public have responded by flocking to the theatre in crowds. So let Mr. Chatterton and Mr. Hollingshead take heart. If Mr. Barry Sullivan is a really great actor, and the 'Bull by the Horns' was a really good play, all the critics in London will not make them otherwise. Some exceptions apart, the taste and judgment of London audiences is generally pretty sound. Now and then opera bouffe and burlesque get into their system, and that they have a weakness for silk stockings is only saying that they are human; but they can appreciate good acting, and they know the true metal from the counterfeit. Mr. Chatterton once said that Shakspeare spelt ruin—a stupid assertion, and we venture, with all politeness to add, an untrue one also. Shakspeare never spelt ruin, but it may be a different case with 'Shakspearean actors.'

A curious experiment is being tried at the St. James's; Mrs. John Wood is attempting to create an English success out of a French failure, and to carry 'Three Millions of Money' on the shoulders of herself and Mr. Honey. If an impossible plot, ponderous fun, and pointless jokes are the ingredients of a comedy, then this is one of the best of its kind. But most people will think that the only attraction of the piece is in the acting of the artists we have named. The stolid humour of Mr. Honey, the rippling fun of Mrs. John

Wood would move an anchorite's gravity. An American actor, Mr. J. Clarke, impersonates an American colonel of boundless wealth with some success, but the talents of all concerned would be better employed on some more satisfactory material.

Wisely or not, the present management has re-christened the old Charing Cross and called it the Folly; some of the newspaper critics have called this a very appropriate name, which may be intended as a compliment, or it may not; at all events no great mistake has been made in reproducing 'Blue Beard' with all the old favourites. That most terrible despot, Lionel Brough, once more tells you 'the kind of man he is,' and once again does Miss 'Selim' Thompson usurp her magic sway. The fair faces and shapely forms of Miss Topsy Venn, Miss Violet Cameron and Miss Ella Chapman are likewise to the fore, and in their hands as well as those of the 'heathen Chinee,' Willie Edouin, such a feast of burlesque drollery is furnished that the heart of man can desire no more. A new burlesque is promised shortly in 'Robinson Crusoe,' which by all accounts will eclipse its twin brother 'Blue Beard' in all the extravagance of splendour that heralded its first appearance here, and, as the principal dish in the winter season's bill of fare, we may safely predict for 'Robinson Crusoe' a welcome reception.

Turn we now to our racing budget, the chief parcel in which is, of course, the Cesarewitch and the other events of the Second October. In some respects an eventful week, with singular alterations of form to perplex us—singular triumphs of the French horses, and singular success of Mr. Smith. Not a good week for backers by any means, save for those who were on Rosebery, and even Rosebery's winnings they managed to decrease before the week was out. Count de Lagrange was certainly in great form. Nothing but Farnese opposed his two, Camembert and Allumette, in the Royal Stakes on the first day; but the public contrived to blunder over it by laying odds on Camembert, who was in trouble at the Bushes, and Allumette won in a common canter. Again, in the Cesarewitch Trial Admiral Byng ran like a pig of a horse, and La Coureuse won with 8 st. 11 lb.—won so easily that Count de Lagrange was overwhelmed with condolences from good-natured friends, who pointed out to him that with 7 st. 9 lb. she must have had a wonderful good look in for the Cesarewitch if she had been kept for that race. Somehow Kitty Sprightly was overlooked for the Scurry Nursery, for which she was top-weight, and even with Archer up she had scarcely a friend; so when she won in a canter there were great exclamations on the part of backers on their adjective stupidity. She had a lot of moderate ones behind her, and of course ought to have been supported. Somnolency has been a disappointing mare to Lord Dupplin, for she has been backed for pounds, shillings, and pence at different times, but she managed to win the First Welter, though, as she only beat the very moderate Joseph by a head, we cannot say much for the form. The interesting race of the day was the Burwell, between Bruce, Crann Tair, and Lollypop—which would backers have of the trio? It was just perhaps a little farther than Crann Tair cared about, but still with her 6 st. 12 lb. and wonderful speed, it looked as if she would do Lollypop, 9 st. 1 lb. The latter was the first beaten, and Bruce, then heading the Duke of St. Albans' filly, fairly wore her down, and won by three parts of a length. As he had much the worst of the weights with her, this was a very good performance, and at once made Bruce something very like top of the tree. Oxonian has taken a new lease, for he came out in a 5-sov. sweepstakes over the Criterion Course, and settled his field before they had gone half the journey, something like what he used to do of old, only then he always won at the start.

A big Cesarewitch day as far as attendance went, but there was nothing else very big about it. The field was larger than expected, and for this the weather no doubt accounted. The ground was getting very holding, and there was a great idea that some 'chucked-in' one might win. Of course we were all in ignorance that the race was as much over, bar accidents, as if Messrs. Weatherby had just handed over to Mr. James Smith a cheque for the amount of the stakes. So we called up all manner of outsiders, such as St. Estephe, the Juliet filly, Courtomer, Cataclysm, even Cato, all of whom *might* upset the calculations of the astute. Woodlands, however, and Hopbloom were very firm, and Rosebery was the only favourite who did not go quite well in the market. The Newmarket people had rather abused him since his arrival, after the manner of Newmarket, and, seen in the enclosure, there seemed still to be a prejudice against him. Why, it was difficult to make out. They did not like thee, Dr. Fell, but at the same time the reason why they couldn't tell. He was a good-looking horse enough, with splendid shoulders, and trained to perfection; and if there was any hole to be picked in him, he was a little light below the knee. Though Rosebery did not go exactly well in the market at the last (some people got 8 to 1 about him), it is to be attributed to the rush on Woodlands and Hopbloom, who were the public horses there is no doubt. The veteran owner of the former was, we believe, very confident, though at the same time he had taken the precaution of saving himself over Rosebery; but then this was only common prudence in the face of such a clever friend, and such a rival, as Mr. Smith. It occurred to many, doubtless, as the time drew nigh that it was a curious circumstance to see two men who knew so much—reckoned the clever among the clever—fighting the battle to the end. If both had got horses good enough to win a Cesarewitch, why oppose each other? No doubt such thoughts found vent in expression, and it says much for the good sportsmanlike feeling of each that they determined the best horse should win. If what they believed came to pass, they would be first and second, and both horses exposed, with small hope for the loser of ever getting such a chance again. If Mr. Swindells could but have known in time to retract with honour—if he had but gone to Dr. Slade and bespoken the services of some horsey departed one, what a *coup* would not Woodlands have been in some mile-and-a-half back-end affair!

But the horses have gone to the post, and are delivered over to Mr. McGeorge's care, so it is no use thinking of what might be. They are soon away, and anxious lookers-out on the Stand proclaim that there is a yellow jacket with a clear lead, which turns out to be Hopbloom. Rossiter's orders were 'waiting in front' ones, we believe, but the horse overpowered him, and in the sequel ran himself to a stand somewhere about the T.Y.C. post. There were a lot well up here, including Broadside (with the lead), Blantyre, Rosebery, Merry Duchess, Innishowen, Woodlands, Coomassie, Umpire, John Day, &c.; but before the Bushes were reached Rosebery had gone ahead, and the race was over. Woodlands was soon shaken off, and although he was second, he had a great struggle with the unlucky Merry Duchess for the situation. Of the others, there is no doubt Coomassie was the best, but she was eased when the Rosebery state of affairs was seen. It was a wonderful easy win—easier than the Duke of Parma's even, though that was easy enough. Some people said another 10 lbs. would not have stopped him, and probably they are right, but all this is mere conjecture, and it is sufficient to say that it was a runaway win from start to finish. The handicapper was not caught napping as he was last year (for neither Mr. Smith nor Rosebery went to the seaside during the autumn), and he could not, with any common

justice, have put more on the horse than he did. He was not well in, judged by his performances, and not a whisper was heard about him until the commission began to work at Doncaster. He was, to all intents and purposes, a dark horse, and those who backed him of course backed his owner. In fact, both he and Woodlands had done nothing to deserve their position as favourites, and the public, so prone to follow public form, and a horse they know something about, were, for once, right when they ignored both. 'Measures, not men,' was a hustings' cry of some years back, and 'Men, not horses,' was a backers' cry to-day. It does sometimes come off we are bound to admit, but, as a rule, we prefer the horses.

We must pass rapidly over Wednesday's racing. Wild Tommy was beaten, and badly beaten, for the Beaufort Stakes, finished last of four, indeed, behind Camembert and Great Tom. The horse looked well enough, and, unless he is a shifty animal, it is difficult to account for the form of the horse who was within a stride or two of winning the Leger. The Duke of Hamilton was much annoyed, and spoke his mind freely—but these are the fortunes of racing. It is a wonderful stable, 'the Jockey Club stable,' for backing them when they lose, and not backing them when they win. Ecossais showed us he was a wonder over his own course by winning the Flying Welter, hard held, with 11 st. 3 lbs. on his back, and Springfield was such a very good horse that he spoiled all the fun in the Select Stakes. 'Too good a horse,' said the Admiral; 'we don't want them here.' Truly it is a misfortune in these days to have a good horse, and Mr. Houldsworth must be consoled with. What would Springfield get in a handicap, if his owner ventured to put him in one, we wonder? How much better to have a lot of Platers, or, at the best, moderate horses, take them out for one or two airings, and then bring off a stake. Then, should we not be called 'clever' and 'astute,' and wouldn't the papers ring with our names? Now there was, to look back a moment, a horse called Umpire in the Cesarewitch, belonging to a foolish man, who actually wins with him every time he has ran. What could he expect? Umpire, of course, had 7 st. 7 lbs., and we maintain was crushed by it. He was fourth, it is true, and that will be quoted perhaps as a proof that the Admiral had fairly estimated him, but why did he not give him a chance? Was it because he had run straight and honest? If he had had 7 st. on him he would, perhaps, have made a good fight of it with Rosebery, perhaps have won. At all events, we should have had a race and not a runaway, and how popular the win would have been. However he was crushed, and so was Coomassie, but then they were good horses.

The Middle Park was the brightest of the five days, and brought together a good and more select attendance than on the Cesarewitch. Sidonia, the high-priced yearling of the Mentmore stud, has been in reserve for this event; but he unluckily had to be eased in his work just at a critical time, and though he was first favourite at one time, he went back in the market, and it was evident the stable did not fancy his chance this time. The field was not strong either in quality or quantity, for it so happened that some of our flyers, or what are supposed to be flyers, were not entered, and as the dark Sidonia evidently would not do, we depended on Lady Golightly, albeit she carried the extreme penalty. Lord Falmouth ran King Clovis also, but declared to win with the mare; and though Mr. Baltazzi sent a good commission into the market in favour of Plunger, the public stuck to Lady Golightly. Of the others, Pellegrino and the Rover were alone backed for any money; and though Mr. Harry Morris took a 1000 to 40 twice about Chamant, no one, we are aware, followed his lead. It was a splendid race, and without wishing

in the slightest degree to detract from Chamant, we believe Jim Goater had much to do with the winning of it. Fifty yards from home there were only three in it, Pellegrino, Plunger, and Chamant. The latter had been gradually creeping up, and he and Pellegrino had rather interfered with Plunger by driving towards the Stand rails, but Jim managed to get the Frenchman's head in front in the last few strides, beating Pellegrino by that distance, and Plunger being a head only behind the Duke of Westminster's colt. Of course, this was a great reversal of public form, because in the Champagne, at Doncaster, Lady Golightly had cantered away from Chamant, while here she was only fourth, alongside the Rover. Pellegrino had the maiden allowance, and Chamant carried the highest weight that the Middle Park has been won with yet.

Altogether the French horses had a wonderful day. Count de Lagrange, in addition to the Middle Park, was first and second in the Newmarket Oaks with Lina and Augusta, and M. Aumont was third with the favourite Basquine. These students of public form had another blow administered in the Autumn Handicap, by the extraordinary easy win of Hazeldean, after her bad running in the Great Eastern Handicap, with Timour and La Sauteuse, a most inexplicable piece of business. Friday's racing was very good. Those people who did not back Skylark for the Newmarket Derby, over the horse's own distance, and went after Hellenist instead, ought to have been ashamed of themselves. Lord Ailesbury's horse was favourite at first, but second thoughts were best, and 2 to 1 was with difficulty obtained about Skylark at the close. The latter won in a canter, and Hellenist was the first beaten. Midlothian was a wonderfully good thing in the Selling Stakes, and backers who waited, and were not too eager to rush on, got 5 to 2 about him, owing to the strong support awarded Strathdean. Midlothian got so badly off that it was with difficulty Parry brought him through the ruck of horses (there were thirteen runners), but over the Bushes Hill he made up his lost ground, and won very cleverly at last. Plunger and Lady Golightly met to renew their Middle Park battle in the Prendergast, and opposed to them was the comparatively fresh Palm Flower, who had not been seen out since she was nearly left at the post in the Astley Stakes at Lewes. Though Plunger had the best of the weights, Lady Golightly was the favourite; but Mr. Baltazzi's colt never gave her a chance, and racing with Palm Flower from the start beat the latter easily, while Lady Golightly was a bad third. This result seemed to confirm the truth of what was said after the Middle Park, that Plunger, but for his being interfered with, would have won. Her Majesty's Plate was a terrible affair. There were eight runners, and from the way Craig Millar polished off Controversy at Doncaster, it looked a good thing for him, despite the presence of Coltness, who had made Skylark lie down in the previous meeting. But the Doncaster Cup was a race without pace, as any one could have seen who was there. Here Coltness took care to make it a cracker from the start, and Charon, instead of being pulled about, as he was on the Town Moor, had his head given him, and when Coltness was done with, the favourite never being in it, Charon came away, and won as he liked from La Coureuse. The Duke of Hamilton backed his horse, but we believe no one else did, and though Caramel got some of the losings back in the last race, the Welter Handicap, yet it was a bad day on the whole, and a bad week too, except to those on Rosebery.

Since the end of last season there have been many changes in the hunting world, as will be seen by reference to our annual list of Masters and Huntsmen; but, for the convenience of our readers, we here notice those of the greatest im-



portance; and, commencing with the staghounds, we find that Mr. W. Angerstein of Weeting Park has given up the Mastership, and been succeeded by Captain Haughton; but Jack Hickman, who, we suppose, is made of vulcanised india-rubber, from the number of falls he has had and the way he has bounded from the ground, still continues to hunt them; Mr. Hope Barton, the late Master of the Badsworth, has been succeeded by Mr. C. E. B. Wright, who is well supplied with the 'sinews of war,' and has a large stud. Mr. Tom Duffield has retired from his share of the management of the Old Berkshire, and left Lord Craven as sole manager, with John Treadwell, as keen as ever he was, to hunt them; Mr. Lancaster has given up the Broadbury country, and the hounds were sold at Barnstaple on the 20th; Mr. Cradock of Hartforth Hall, after a reign of ten years over a part of the old Hurworth country, has resigned in favour of the Earl of Zetland, who has very wisely retained Tom Champion. The new kennels are at Aske. The Cottesmore have suffered a great loss by the death of the late Earl of Lonsdale, but arrangements have been satisfactorily made by the present Lord for hunting this excellent country. William Neal, late first whip, has succeeded Jack West, who, since he left, has been living at Blaby, near Leicester, and is, we believe, anxious for something to do; George Morgan, from Lord Macclesfield, has gone to the Craven as huntsman in the place of George Orbell, who has migrated to the Blackmoor Vale, where he once was whip, *vice* John Press, who has been for a long time on the sick list.

Colonel Jelf Sharp has given up the Essex and Suffolk and taken the East Essex, while he has been succeeded by Captain Tyssen Holroyd of Tallyho Lodge, Stratford St. Mary. The Glamorganshire country has sustained a great loss in the death of Mr. Theodore M. Talbot at an early age. Mr. Andrew Knowles, formerly of the Poplars, near Eccles, who hunted with the Cheshire, is the new Master of the Ledbury, in the place of Mr. Charles Morrell, who has taken the Worcestershire, on the retirement of Mr. Frederick Ames of Hawford Lodge. Harry Grant, from the South Berks, is the new huntsman to the Ledbury; while Tom Carr, the late Worcestershire huntsman, has taken a farm of two hundred acres at May House, near Droitwich, and retired from the hunting-field after having been over thirty years with hounds. As he is full of energy, we have no doubt he will succeed in his new occupation, and he evidently has the good wishes of the Worcestershire sportsmen, as they gave him a good dinner on the 12th at the Bell Hotel, Worcester, and presented him with a purse and 130*l.* in it. Mr. Musters of Annesley Park has given up the South Notts country, which he had twice hunted with such great success, and is succeeded by Colonel Rolleston of Whatnall Hall, near Nottingham, with whom German Shepherd stays on as huntsman. Mr. Robert Arkwright, whose retirement had been announced, is still Master of the Oakley, but is assisted by Mr. Turner Macan as his Master of the Horse. Mr. George Watson of Rockingham Castle has given up the North Pytchley country, in consequence of Lord Spencer having resumed the management of the entire original Pytchley country, which will be hunted five days a week; one pack will be kept at Brixworth and another at Brigstock; Will Goodall will hunt the Woodlands on Mondays and Thursdays, and Lord Spencer a pack in the open on Mondays and Fridays. Fred Percival, who was Mr. Watson's huntsman, has gone to the Hon. Mark Rolle; Lord Hill has been succeeded by Sir Vincent Corbet of Acton Reynald as Master of the North Shropshire; Mr. Frederick Crowder, late of Ashbourne, in Derbyshire, and who kept some harriers there, has taken the Southwold country, and engaged Tom

M<sup>c</sup>Alister, from the Queen's County Foxhounds, as his first whip; the Hon. Francis Scott of Sendhurst Grange, near Woking, has given up the Mastership of the Surrey Union after a very successful reign of ten years, and the country has been divided into three portions, of which Mr. Barnard Hankey, with George Summers as his huntsman, will take the centre, or the Surrey Union; Mr. Charles Godman of Park Hatch, will hunt the Chiddingfold country two days a week; while Mr. Richard Combe of Pierrepont, who has engaged Charles Norris, from the Hon. Mark Rolle, will hunt the country to the west of Guildford and beyond the direct Portsmouth Railway, and also some wild, rough country round Woolmer Forest, lent him by the H.H. and the Hambledon; Lord Willoughby de Broke of Compton Verney has succeeded Mr. Spencer Lucy as Master of the Warwickshire.

In Scotland we are not aware of any material changes; while in Ireland we have only noted that Mr. R. Uniacke is the new Master of the United Hunt, of which Harry Saunders is the new huntsman; and young Frank Goodall, from Lord Middleton's, has gone to Meath in the place of James M<sup>c</sup>Bride, who has returned to Shropshire to hunt the Shrewsbury for Mr. Hulton Harrop.

Cub-hunting has continued everywhere with great success, the ground having been thoroughly soaked by the quantity of rain which fell at the end of last month. Indeed, we hear that in one country in the West there has been too much success, for we were credibly informed that a certain large establishment had actually killed thirty-six brace of miserable little cubs before Michaelmas Day; and at first we refused to credit it. If true, we can only say that such wholesale slaughter is ridiculous and absurd, and can do young hounds no good, as the object of cub-hunting is to teach the young entry to work for their fox. Only fancy seventy-two foxes being killed in September, before regular hunting begins! Such a proceeding is not calculated to bring credit on foxhunting, or make farmers who are really fond of a run friendly to the sport.

Harry Judd, for the last four seasons first whip and kennel huntsman to Lord Hill, now hunts the North Shropshire, and has made a very good beginning; we hear that there are plenty of foxes in the country, and he has a good pack of hounds both in the field and on the flags. Will Dale has been doing very well with the Burton; John Treadwell, in spite of rough weather and varying scent, has had some good mornings with the Old Berkshire, as has Wil Neal with the Cottesmore.

Although the Pytchley were very unfortunate in the big woods round Brigstock, they have had no cause whatever to complain since they have been in the open, for they have found a lot of cubs since wherever they have been, and there are good reports of plenty of foxes at Cottebrooke, Brockhall, Waterloo Gorse, and Scotland Wood, all of which they rattled well at the end of last month. Since then they have found plenty at Misterton, which is well preserved by Captain Hazlehurst; and also at the Hemplow, where Mr. Kemp, Mr. Topham's successor, who is not a hunting man himself, has also carefully followed the example of his popular predecessor, and preserved no end of foxes. Cot Hill, which is close by, had also two good litters; in short, there are so many in this part of the country that a hard-riding young farmer said—after they had killed five when they met at the Hemplow on the 11th—'that even ten would have done no harm, for there were so many that his shepherd would not allow his little children to go out in the summer evenings for fear the old foxes should take them away;' so that if Goodall can only succeed in teaching them to run straight, there is every prospect of a good season.

A testimonial is to be presented to Mr. Topham on Tuesday, November 7th, at the Angel, Market Harborough, where, no doubt, if there is any gratitude left in this wicked world, there ought to be a great gathering, for as one of his friends, who lives at Theddingworth, said, 'Topham will be much missed, particularly on a cold Wednesday; verily he filled the hungry and thirsty with good things and never sent any one empty away.'

The active and able mastership of Lord Spencer, coupled with the improved condition of the hounds, which stoop to their work and hunt like beagles when not overridden, have induced some well-known sportsmen to settle in this country. Mr. W. O. Hammond of St. Albans Court in Kent, who was last season at Cotte-brooke Grange, a staunch supporter of fox-hunting, has taken North Kilworth House; and Mr. Augustus de Trafford has migrated from Cheshire and settled at Rugby. Mr. Oakeley, the Master of the Atherstone, has a grand lot of hounds, and amongst the dogs 'Somerset,' by the Milton Somerset, a great favourite of John Walkers, is quite perfect. Castleman has had very good sport, and found plenty of foxes, except at Maxstoke and Packington. At Gopsall it is said there were eleven hundred pheasants, and seven litters of cubs. This is a staggering fact for the big-battue men and sham preservers who believe in their ignorant keepers, and shows that when 'there's a will there's a way;' for the Atherstone have been there every week and always found.

There is a good report of plenty of foxes in the North Warwickshire country, and the young hounds, which are a good lot, have entered well. On Michaelmas Day they had a capital morning from Line's Spinny, where they found plenty of foxes and killed a brace of cubs; but the big, broad ditches which prevail in this part of the country were very blind, being covered with brambles, so that there was here much scrambling and leading over. After this they went to Cawston and had a famous thirty-five minutes without a check at a good pace over a first-rate country, going between Mr. Harrison's house at Dunchurch and Bilton Grange, crossing the Rains Brook in the bottom, where young Walter Dale came to grief, and on over a fine grass country, passing Barby, and ran to ground near Ashby St. Ledgers. At the finish, besides Wheatley, Jack Press, and Dale, were Mr. Muntz on one of his new weight-carriers—a fine timber-jumper, Mr. Wedge of Knightlow Hill, Mr. Lancaster, Mr. J. F. Liebert of Leamington, Mr. Bolden of Rugby, and one stranger. It is said that a fox has not been known to take this line since the time that Mr. Baker hunted the country.

Hunting in the Hampshire country has continued with general success. They say they never knew the country to ride so well early in October before; but we are sorry to hear a rumour of a scarcity at Beauworth, which is attributed to the great trapping for rabbits which prevails in that district. However, it is said that there are plenty at Fully, and if Mr. Deacon and Dicky can only make them break and run in the right direction there will still be some sport in that part of the Tuesday country. Since the days when Mr. King (called in Devonshire 'the King of the West') was Master of the Hambledon the country has never been so full of foxes as this season. Mr. W. Long has killed up to this time 13 brace of cubs. There is every prospect of this season being a very brilliant one, and no chance of a blank day. The popular Master will ere long be one of the crack gentlemen-huntsmen of England, and is ably seconded by his first whip, Mandeville, who is also kennel huntsman. The Hursley are also well off for foxes, and they have been doing their duty with the cubs. As usual, Alfred Summers has his hounds in perfect condition. The Tedworth have every prospect of a good season, foxes being plentiful everywhere, more especially

in their strongholds, Savernake and Collingbourne Woods. Jack Fricker considers that he has never had a finer entry of young hounds. The new first, Robert Pickard, had a very nasty purl in the Forest on Saturday the 7th, from his mare putting her foot in a rabbit hole, rolling over him two or three times, thereby bruising him severely, and breaking his collar bone badly. He remained insensible for some hours: on coming to, the first person he recognised was Fricker, and his first words were, 'Well, Jack, have you killed your fox?' If Pickard is an average specimen of the hunt-servant turned out by His Grace the Duke of Beaufort, no wonder the Badminton pack so worthily keep up their ancient prestige.

And there is every probability of a first-rate season for those who have the good fortune to hunt with the Duke. His pack has done very well. Up to the 1st of October they had been out twenty-seven times, killed thirty-six foxes, and ran nine to ground. On Thursday, September 28th, they found a capital show in Shipton Wood, and, after killing one cub and marking another to ground, they got on an old fox which gave them a clipping forty-five minutes, and they killed him in the town of Malmesbury. They here had the very best cub-hunting ever known, and have killed 34 brace, 6 brace belonging to Lower Woods. They have hunted the country fairly and well, and had some real good runs. One from the Lower Woods to Hunt's Gorse, in the Berkeley country, and back to ground near Wickwar; had him out and ate him. Farmer Hobbs of Church Wood put his head out of his bedroom window and called out to Lord Edward Somerset and Colonel Mostyn (in his usual hospitable manner) for them to pull up and have something to take, but the hour was an early one, and the pace was too good to stop. A first-class gallop from Bath Verge, close to Badminton, through Lye Grove, away round the Cross Hands, right through Dodington Park, and a kill on towards Dyrham. A rattling twenty-nine minutes from Nind Withy Bed under Alderly, round that blind, hairy country, towards the Lower Woods, and a kill in the open; Bob Vincent (the first whip), Lord Rock Savage, Sir G. W. H. Codrington, Mr. Hill Trevor, Miss Maud Kingscote all riding straight and well to hounds; every hound doing his best, and such a chorus of music as one seldom hears in the open. It was rare fun to-day (Oct. 24). After running from Maple Ridge to Mr. E. Burges' covert at the Ridge, and killing one—there were five foxes at least in the gorse, so well does Mr. Burges preserve them—we drew a very small withy bed at Yate Court, and ran hard towards the Lower Woods, turned through Maple Ridge, and by the Brimscombe coverts, and away to Horton Bushes, up over the hill, leaving Chalkley on the left, and taking one turn over the Stone Walls: this good fox was run into at the farther part of Bodkin Hazel, just under the hour, and nearly six miles' points. Our correspondent observes that the Hunt Servants' Society has no collector, and is not represented in the Badminton country, and adds, 'I wish I could see more honorary members in it, and there really ought to be, as the Duke pays for everything, and they all get their hunting for nothing.'

Another correspondent who takes great interest in its welfare and progress draws our attention to the fact that there are but very few subscribers to that useful institution amongst the officers of the Household Troops, which in former days were not only first and foremost in the field, but also most liberal supporters of everything connected with sport. This causes a disadvantageous contrast to be made between them in this respect and the officers of the Fourth and Fifth Dragoon Guards, the Inniskillings, and the Ninth and Twelfth Lancers: so let us hope that this oversight will very soon be rectified.

From High Leicestershire we hear the prospect is very cheering, and Mr.

Tailby has already accounted for his fox after some pretty spurts. Perhaps there is no hunt where, in a wet season like the present, cub-hunting is more enjoyable; and as the rule is to let them go as soon as October is reached, you get a real gallop, with lots of elbow-room; and many will regret that they have not formed one of the jovial crew, consisting of Messrs. Tailby, Baillie, three Goslings, A. Pennington, Thorpe, Sir B. Cunard, W. Hay, and a few farmers, during the past month. The country swarms with foxes, and the coverts being small, go they must. Perhaps their best mornings were: on the 11th of October from Stretton Spinneys, when they got a rare twenty-five minutes to ground at Bilston Grange, during which Colonel Gosling safely negotiated a wire, his horse doing about 28 feet clear, and Captain Baillie made a fine representation of Mazeppa by his bridle breaking; and on the 16th from John Ball—where Mr. Mills showed us a rare lot of cubs—through James Ball, and across the valley to Peatling, where we unfortunately lost, though the hounds richly deserved him. Almost every house in the neighbourhood is full, and we are anxiously awaiting the result of the meeting of the Cottesmore district, in the hope that arrangements will be made for Mr. Tailby to hunt the Tilton, Skiffington, and Loddington Woods.

Mr. Fenwick has been doing very well in Northumberland, though scent has been bad. He has been out twenty-two mornings and killed sixty-one brace, a score that may sound small in south-country ears, but it must be borne in mind that a Northumberland fox is a very different article to one the other side of the Tyne. Mr. Fenwick may be congratulated on having bred a pack that for quality and substance are very near the top of the tree; and this is the opinion of such competent judges as Mr. Williamson, Mr. Foljambe, and others. They had a nice hunting run on the 11th, from Matfen to Horsley Wood, about six miles straight, a run in which Mr. and Mrs. Lambton from Winslow went well.

Brighton is very dull and empty, there are lots of houses to be let owing to the panic in the money market, there is scarcely a good carriage to be seen, and the company is much altered in point of quality. The jelly-dogs are hard at work, but have not had much sport yet, owing to their finding too many hares. They are better done than ever; as the Master got the pick of the Worthing pack and also of the Isle of Thanet, he now has as good a lot as ever were seen, and the men and the horses are turned out very well. No end of women go out with them and gallop their horses' tails and legs off.

While the accounts of the reception our English and Irish crews received in the Transatlantic world are, to say the least, extremely uninviting, and scarcely calculated to improve the International character of our aquatic sport, it may not be uninteresting to our readers to recall to their memory a regatta which is annually held in Germany, where one of our crews which competed at Henley this year, after an overwhelming hospitality, secured the principal prize in a four-oared race open to all comers, and well worthy of its International character. The regatta of which we speak is held at Hamburg, and the fixture is generally made for the following week but one to Henley. This would be of immense advantage to crews who might compete from the Thames being able to go straight from one regatta to another with only a slight break in their training caused by the passage across, which would prove rather beneficial than otherwise. The 'Alster,' upon which the races are rowed, is one of the most charming lakes to be found upon the Continent, picturesque in its appearance, and quite Continental in its character. The English crew which successfully contested the principal race this year was the 'Caius' four from Cambridge, made up from the eight which showed such a

good front in the 'Ladies' at Henley. With Lewis and Pike (two 'blues') for stroke and three, it is scarcely to be wondered that the race was won by their four without a very punishing struggle. Still a good fight was made for more than half the distance by one of the German clubs, and, after winning, it must have been extremely gratifying to the English four to find that instead of any jealousy being shown, congratulations were on all sides offered, and a hearty wish expressed that they would come and fight for the prize again next year. Speaking of the prize, it was one as handsome as it was valuable—worth a hundred sovereigns it was stated to have been—and, judging from its splendid appearance, that figure must have been rather below than above its value. The prizes are not as in England 'Challenge' ones, and the winners have only to prove successful once to become the absolute owners. The German rowing is naturally inferior to that shown upon the Thames, but the Committee of the North German Regatta are anxious to induce English crews to row in their races, that their men may be stimulated to improve by imitating the better form which may be shown by other clubs. That the Germans have the material no one can doubt, for their crews are composed of strong and muscular men; but they thoroughly admit their want of 'finish,' and are by no means bigoted in favour of their present style. Mr. Wentzel, the President of the Regatta, would always be happy to give particulars of next year's races, and we can thoroughly recommend this pleasant trip to English clubs who may be able to send over a crew, knowing that the reception they would receive to be hearty and sincere.

'Guy Livingstone' is dead. George Alfred Lawrence was entered at Rugby in 1841, and afterwards went to Baliol, Oxford, where he soon made his mark, and became quite a character. He was fond of notoriety, and did many things to attract it. He rode desperately in the drag, and, being very short-sighted, at impossible places. His portrait is admirably done in Mr. George Winter's well-known pictures of the 'Drag in 1848,' where he is depicted charging Messrs. Bulteel and Stacy in the brook. He did everything with a will, and anything he could to be talked about. He was a most elegant scholar, and must have read hard at night, and on the sly at odd times, as he was first and foremost in all the out-door sports, racing on Bullingdon and steeplechasing, and continually in rows. He made a big book, and backed himself for a large sum of money, in spite of all these distractions, to get a first. On going into the Schools his composition was first-rate and faultless, but he failed in Divinity, and was 'ploughed.' Then he migrated to the 'Tavern,' and took a second in Michaelmas Term, 1850. He was a student at the Inner Temple, and called to the Bar, but never practised. He could never have been said to be a popular man. His face was not prepossessing, and in fact he was decidedly ugly; but he had such a gentle voice and fascinating manner that he used to say that, only give him half an hour's start, and he would beat the handsomest man in England out of the field when a lady was in the case. Soon after leaving Oxford he made his mark in the literary world by writing 'Guy Livingstone,' in which he graphically described himself and his own boyhood in the School-close of Rugby in the time of Dr. Tait, and in the third chapter his life at Baliol, in which he perfectly photographed 'Kiff' Luttrell and Archy Peel of Trinity under the names of Lovell and Petre, and Little Jemmy Allgood of Brasenose, now a portly Northumberland rector, as Barlowe, 'the pearl of gentlemen riders—the very apple of Charles Symonds' eye, unspoiled by a hundred triumphs, and never degenerating into the professional;' and lastly, as Lynton, poor Tom Leigh of University, brother of the late Mr. Gerard

Leigh, and who also died in the prime of life, and who was so well known in Leicestershire. His literary merits it is not within our province to discuss; suffice it to say that, being a thorough classical scholar as well as a man of the world, from his pen flowed the 'pure English undefiled,' rare to be met with; and last, but not least, he wrote like a gentleman.

The closing of 'Limmer's,' the last of the once fashionable taverns of a bye-gone century, has evoked some charming reminiscences of the house and the people who frequented it from a pen well fitted to do them justice. The articles that appeared in the 'Daily Telegraph' have been read by every one with pleasure, with the greater pleasure, perhaps, because in it there was a dash of sadness, by those who have in their time heard the chimes at midnight at that celebrated resort. We well remember our first visit to Limmer's, and the feeling of disappointment that came over us on finding the place so different from our expectations. It was in our green youth, when London streets were golden, and the aspect of Limmer's, with its dark rooms and rather dingy furniture, struck us with astonishment. We learned to appreciate it, however, to be friends with 'Sam,' also 'Elizabeth,' and to look with reverence on John Collins. There was always a waiter who was bound to be 'Sam,' as the chambermaid had been 'Elizabeth,' from immemorial time. Our recollections of Limmer's are more associated with Billy Duff than any one else, and in the many scenes of wild fun and riot that madcap face and figure is prominent. We were always under the impression that it was Billy who shot at the clock (by the way, there will be competition for that clock, we expect, when it comes to be sold), but the writer in the 'Telegraph' gives the fame of that occurrence to another. One scene out of many comes before our mental vision fresh, as if it had not taken place five-and-thirty years ago. There had been a dinner at the Blue Posts in Cork Street on a certain evening, at which were present Billy Duff and the present writer, and the sitting over the baked punch had been more fatal than usual. Our memory does not vouch for everything that occurred, but we know that at some small hour of the next morning we were awoke out of a sweet slumber by a tremendous noise, and found ourselves in a chair in the coffee-room at Limmer's, and this was the sight that met our eyes: Billy Duff in his shoes and an extremely short shirt was dancing a Highland fling to the music of a piper whom he had picked up somewhere in the streets, while Sam, another waiter, and two more than doubtful ladies were looking on. The chief actors in the scene were decidedly drunk, and Billy was accompanying his flings by unearthly yells and screams. John Collins had retired into a den of his own in indignation and despair, and told us next day that though he had seen much, he had never witnessed such a sight there before. It is photographed on our vision—the wonderful gyrations of Billy—the droning piper—the astonished waiters—the delighted 'ladies.' Where but at Limmer's could such an incident have occurred?

The Cambridgeshire week must be our last parcel, and time and space warn us that we must also make it a small one. That it has been an eventful Cambridgeshire all the world knows, and that the task which Faugh-a-Ballagh and The Baron could not accomplish has been done by a horse who last year was leading a quiet country life on the Berkshire downs, unsyllabled and unsung. Mr. James Smith was himself in ignorance, we hear, until this summer of what a treasure he was possessed, and his good fortune has been singular indeed. Rosebery must be a very good horse, for when he passed the New Stand he was not at all in a first-rate position, and, indeed, he looked to the spectators from that coign of vantage out of the race. How a little farther on he collided with the luckless Ghost, and was as nearly as possible

coming to grief, is also matter of history. Hopbloom ran a very good horse. There were some wretched exhibitions in the race, and perhaps Claremont and the Ghost were the worst. The former, however, looked hardly fit, but what ailed the Ghost except that he is but a five furlongs' gentleman, we know not. The result of drawing lots for places demonstrated more clearly than ever that all do not stand on equal terms who leave the Cambridgeshire post. Cat's-eye on the lower ground was never in it, no more was Woodlands, who had the ill-luck to be the last in the race. Now, as the theory of starting is that all have an equal chance, and that the only advantage is a quick pair of heels, it is clear that the theory does not hold good in the race under consideration. The Cambridgeshire hill is a good trial, no doubt, but that is all that can be said in its favour. Who sees the race? A mass of horses appear over the brow of the hill, and by the time you have made out the first rank the affair is nearly over. The view of the start from the New Stand and the race for the first half-mile is excellent, but then the horses go up the hill, and it is impossible to say what has won or who are in the first half-dozen. From no point is the race a satisfactory one, and as it has been shown that one horse has an immense advantage over another at the start, why not change the course? In fact, our private opinion is that 'the top of the town' is a delusion. True the last two miles or mile and a half of the B.C. are grand courses, but how do we see races on them? Why, with pain and difficulty. Now one of the pleasures of racing is seeing a race, and much as we abhor circular courses, how pleasant it is to sit in your box at Chester and look on at every move of the game. But at the top of the town—however, we will forbear.

It was not a good time, the Cambridgeshire week, by any means, and the Rosebery winnings were a greatly diminished pile when on Friday afternoon the meeting was left to its fate by most right-thinking men. The Dewhurst Plate was a terrible facer, for everybody had made up his mind that Plunger must win, and plunged accordingly. Tom Jennings said he knew Chamant would stay the course, and he did *not* know the others would; but no one, or at least few, heeded him. It was a grand race, and Chamant is worthy of all honours, but the French horses hold so many that it really seems as if the game was over. Of course a French horse won the Jockey Club Cup, and the only drawback to the general joy was that it was the wrong one. Count de Lagrange declared to win with Nougat, and Braconnier won easily—a riling circumstance, but not unprecedented. It was a fearful day that Friday, and men went up by the special looking scared and heart-broken.

We should like to touch upon the Revised Rules of Racing, so far as our Turf Legislature have considered them, but can hardly find time for more than a few brief remarks. Signs there are at present that but little wool will result from a great cry. We are sorry to say that Sir John Astley's well-meant amendment about the weight in handicaps is relegated to 'further consideration,' and that Lord Hardwicke has succeeded in retaining the 'five furlongs.' These were the crucial tests of what the Club would do; and though we are told that there is a fair chance of Sir John's amendment being ultimately carried, we have our doubts, which we shall be glad indeed to see dispelled. Lord Rosslyn's confused amendments to Rule 24 have been happily withdrawn. Mr. Hawkins, Q.C., is, we are glad to see, a constant attendant at Newmarket. He has bought a pony, and wears a hat that would not be tolerated near Westminster Hall. Could not he be appointed standing counsel to the Jockey Club? A gentleman who combined a knowledge of grammar with law would be an invaluable assistance.



1876-7.

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HUNTING.

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LIST OF HOUNDS—THEIR MASTERS, HUNTSMEN,  
WHIPS, KENNELS, &c.

Those marked with an asterisk [\*] have not replied to our application.

## STAGHOUNDS (ENGLAND).

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
HER MAJESTY'S ( <i>Windsor, Slough</i> )	Tues. & Fri.	Earl of Hardwicke.	Frank Goodall.	Richard Edrupt H. Hewson William Bartlett	Royal Kennels, Ascot Heath, Berks
BERKHAMSTEAD ( <i>Berkhamstead, Tring, and St. Albans</i> )	Wed.	Mr. Richard Rawle.	Master	Mr. Herbert Browne John Rawle	Berkhamstead Common, Herts
DEVON AND SOMERSET ( <i>Dulverton, Minehead, Dunster, Winsford, Ex- ford, Poole, and Lym- ton</i> )	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. M. Fenwick Bis- set	Arthur Heal	George Southwell	Exford, near Minehead, So- merset
EASINGWOLD ( <i>Easingwold</i> )	Wed. & Fri.	Mr. John Batty.	Mr. Dixon Batty	Thomas Cass	The Lund, Easingwold
MID-KENT ( <i>Tonbridge, Maidstone, Malling</i> )	Sat. & occa- sionally Wed.	Mr. C. T. Leney	E. States	Mr. G. Lickiss F. Jones	Watlingbury
NEVILL'S, MR. THOMAS ( <i>Winchester, Alresford</i> )	Wed.	Mr. T. Nevill	Thos. Lock	Henry Lee C. Vaine	Chiland House, near Win- chester
NORFOLK	Tues. & Fri.	Capt. Haughton	John Hickman	R. Reynolds	Funden Hall, Wymondham, Norfolk
PETRE'S, HON. H. ( <i>Ingatesstone, Chelmsford</i> )	Tues. & Sat.	Hon. H. Petre	Master	Jack Coller	Westlands, Ingatesstone, Essex
ROTHSCHILD'S, BARON ( <i>Leighton Buzzard</i> )	Mon. & Thur.	Baron Rothschild	Frederick Cox	Mark Howcott.	Menimore, near Leighton Buzzard
SURREY ( <i>Croydon, Red Hill</i> )	Tues. & Sat.	Mr. W. M. Robinson	J. Bentley	Thomas Ding	Smitham Bottom, near Coulson
WATSON'S, MR. FARNELL ( <i>Horsham, Dorking</i> )	Mon. & Fri. in one week, & Thur. in the other	Mr. Farnell Watson	Mr. Farnell Watson, Jun.	J. Thwaites G. Elliott	Henfold, near Dorking
WAVENEY ( <i>Halesworth, Harleston</i> )	Mon. & Thurs.	Mr. Chas. Chaston	Master	T. Goodwin W. Blake	Mendham, Harleston, Nor- folk
WOLVERTON'S, LORD ( <i>Blandford</i> )	Various	Lord Wolverton	Master	J. Borcham T. Jervis	Fontnell Magna, Shaftes- bury

<div>ALBRIGHTON. (Newport, Shifnal, Wolverhampton)</div> <div>ALNWICK AND COQUETDALE (Alnwick, Belford Wooler)</div> <div>ATHERSTONE (Tamworth, Rugby)</div> <div>BADSWORTH . . . . . (Pontefract, Doncaster)</div> <div>BEAUFORT'S, DUKE OF . . . . . (Malmesbury, Tetbury, Chippenham, Chipping Sodbury)</div> <div>B. C. C. H.* . . . . . (Denbigh, St. Asaph)</div> <div>BEDALE . . . . . (Bedale, Thirsk, Northallerton, Ripon)</div> <div>BELVOIR HUNT . . . . . (Grantham, Melton Mowbray)</div> <div>BERKELEY . . . . . (Cheltenham, Gloucester)</div> <div>BERKELEY, OLD . . . . . (Rickmansworth, Watford)</div> <div>BERKSHIRE, OLD . . . . . (Abingdon, Farringdon)</div>	<div>Mon. &amp; Thur Sat.</div> <div>Mon. Wed. &amp; Sat.</div> <div>Mon. Tu. Thur. &amp; Sat.</div> <div>Mon. Wed. &amp; Fri.</div> <div>Mon. Wed. Fri. &amp; Sat.</div> <div>Mon. Tues. Thur. &amp; Sat.</div> <div>Mon. Thur. &amp; Sat.</div> <div>Mon. Wed. &amp; Fri.</div> <div>Mon. Tues. Thur. &amp; Sat.</div> <div>Mon. Thur. &amp; Sat.</div> <div>Mon. Wed. &amp; Fri.</div>	<div>Captain M. J. Balfe.</div> <div>A Committee . . . .</div> <div>Mr. T. F. Boughey } Mr. E. Vaughan }</div> <div>Major Browne . . . .</div> <div>Mr. W. E. Oakeley</div> <div>Mr. C. B. E. Wright</div> <div>Duke of Beaufort . .</div> <div>Mr. R. Hughes } Captain Conwy }</div> <div>Mr. John B. Booth . .</div> <div>Duke of Rutland . . .</div> <div>Lord Fitzhardinge . .</div> <div>Mr. A. H. Longman</div> <div>Earl of Craven . . . .</div>	<div>Master J. Cook, K.H.</div> <div>Charles Brindley . . .</div> <div>John Todd . . . . .</div> <div>Richard Lyon . . . .</div> <div>George Castleman . .</div> <div>Thos. Morgan, K.H.</div> <div>Marquis of Worcester Charles Hamblin, K.H.</div> <div>Henry Wells . . . . .</div> <div>Alfred Thatcher . . .</div> <div>Frank Gillard . . . .</div> <div>Ben Barlow . . . . .</div> <div>R. Worrall . . . . .</div> <div>John Treadwell . . .</div>	<div>R. McEntyre . . . . .</div> <div>James Brindley . . . .</div> <div>John Scott . . . . .</div> <div>Henry Shipway</div> <div>T. Ashby . . . . .</div> <div>S. Morgan . . . . .</div> <div>C. Bateman . . . . .</div> <div>Sam Hayes . . . . .</div> <div>William Whiting</div> <div>J. Hollidge . . . . .</div> <div>C. Denton . . . . .</div> <div>C. Croft . . . . .</div> <div>R. Vincent . . . . .</div> <div>Walter Barnard</div> <div>H. Nevard . . . . .</div> <div>W. Codrbrook</div> <div>B. Spence . . . . .</div> <div>W. Jay . . . . .</div> <div>Alfred Orbell . . . . .</div> <div>J. Peake . . . . .</div> <div>R. White . . . . .</div> <div>T. Clark . . . . .</div> <div>C. Shepherd . . . . .</div> <div>W. Cattle . . . . .</div> <div>James Hewitt . . . .</div> <div>R. Collington</div>	<div>South Park, Castlereagh, Roscommon</div> <div>Ashbourne, co. Meath</div> <div>Whiston Cross, near Shifnal</div> <div>Green Rig, Bilton, and Bre-mish Eglington</div> <div>Witherley, near Atherstone</div> <div>Badsworth, near Pontefract</div> <div>Badminton, Chippenham</div> <div>Boudurn Bach, St. Asaph</div> <div>The Leases, near Bedale</div> <div>Belvoir Castle, Grantham</div> <div>Berkeley Castle, Gloucester</div> <div>Chorleywood, Rickmansworth</div> <div>New House, near Abingdon</div>
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FOXHOUNDS (ENGLAND)—*continued.*

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
BURKS (SOUTH). (Reading)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Mr. J. Hargreaves.	Richard Ronke.	W. Shepherd.	World's End, Reading
BICESTER. (Banbury, Bicester, Buckingham)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Viscount Valentia.	Master.	John Leach R. Stovin, K.H. Tom Garratt	Stratton Andley, near Bicester, Oxon
BLACKMOOR VALE. (Sherborne, Henstridge Ash)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Sir Richard Glyn, Bart.	George Orbell.	T. Jordan. J. Reynolds.	Charlton Horthorne, near Sherborne, Dorset
BLANKNEY. (Lincoln, Stamford)	Mon. Wed. Thur. & Sat.	Col. Edward Chaplin, M.P.	Henry Dawkins.	C. Atkinson.	Blankney, near Lincoln
BLENCATURA. (Kewick)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. John Grosier.	John Porter.	W. Boxall	The Riddings, Thelkeld, near Kewick
BORDER UNION*. (Loughton, Langhdon)	No day fixed.	Mr. W. Routhledge.	J. Kennedy, K.H.		Crook, Bewcastle, Cumberland
BRAES OF DERWENT. (Newcastle-on-Tyne, Shotley Bridge)	Wed. & Sat.	Lt.-Col. J. A. Cowen.	Siddle Dixon, Jun.	E. Brown.	Coal Burns, Blaydon-on-Tyne
BRAMHAM MOOR. (Boston Spa, Tadcaster)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. G. Lane Fox.	E. G. Kingsbury.	Henry White.	Bramham Park, near Tadcaster
BROCKLESBY. (Brigg, Caistor, Great Grimsby, Market Rasen, Lither)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Earl of Yarborough.	Nimrod Long.	G. Cottrell E. Haynes. F. Watson	Brocklesby Park, Ulceby, Lincolnshire
BURSTOW, THUR*. (Red Hill, Edenbridge)	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. H. Kelsey.	Mr. Gerard Hoare.	John Killick.	Smallfields, Burstow, Surrey
BURTON, THE. (Lincoln)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. F. S. Foljambe, M.P.	William Dale.	E. Burton.	Reepham, Lincoln
CAMBRIDGESHIRE. (Huntingdon, Cambridge)	Mon. Tues. & Fri.	Mr. C. S. Lindsell.	John Bailey.	E. Bartlett Jem Bartlett G. Beale	Caxton, Cambridgeshire
CATTISTOCK. (Dorchester)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. John Codrington.	Will Bowers.	T. Sanson.	Evershot, Dorchester
CHESHIRE. (Northwich)	Five days a week	Mr. H. R. Corbett.	John Jones.	F. Rock	Forest Kennels, near Northwich
CLEVELAND. (Redcar)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. A. H. T. New- comen	James Tribeck.	John Goddard. H. Reynolds W. Nicoll	Warrenby, Redcar, York- shire

George Jackson

Charles Norris

W. D. Cowley

George Jackson

( <i>Bodmin</i> ) CORYTON'S, MR. ( <i>Liskeard</i> )	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. W. Coryton.	Master	J. Hignam.	Pentellie Castle, near Saltash
COTSWOLD ( <i>Cheltenham</i> )	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. A. H. Summer.	Charles Traviss	Joe Overton	Whaddon Lane, Cheltenham
COTSWOLD, NORTH ( <i>Broadway, Evesham</i> )	Tues. & Sat.	Mr. Algernon Rushout	Master	C. Carter J. Jones	Broadway, Evesham
COTTESMORE ( <i>Oakham, Rutland, Melton Mowbray</i> )	Mon. Tu. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Earl of Lonsdale	William Neal	Jas. Goddard Jas. Woodley, Junior	Barleythorpe, Oakham
COVENTRY'S, EARL OF ( <i>Pershore, Worcester</i> )	Three days a week	Earl of Coventry	Robert Price	Will Jones Frank Turton	Croome, Severn Stoke
CRAVEN ( <i>Hungerford, Newbury</i> )	Mon. Wed. Sat. & bye-day	Mr. R. Harcourt	G. Morgan	W. Povey J. Sorrell	Walcot, Hungerford, Berks
CRAWLEY AND HOUSHAM* ( <i>Cuckfield, Horsham, and Handcross</i> )	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Capter Lieut.-Colonel A. M. Calvert	George Loader	James Budd C. Clupp	Staplefield, Crawley, Sussex
CUMBERLAND ( <i>Carlisle, Penrith</i> )	Mon. Thur. & Fri.	Sir Willfrid Lawson, Bart., M.P.	Major Wybergh. Mr. H. C. Howard	T. Watson T. Wilson	Rochill, Raughton Head, Carlisle
DAKMOOR ( <i>Irbridge, Plymouth</i> )	Tues. & Sat.	Mr. A. Momo	William Boxall	Robert Lightfoot A. Glover	Woodlands, Ivybridge, Devon
DEVON, SOUTH* ( <i>Newton Abbot, Torquay, Teignmouth</i> )	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. A. F. Ross	Master	W. Drayton B. Bowers	Oakford, Kingsleighton, Newton Abbott
DORSET, EAST ( <i>Blandford, Shaftesbury</i> )	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Hon. W. H. B. Portman, M.P.	Joseph Moss	Eli Skinner	Bryanstone, Blandford
DORSET, SOUTH* ( <i>Dorchester, Wareham</i> )	Five days a fortnight. Wed. & Sat.	Mr. C. J. Radclyffe.	J. Drayton	Stephen Goodall Levi Sheppard J. Davis	Hyde, Wareham, Dorset
DULVERTON*	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. Proude Bellew	Master	N. Smith W. Summers	Rhyll
DURHAM, SOUTH. ( <i>Stockton, Darlington</i> )	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. John Harvey	Wm. Claxon	G. Beavans	Hardwick, Ferry Hill
DURHAM, NORTH ( <i>Durham, Newcastle</i> )	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. Anthony Maynard	H. Haverson	G. Shepherd J. Maher	Newton Hall, Durham
ESKDALE. ( <i>Scarboro', Whitby</i> )	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. H. A. H. Rastall	J. Carr	G. Carr W. Carr	Ruswarp, Whitby
ESSEX ( <i>Ongar, Harlow</i> )	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. Loftus W. Arkwright	Stephen Dobson	R. Yeo	Harlow, Essex
ESSEX, UNION ( <i>Brentwood</i> )	Mon. Tu. Th. & Sat.	Mr. W. H. White	Master	Fred Furr Joe Bailey W. Grayson	Great Burstead, Billericay

FOXHOUNDS (ENGLAND)—*continued.*

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
ESSEX, EAST* ( <i>Widham, Braintree, Hatfield</i> )	Tues. Fri. & Thurs. & Sat.	Lieut.-Col. Jelf Sharp	Master . . . .	Joe Sorrell A. Smith	Bocking, Braintree
ESSEX AND SUFFOLK ( <i>Colchester</i> )	Tues. & Fri.	Capt. Tyssen Holroyd	C. Jones . . . .	W. Gibbs . . . .	Stratford St. Mary, Colchester
EXMOR* ( <i>Porlock, Linton</i> )	Mon. & Thurs.	Mr. Nicholas Snow .	Daniel North . .	H. Bagesley Jem Steer	Porlock and Oare
F. B. H. . . . .	Five days a fortnight	Mr. George Williams	James Babbage . .	W. Spiller . . . .	Truro
FERRIS*, EARL. ( <i>Truro, Helston, Camborne</i> )	Two days a week	Earl Ferrers. . . .	George Gilson . .	. . . . .	Staunton Harold
FITZWILLIAM'S, EARL . .	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Earl Fitzwilliam .	Master . . . .	James Roffey . . .	Wentworth, Rotherham
GARTN'S, MR. . . . .	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. T. C. Garth .	Joseph Orbell, K.H. Charles Brackley .	Thomas Austen Henry Povey	Haines Hill, Twyford, Berks
GLAMORGANSHIRE, THE ( <i>Reading, Wokingham</i> )	Two days a week	Mr. J. S. Gibbons .	. . . . .	. . . . .	Court Colman
GODMAN'S, MR. CHARLES ( <i>Godalming</i> )	Mon. Wed. & Fri. & bye-day, Sat.	Mr. C. Godman .	. . . . .	. . . . .	Park Hatch, Godalming
GRAFTON'S, DUKE OF . .	Mon. Wed. & Fri. & bye-day, Sat.	Duke of Grafton .	Frank Beers . . .	T. Smith Edward Cole	Wakefield Lawn, near Stoney Stratford
GROVE . . . . .	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Viscount Galway, M.P.	John Morgan . . .	George Sears C. Jones	Grove, near Retford, Notts
H. H. . . . .	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. H. W. Deacon .	Master . . . . .	Richard Turner Albert Guy	Ropley, Alresford, Hants
HAMMEDON ( <i>Alton, Alresford, Winchester, Basingstoke</i> )	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. Walter J. Long	Master . . . . .	A. Mandeville, K.H. .	Droxford, Bishop's Waltham, Hants
HAYDON* ( <i>Bishop's Waltham</i> )	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. A. J. B. Ord .	Tom Cowing . . .	A. Cowing . . . .	Haydon Bridge
HEREFORDSHIRE, S. . . .	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. F. Lewis . . .	Master . . . . .	J. Dickinson, Jun. J. Hollings, K.H. .	Abbey Dore, Hereford
HEREFORDSHIRE, N. ( <i>Hereford, Leominster</i> )	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. Fred. Platt .	George Kennett . .	Stephen Smith. 12, Exmouth	White Cross, Hereford

	Fri. & Sat. Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. Albert Brassey.	John Hazelton	John Comins, Junior. C. Turner	Common Hill, Chipping Norton
( <i>Luton, St. Albans</i> ) HEYTHORP . . . . . ( <i>Chipping Norton</i> )				J. Allen	Etton, near Beverley, Yorks.
HOLDERNES . . . . .	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri. Mon. & Fri.	Mr. James Hall.	George Ash.	David Dalby	Pitt, near Winchester
HUSLEY . . . . . ( <i>Wichester, Southampton</i> )		Lieut.-Col. Nicoll.	Alfred Summers	W. Gray	
HURWORTH . . . . . ( <i>Croft Spa, Darlington</i> )		Major Godman.	George Dodds	Edward Lakin	Hurworth, near Darlington
ISLE OF WIGHT* . . . . . ( <i>Newport, Ventnor, Ryde, Cores</i> )	Tues. & Sat.			Will Brice	Marvell, near Newport, I. W.
JOHNSTONE'S, Sir H. . . . . ( <i>Scarborough, Malton, Pickering</i> )	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. John Grimes Harvey	Master	James Clark	
KENT, EAST . . . . . ( <i>Dover, Canterbury, Folkestone</i> )	Tues. Frid. or Sat.	Sir Harcourt Johnstone, M.P.	Mr. J. Hill	George Jones, K.H.	Sminton, Heclerton, Yorkshire
KENT, WEST . . . . . ( <i>Purleigh, Sevenoaks, Tunbridge Wells</i> )	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	The Earl of Guilford	Master	William Cross	Waldershare Park, Dover
LEAMON'S, Mr. . . . .	Mon. & Thur.	Hon. Ralph Neville	George Bollen	R. Pryor	Wrotham Heath, near Sevenoaks
LECONFIELD'S, Lord . . . . . ( <i>Pelworth</i> )	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. W. Leamon	Master	J. Bevan	Willestrew Park, Lamerton, Tavistock
LEDBURY . . . . . ( <i>Ledbury, Malvern</i> )	Mon. Tues. & Sat. Fri.	Lord Leconfield.	Charles Sheppard	John Chubb	Petworth Park, Sussex
LIANGIBBY & CHEPSTOW . . . . . ( <i>Newport, Chepstow, Usk</i> )	Mon. Tues. & Sat. Fri.	Mr. Andrew Knowles	Henry Grant	Henry Prior	Ledbury
LUDLOW . . . . . ( <i>Ludlow, Tenbury</i> )	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. John Lawrence Mr. Chas. E. Lewis Mr. C. W. Wicksted	Evan Williams	Tom Cranston	Llangibby and Crick, near Chepstow
MAESGWYNE . . . . . ( <i>Glauboldy</i> )	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. W. R. H. Powell	The Master.	Alfred Smith	Onibury, Craven Arms, Shropshire
MENNEL, THE . . . . . ( <i>Barton-on-Trent, Derby</i> )	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat. Mon. Wed.	Lord Waterpark. Mr. S. W. Clowes, M.P. Lord Middleton	John Rees	T. Dawson, K.H.	Maesgwynne, Whitland, S. Wales
MIDDLETON'S, Lord . . . . . ( <i>Malton, Scarborough</i> )	Thur. & Fri.		Charles Leedham	J. Shephard	Sudbury, Derby
			W. Blakeborough	H. Bevan	Birdsall, near Malton
				W. Tame	
				T. Walters	
				William Locky, K.H.	
				W. Percy	
				T. Davies	
				H. Griffiths	
				Richard Summers	
				C. Hawkes	
				W. Burton	
				Tom Carr, Junior	

FOXHOUNDS (ENGLAND)—*continued.*

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
MUTTON . . . . . ( <i>Milton, Peterborough, Stamford, Huntingdon, Oundle.</i> )	Mon. Wed. Thur. & Sat.	Hon. Charles Fitzwilliam	George Carter . . .	F. Payne . . . W. Drake . . .	Milton, near Peterborough
MONMOUTHSHIRE . . . . . ( <i>Abergavenny, Monmouth</i> )	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. F. C. Hanbury Williams and Mr. J. A. Rolis	The Master . . .	Samuel Roberts, K.H. W. Dent	The Spitty, Abergavenny
MORPETH . . . . . ( <i>Morpeth</i> )	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. J. B. Cookson .	Master . . . . . Mark Robinson, K.H.	John Kance . . .	Newminster, Morpeth
NEW FOREST . . . . . ( <i>Southampton, Christchurch</i> )	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Sir Reginald Graham, Bart.	Master . . . . .	Charles Hawtin, K.H. J. Garners W. Primmer H. Brown . . . Edward Woodcock G. Shepherd, K.H. G. Edwards	Lyndhurst, Hants Gt. Massingham, Rongham Gedling, Nottingham
NORFOLK, WEST . . . . . ( <i>Scaffham, Lynn</i> )	Three days a week	Mr. A. Hammond .	Robert Clayden . .	W. Jones . . . W. Cox	Milton Ernest, Bedford
NORFOLK, SOUTH . . . . . ( <i>Nottingham, Newark, Bingham</i> )	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. L. Rolleston .	Mr. L. Rolleston .	W. Grant, K.H. C. Lowman T. Nicholls	Shirburn Castle, Tetworth Haverfordwest and Priskilly Forest Lawreney, near Pembroke
OAKLEY, THE . . . . . ( <i>Bedford</i> )	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. R. Arkwright, and Mr. T. Macan	Tom Whitmore . .	W. Rosser . . .	Penllengare, Swansea
OXFORDSHIRE, SOUTH . . . . . ( <i>Thame, Oxford</i> )	Mon. & Fri.	Earl of Macclesfield	Master . . . . .	George Shepard T. Dowdeswell Matthew Cook . . Walter Scorey	Eggesford, N. Devon Manewden, Bishop Stortford
PENBROKESHIRE . . . . . ( <i>Haverfordwest</i> )	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. C. H. Allen .	Master . . . . .	Thomas Palmer . .	
PENBROKESHIRE, SOUTH . . . . . ( <i>Pembroke, Tenby, Narbeth</i> )	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. Henry Leach .	George Merriman .	W. Rosser . . .	Penllengare, Swansea
PENLLENGARE* . . . . . ( <i>Swansea</i> )	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. J. T. D. Llewelyn	David Bevan . . .	W. Rosser . . .	Penllengare, Swansea
PORTSMOUTH'S, EARL OF . . . . . ( <i>Eggesford</i> )	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Earl of Portsmouth .	C. Littleworth . .	George Shepard T. Dowdeswell Matthew Cook . . Walter Scorey	Eggesford, N. Devon Manewden, Bishop Stortford
PUCKERIDGE . . . . . ( <i>Bishop Stortford, Buntingford</i> )	Mon. Wed. Sat. occasionally Fri.	Mr. R. Gosling . .	Robert Allen . . .	W. Rosser . . .	
PYTCULEY . . . . . ( <i>Northampton, Market Harboro', Rugby</i> )	Mon. Wed. Thur. Fri. & Sat.	Earl Spencer, K.G..	Wm. Goodall . . .	Tom Goddard . . . W. Hawtin Charles Jones Thames Valley	Brixworth, Northampton, and Brigstock, near Peterborough



(Leicester, Longthorpe, Melton Mowbray)	times Thurs.	Earl of Radnor . .	John Dale . .	Anthony J. Dale	Longford Castle, Salisbury
RADNOR'S, EARL OF	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Colonel Price . .	Master . .	Bill Critcher	Lyons Hall, Kingston
(Salisbury)	Mon. & Fri.	Hon. Mark Rolle .	Rice Jones, K.H.	W. Price . .	
RADNORSH, & W. HERFORD	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. Chas. A. Egerton	Fred Percival . .	R. Masterman .	Stevensstone, Torrington,
(Kington)				J. Brunsden	N. Devon
ROULET'S, HON. MARK	Mon. Tues.	Mr. M. M. Hulton Har-	Fred Gosden . .	H. Pacey . .	Ruford Park, Ollerton,
(Parrington, Bideford, Barnstaple)	Thurs. & Sat.	rop		E. Farmer	Notts
REDFORD	Mon. & Thurs.	Sir V. R. Corbett .	Jas. McBride . .	W. Woodley . .	Guthen, Pontesbury
(Newark, Southwell, Mansfield)	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. R. Ellerby . .	Harry Judd . .	A. Edwards	Lee Bridge, Preston, Brock-
SINNINGTON*	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. G. F. Luttrell .	John Parker . .	W. Pender . .	hurst, Salop
(Pickering, Hinchley, Kirby Moorside)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. R. J. Streetfield	Henry Selbright .	G. Frost	Kirby Moorside
SOMERSET, WEST	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. F. Crowder . .	George Champion .	Thos. Horseman .	
(Dunster, Williton)	Mon. Tues. & alter. Th.	Captain Lair . .	Master . .	J. Burge . .	Bowerhayes, Catthampton,
SOUTHDOWN . . . . .	Mon. Tues. Thurs. & Fri.	Marquis of Stafford	The Master . .	T. Smith	Taunton, Somerset
(Brighton, Leves, Eastbourne)	Mon. Thurs. Thurs. & Fri.	Major J. M. Browne	Stephen Dickens .	H. Parker . .	Ringmer, near Lewes
SOUTHWOOD*	Mon. & Thurs.	Mr. W. Allenson .	Thomas Echever.	Robert Whalley	
(Horncastle, Louth, Spilsby)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. Josselyn . .	Saunel Hills . .	H. Rees, K.H.	Belchford, Horncastle
STAFF COLLEGE HUNT	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. W. Mortimer .		T. McAllister	
STAFFORDSHIRE, NORTH	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. W. J. M. Browne	Master . .	F. Enever	Staff College, Farnham
(Stafford, Stoke-upon-Trent)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. W. Allenson .	Major J. M. Browne	Hon. W. Elliott	Trentham
STAFFORDSHIRE, SOUTH	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. W. Josselyn . .	Mr. W. Allenson .	Tom Ridley . .	
(Lichfield)	Tues. & Fri.	Two days a week	Thomas Echever.	J. Abel	Meat Bank, Lichfield
STANTON DALE . . . .	Mon. Thurs. & Sat.	Mr. W. Mortimer .	Saunel Hills . .	W. Bacon . .	Stanton Dale, near Scar-
(Whitby, Scarborough)	Mon. Thurs. & Sat.	Mr. W. Mortimer .	Mr. W. Mortimer .		borough
SUFFOLK*	Mon. Thurs. & Sat.	Mr. W. Mortimer .	Mr. W. Mortimer .	R. Simmons	Bury St. Edmunds
(Bury St. Edmunds)	Mon. Thurs. & Sat.	Mr. W. Mortimer .	Mr. W. Mortimer .	T. Johnsen .	Garston Hall, Kenley, Sur-
SURREY, OLD	Mon. Thurs. & Sat.	Mr. W. Mortimer .	Mr. W. Mortimer .	Jean Cook	rey
(Croydon, Godstone, West-	Mon. Thurs. & Sat.	Mr. W. Mortimer .	Mr. W. Mortimer .		
terham)	Mon. Thurs. & Sat.	Mr. W. Mortimer .	Mr. W. Mortimer .		

## FOXHOUNDS (ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND).

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
SURREY UNION (Guildford, Leatherhead)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. J. Barnard Han- key	George Summers	John Beet . . . .	Fetcham, Leatherhead
SUSSEX, EAST (Hastings)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. E. Frewen . .	Master . . . .	James Encever W. Smith . . . .	Northiam, Rye, Sussex
TAINLY'S, MR. (Leicester, Market Har- boro', Kibworth)	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. W. Ward Tailby	Master . . . .	D. Jordan Richard Christian, K.H. W. Morley	Skeffington, Leicester
TAUNTON VALE . . . .	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. Lionel Patten .	W. Goodall, K.H.	R. Smethurst . . .	Stoke St. Mary, Taunton, Somerset
TEDWORTH, TUE (Andover, Marlboro')	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	A Committee; Hon. Sec. Mr. J. H. Brewer	John Fricke . . .	C. Beames R. Pickard . . . .	Tedworth, Marlboro'
TICKHAM* . . . .	Five days a fortnight	Mr. W. E. Rigden .	Master . . . .	John Bevins Joe Ford, K.H. Tom Pedley	Tickham, Sittingbourne
TIVERTON . . . .	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. W. C. Rayer .	Mr. W. P. Collier .	R. Holnden, K.H.	Holcombe, near Wellin- ton, Somerset
TIVY SDAE . . . .	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. J. R. Howell .	Master . . . .	W. Sparks Thomas Lewis, K.H.	Novadd Trefawr, Llandys- sil, S. Wales
TREDEGAR'S, LORD (Cardigan, Newcastle Emlyn, Llandyssil)	Mon. & Thur.	Lord Tredegar . .	Master . . . .	C. Barrett . . . .	Tredegar Park, Newport, Monmouth
TYNEDALE . . . .	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. G. Fenwick .	Nicholas Cornish .	R. Thompson . . .	Stagslawe, Cowbridge-on- Tyne
ULLSWATER . . . .	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. J. W. Marshall	A. Pattinson . .	H. Laukester . . .	Patterdale Hall, Penrith
UNITED PACK (Penrith)	Tues. & Fri. occasionally	Mr. J. Harris . .	Master . . . .	S. Francis . . . .	Clun, Salop
VALE OF GWILI* . . .	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. L. Lloyd Lloyd	E. Jones . . . .	F. Jones Owen Davis . . .	Llanpumpsaint
VALE OF WHITE HORSE (Carmarthen)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Earl of Shannon .	Tom Perry . . .	F. Holland . . . .	Oakley Park, Cirencester
VINE, THE . . . .	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. W. W. B. Beach, M.P.	Alfred Hedges . .	Charles Curtis Richard Russell . .	Overton, Hants
(Basingstoke, Overton, Kingsclere, Whitchurch)				G. Woodman	

DUKE

TH. & FRI.

(Warwick, Leamington,  
Banbury, Stratford-on-  
Avon)  
WARWICKSHIRE, NORTH.  
(Leamington, Rugby)

Mon. Wed. &  
Fri. before  
Christmas;  
Mon. Tu. Th.  
& Fri. after  
Tues. & Fri.

Mr. Richard Lant.

W. Wheatley

John Press, Junior  
Walter Dale

Milverton, near Leaming-  
ton

WESTERN  
(Penzance)  
WHADDON CHASE  
(Bletchley, Winslow, Stony  
Stratford, Leighton  
Buzzard, Buckingham)

Tues. Thur. &  
Sat.

Mr. T. B. Bolitho  
Mr. T. R. Bolitho  
Mr. W. Selby Lowndes

J. W. Thompson

W. Nute

Madron, Penzance, Cornwall

WHEATLAND  
(Bridgnorth)

Tues. & Fri.

Mr. C. P. Purton

Jas. Alexander

J. Jones

Littlemoor Kidden, Bridg-  
north

WILTS. WEST and SOUTH  
(Worminster)  
WORCESTERSHIRE  
(Worcester, Malvern)

Mon. & Tues.  
Thur. & Fri.  
Mon. Wed. &  
Fri. & Tues.  
Thur. & Sat.  
Four days a  
week

Lieut.-Col. Everett

Eber Long

Mark Gensh

Greenhill, near Worminster

WYNN'S, SIR W.  
(Oswestry, Wrexham, Elles-  
mere, Whitechurch, Chester)

Mon. Tues.  
Thur. & Sat.  
Mon. Tu. Th.  
& Sat.

Sir W. W. Wynn,  
Bart.

Charles Payne

T. Smith

Wynnistay, Ruabon

YORK AND AINSBY  
(York)

Mon. Tues.  
Thur. & Sat.  
Mon. Tu. Th.  
& Sat.

Colonel Fairfax

Master  
Goddard Morgan, K.H.

C. Haggart

Acomb, near York

ZETLAND, EARL OF  
(Croft Spa, Harlington)

Mon. Tues.  
Thur. & Sat.  
Mon. Tu. Th.  
& Sat.

Earl of Zetland

T. Chaupion

T. Harrison

Aske Hall, Richmond, Yorks.

SCOTLAND.

BERWICKSHIRE, NORTH  
(Dunse)

Mon. Thur. &  
Sat.

Hon. R. B. Hamilton,  
M.P., and  
Earl of Haddington.

Robert Wright

Langton, Dunse

BERWICKSHIRE  
(Coldstream)

Mon. Tu. Fri.  
& Sat.

Sir John Marjori-  
banks

Peter Whitecross

J. Impey

Loes, Coldstream, Berwick-  
shire

BECLEUCH, DUKE OF  
(Melrose and Kelso)

Mon. Tues.  
Thur. & Sat.

Duke of Buccleuch

William Shore

James Bailly

St. Boswell's, Roxburgh-  
shire

DUMFRIESHIRE  
(Lockerbie)

Five days a  
fortnight

Mr. J. Johnstone

Joseph Graham

John Roberts

Leafield, by Lockerbie

W. Buck

## FOXHOUNDS (SCOTLAND).

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
EGGLINTON'S, EARL OF ( <i>Irvine, Ayr, Kilmarnock</i> )	Five days a week	Earl of Eglington	George Cox	G. Cox, Jun.	Eglington Castle, Irvine, Ayr
PIFE . . . . .	Mon. Th. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. J. Anstruther Thomson	Master	G. Palmer John Shepherd Fred Whitehall	Charleswynd, Ceres, Pife
( <i>Chapar</i> )					Pittferrane
PITTO, West District	Five days a fortnight	Mr. P. A. W. Carnegie	Master	G. Rae, K.H.	Lour, Forfar
ROEFASHURE . . . . .	Tues. & Sat.	Col. Carriek Buchanan	Philip Bishop	W. Simmonds R. Mellows	Drumpellier, Renfrewshire
LANARK AND RENFREWESHIRE					
( <i>Forfar</i> )					
( <i>Glasgow</i> )					
LOTHIANS . . . . .	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. James Hope	John Atkinson	Joseph Furr Richard Watson	Golf Hall, Corstorphine, Edinburgh

## IRELAND.

BALDWIN'S, MR. GODFREY ( <i>Bandon, co. Cork</i> )	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. G. Baldwin	Richard Gallivan	Michael Walsh	Brookfield Bandon, Cork
CARLOW AND ISLAND ( <i>Carlow</i> )	Three days a week	Mr. Robert Watson	Master	Michael Conner E. Bryan	Ballydarton, Bagnalstown
CURRACHMORE . . . . .	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Marquis of Waterford	John Duke	A. Wilson J. Cowley	Curragh, Portlaw
DUBALLOW . . . . .	Five days a fortnight	Mr. T. G. Hare	P. Dalton	C. Burns	Cortigan, Mallow
( <i>Mallow, Doneraile</i> )					
GALWAY COUNTY . . . . .	Tues. Thurs. & Sat.	Mr. Burton R. P. Persse	Master	J. Donovan Joseph Turpin, K.H.	Moyode, near Athenry
( <i>Athenry</i> )					
KILDARE* . . . . .	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. E. A. Mansfield	Will Freeman	George Browne W. Rawle W. Peck	Jigginstown Naas
KILKENNY . . . . .	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Colonel Chaplin	John Tidd	W. Quin	Blunden Villa, Kilkenny
( <i>Kilkenny</i> )					
LIMERICK . . . . .	Three days a week	Sir David V. Roche, Bart.	Master	W. Connolly	Carass, near Croom, and Darragh House, Kilfinare
( <i>Limerick</i> )			John Kennedy, K.H.	Henry Hardy, K.H.	Lissremny, Ardee
LOUTH . . . . .	Two or three days a week	Mr. W. de Salis Filgate	Master	John Corrin John Bishop T. Colton	Nugentstown, Kells
( <i>Dunleer</i> )					
MEATH . . . . .	Mon. Tues. Thur. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. W. Newcome Waller	Frank Goodall, Junr.	H. Rees P. Welsh J. Harbely	
( <i>Navan, Kells</i> )					
MUSKERRY . . . . .	Tues. & Fri.	Capt. R. T. Rye ( <i>Co. Wicklow</i> )	Masters		Mayshall, Coachford, co. Cork

King's Co.		N. Keating		W. Smith		G. Mullhall		Moyné House, Durrow, Maryborough	
QUEEN'S COUNTY (Strathbally, Maryborough)		Tues. & Fri.	Mr. R. H. Stubber.	W. Smith	G. Mullhall	G. Mullhall	Moyné House, Durrow, Maryborough	Moyné House, Durrow, Maryborough	Moyné House, Durrow, Maryborough
SOUTH USTON		Tues. & Fri.	Mr. T. W. Knolles.	Master	D. Mullane	D. Mullane	Outlands, Kinsale	Outlands, Kinsale	Outlands, Kinsale
TIPPERARY (Kinsale)		Tues. & Sat.	Mr. B. F. Goings.	James Maiden	John Allen	John Allen	Fethard, co. Tipperary	Fethard, co. Tipperary	Fethard, co. Tipperary
USTED HEYST (Fethard, Clonmel, Ashle)		Mon. Wed. & Fri.	A Committee	H. Saunders.	J. Wallace	J. Wallace	Castle Martyr, co. Cork	Castle Martyr, co. Cork	Castle Martyr, co. Cork
WESTMEATH (Mullingar)		Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. H. Chapman	W. Mathews	J. Mason	J. Mason	Callen, Mullingar	Callen, Mullingar	Callen, Mullingar
WEXFORD (Ennisceorthy)		Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. D. V. Beatty	George Shephard	Philip Morissy	Philip Morissy	Borelale, Ennisceorthy	Borelale, Ennisceorthy	Borelale, Ennisceorthy
HARRIERS (ENGLAND).									
ADAMS'S, CAPTAIN (Carno)		Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Captain Adams.	Thomas Owen	E. Humphreys	E. Humphreys	Carno, Montgomeryshire	Carno, Montgomeryshire	Carno, Montgomeryshire
ASHTON		Three days a week	Mr. T. A. Harrison	J. Bardsley	Nathan Lees	Nathan Lees	Thomson Cross, Stalybridge	Thomson Cross, Stalybridge	Thomson Cross, Stalybridge
ASHTON*		Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Mr. Gerard	James Rigby	James Rigby	James Rigby	Aspull House, Wigan	Aspull House, Wigan	Aspull House, Wigan
B. V. H.		Tues. & Fri.	Mr. C. Dundas	Master	Mr. E. Robson	Mr. E. Robson	Besselsleigh, Alington, Berks	Besselsleigh, Alington, Berks	Besselsleigh, Alington, Berks
BAGGINSWADE (Abingdon, Oxford, Didcot)		Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. George Race	Master	C. Barrett	C. Barrett	The Road Farm, Biggleswade	The Road Farm, Biggleswade	The Road Farm, Biggleswade
BOLTON & S. THOMAS, Bart (Newport, Shropshire)		No fixed days	Sir T. Boughley, Bt.	James Willes, K.H.	R. Sillitoe	R. Sillitoe	Aqualate, Newport, Shropshire	Aqualate, Newport, Shropshire	Aqualate, Newport, Shropshire
BROADFORD AND AIRDALE		Wed. & Sat.	Capt. T. J. Sunderland	Stephen Shephard	W. Shephard	W. Shephard	Elldwick, Bingley, Leeds	Elldwick, Bingley, Leeds	Elldwick, Bingley, Leeds
BRIGHTON (Brighton)		Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Mr. W. T. Dewe	Master	J. Sherwood	J. Sherwood	Brighton	Brighton	Brighton
BROOKSMOOR*		Mon. & Thur.	Mr. S. Beard	Master	John Funnell	John Funnell	Rottingdean	Rottingdean	Rottingdean
BURNHAM*		Tues. Fri. & bye-day	A Committee	J. Binning	J. Binning	J. Binning	Burnham, Somerset	Burnham, Somerset	Burnham, Somerset
BUXTON AND LEAK FOREST* (Buxton and Chapel-en-le-Frith)		Wed. & Sat.	Mr. R. Bennett	J. Shaw	R. Green	R. Green	Chapel-en-le-Frith	Chapel-en-le-Frith	Chapel-en-le-Frith

## HARRIERS (ENGLAND)—continued.

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
CARNARVON . . . . . ( <i>Carnarvon, Bangor</i> )	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Will Hayward.	O. Jones . . . . .	. . . . .	Pen Bryn, Carnarvon
CORNETT'S, SIR V. M.* . . . . ( <i>Shrewsbury</i> )	. . . . .	Sir V. M. Corbett .	Master . . . . .	W. Davis . . . . .	Acton, Reynald, Shrewsbury
COTLEY . . . . . ( <i>Charl</i> )	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. T. P. Eames .	Master . . . . .	Mr. W. D. Eames . .	Cotley, near Chard, Dorset
COWBRIDGE* . . . . . ( <i>Cowbridge</i> )	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. F. Stacy . . .	Edwin Usher . . .	F. Archer . . . . .	Llandough Castle
CRIVEN . . . . . ( <i>Shipton</i> )	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Capt. Henderson .	John Tobin . . . .	. . . . .	Holmo Bridge, Gargrave
DART VALE . . . . . ( <i>Totnes, Ashburton</i> )	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. Charles Bowden	Jeffery Pearce . . .	. . . . .	Staverton, Totnes, Devon
DOVE VALLEY* . . . . . ( <i>Uttoxeter</i> )	Mon. & Fri.	W. Frederick Cotton	Master . . . . .	John Thirly . . . . . Anthony Hornern	Rocester, Ashbourne, Derbyshire
EASTBOURNE . . . . . ( <i>Eastbourne, Leves, Hailsham</i> )	Mon. & Fri.	A Committee . . .	James Hume . . . .	W. Bushell . . . . .	Old Town, Eastbourne
FULFORD . . . . . Five days a fortnight		Mr. E. S. Clarke .	Master . . . . .	G. Velven, K.H. . . .	Fulford, near Exeter
GILBERT'S, MR. T. . . . . HARVEY'S, SIR ROBERT B. . . . ( <i>Slough, Staines, Windsor</i> )	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. T. Gilbert . . Sir Robert B. Harvey	Master . . . . . G. Farr . . . . .	Henry Burnell . . . .	Swinford Lodge, Rugby Langley Park, Slough
HIGH PEAK . . . . . ( <i>Bakewell, Wirksworth, Buxton</i> )	Tues. & Sat.	Mr. R. Nesfield .	E. George . . . . .	T. Coup . . . . .	Castle Hill, Bakewell, Derbyshire
HOLCOMBE . . . . . ( <i>Ramsbottom</i> )	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Mr. A. Ashworth .	John Jackson . . .	. . . . .	Holcombe, Manchester
IDRIS SIDE* . . . . . ( <i>Dolgelly</i> )	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. E. Walker . .	Lewis Rowlands . .	. . . . .	Dolguissa, Dolgelly
JONES'S, MAJOR D. . . . . ( <i>Llandoverly</i> )	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Major D. Jones .	Master . . . . .	W. Harris . . . . .	Danyralt, Llandoverly
LYNE . . . . . ( <i>Buxton</i> )	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. W. C. Brocklehurst, M.P.	Mark Fullerton . .	M. Thompson . . . .	Disley, Cheshire
MARSHALL'S, MR. C. . . . . ( <i>Liskeard, Bodmin</i> )	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. W. N. Cornmoek Marshall	Master . . . . .	. . . . .	Hendergrove, St. Clear, Lis- keard, Cornwall

( <i>Llanfyllin</i> ) NANT EOS	Tues. & Fri.	Colonel Powell . . .	T. Evans . . .	W. Richards . . .	Nant Eos, Aberystwith
( <i>Aberystwith</i> ) NETTON*	Three days a week	Earl of Pembroke . .	Master . . .	H. Judd, K.H. James Elliott	Wilton, Salisbury
( <i>Salisbury, Wilton</i> ) NEWCASTLE & GATESHEAD*	Mon. & Thur.	F. H. Lamb . . .	S. Dixon . . .	J. Johnson . . .	Kenton, Northumberland
NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK ( <i>Yarmouth</i> ) OLDHAM*	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Edward Garrett . .	Master . . .	John Mitchell . . .	Clippesby, South House, Norwich
OXENHOLME*	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. T. Mayall . . .	W. Jackson . . .	W. Holford . . .	Foxclenton, Manchester
PENDLE FOREST* ( <i>Blackburn, Clitheroe</i> ) PENISTONE . . .	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. C. W. Wilson . . .	R. Jackson . . .	. . .	High Peak, Oxenholme, Kendal
PRYSE'S, MR.* ( <i>Llanfyllter, Llanfyllstil</i> ) RAMSORESHIRE ( <i>Lantrindod, Rlayader</i> ) ROMNEY MARSH . . .	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. R. S. Aspinall . .	F. Davis . . .	G. Horton . . .	Huntroyde, Burnley
( <i>New Romney, Hythe</i> ) SADDLEWORTH . . .	Five days a fortnight	Mr. Hugh Thomasson . .	W. Brannall . . .	J. Mitchell . . .	Phumpton, near Penistone
( <i>Greenfield, Oldham, Lees</i> ) SILVERTON* ( <i>Exeter, Tiverton</i> ) SOUTHPOOL . . .	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. S. C. Evans . . .	Master . . .	Thomas Rees . . .	Bwlchlychan, Llanybyther, S. Wales
( <i>Kingsbridge, Devon</i> ) ST. COLUMB* ( <i>St. Columb, Newquay</i> ) TORQUAY* . . .	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. W. Williams & bye-day	John Jones . . .	John Price . . .	Bryntirion Rlayader, Rad- norshire
( <i>Truway</i> ) TRAFFORD . . .	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. W. Walker . . .	Master . . .	T. F. Hinds . . .	Honeychild Manor, New Romney
( <i>Manchester</i> ) VALE OF LUNE . . .	Mon. Wed. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. J. Broadbent . . .	Master and Mr. Allen Schofield, Greenfield	. . .	Trencherted
( <i>High Bentham, Lancaster</i> ) V. C. H. . . .	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. T. Webber . . .	J. Collings . . .	John Pitts . . .	Greens-linch, near Broom
( <i>Denbigh, Rhyl, Holywell</i> ) W. C. H. . . .	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. A. P. Hallifax . .	J. Flaminck . . .	. . .	Southpool, Kingsbridge, South Devon
. . .	Tues. & Sat.	Mr. John Searle . . .	Master . . .	R. Solomon . . .	Treguslick, St. Columb, Cornwall
. . .	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. R. Gee . . .	A. Gregory . . .	. . .	Shiplay, Collaton, Devon
. . .	Tues. & Fri.	Sir H. de Trafford, Bart.	Robert Roberts . . .	— Gale . . .	Trafford Park, Manchester
. . .	Five days a fortnight	Mr. T. G. Edmondson . .	W. Ruacastle . . .	. . .	Low Bentham, Yorks.
. . .	Wed. & Sat.	Major Birch . . .	Charles Pierce . . .	. . .	Maes Elwy, St. Asaph

HARRIERS (ENGLAND)—*continued*.

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
WELLS . . . . . ( <i>Wells</i> )	Tues. & Fri.	Capt. J. W. Yates.	Master . . . . .	John Cox . . . . .	Coxley, near Wells.
WEST STREET . . . . . ( <i>Sunderwich, Deal, Dover</i> )	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Earl Granville . . . Mr. M. B. Thompson	Mr. M. B. Thompson	W. Stockwell, K.H. H. Rose	Cold Blow, Walmer
WHITBY . . . . . ( <i>Whitby</i> )	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. E. W. Chapman	John Stonehouse . . .	F. Moorecock . . . .	Poplar Row, Whitby
WHITELAVEN . . . . . ( <i>Egmont, St. Ives</i> )	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Tues. & Fri.	Mr. H. Jefferson . .	Henry Cass . . . . .	. . . . .	Minchouse, near Whitehaven
WINCHESTER . . . . . ( <i>Winchester</i> )	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. James Dear . . .	Master . . . . .	Tom Wilding . . . .	Winchester
WINDERMERE . . . . . ( <i>Bowness</i> )	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. T. Ullock . . . } Major Ridehaigh	T. Chapman . . . . .	. . . . .	Bowness, Windermere
WIRRAL* . . . . . ( <i>Birkenhead, Bebington, Hooton</i> )	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. J. R. Gout . . .	G. Turner . . . . .	H. Shepperd . . . .	Hooton, Cheshire
YATES, Mr. F.* . . . . ( <i>Alresford</i> )	. . . . .	Mr. Fred Yates . . .	Master . . . . .	Mr. Arthur Yates . . Mr. T. Yates	Bishop Sutton, Alresford, Hants
YSTRAD MYNACH* . . . .	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. George Thomas	Peter Symonds . . . .	Charles Woofen . . .	Ystrad Mynach, Newport, Mon.
AYNSHIRE* . . . . . ( <i>Ayr</i> )	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. Robert Ewen . .	Master . . . . .	Richard Cummins . .	Ewenfield, Ayr

## HARRIERS (IRELAND).

AUBURN* . . . . . ( <i>Athlone</i> )	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. G. A. D. Adamson	Master . . . . .	J. Brogan . . . . . J. Lyons	Auburn Glasson, Athlone, Westmeath
BELLINTER . . . . . ( <i>Naran</i> )	Three days a week	Mr. J. J. Preston . .	Master . . . . .	J. Suter . . . . . Patrick Bradley	Bellinter, Navan
BOOTH'S, Sir R. G.* . . . .	Mon. & Thur.	Sir R. Gore Booth, Bart., M.P.	. . . . .	Andrew Pray . . . .	Lissadell, co. Sligo
CASTLE CONNELL* . . . . . ( <i>Castle Connell</i> )	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. C. J. Finch . . .	Master . . . . .	Maurice Doyle . . .	Castle Connell, Limerick



(Clonakilty)	CHADWICK'S, MR. (Arra Vale)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. R. C. Chadwick.	Master	Mr. W. C. Chadwick. H. Brien Patrick Moloney	Ballinard, Tipperary Blackpool, Cork
Cork* (Cork)		Tues. & Fri.	Mr. Richard Martin	W. Burns		
DERRY (Londonderry)		Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Watt	J. Deniceo		Glendernott Hill, Derry
DUFFERIN* (Comber)		Wed. & Sat.	Mr. J. B. Houston	P. Byrne	J. Mon	Comber, co. Down
FERMANAGH (Enniskillen)		Mon. & Fri.	Mr. N. M. Archdale	Master	W. Robinson P. Murphy	Dunbar, near Enniskillen
HENDRICK'S, MR.* (Naas)		Mon. & Fri.	Mr. T. Hendrick	Master	John Roo Michael Boyle	Kendalstown, Naas, co. Kildare
IVEAGH (Banbridge)		Tues. & Sat.	Mr. J. J. Whyte			Kilpike, Banbridge, co. Down
KILDARE (Kildare, Monasterevan)		Tues. & Fri. and a bye-day	Mr. T. G. Waters	Master	One of the Master's sons	Kilpatrick, Monasterevan
KILULTAGH (Lisburn, Antrim)		Wed. & Sat.	Mr. T. R. Stauners	T. Phillippis	John Painter	Lisburn, co. Antrim
KINSALE* (Bandon, Kinsale)		Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Richard Gillman	Master	C. Rity	Sandy Cove, Kinsale
LEGALE (Downpatrick)		Mon. & Thur.	Colonel Forde	T. Rudwick	C. Brown	Seaford, co. Down
MCCLESTOCK'S, MAJOR* (Onagh)		Mon. & Thur. & Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Major Perry McClintock	Master	P. McHugh H. Dennis	Seskinore, Onagh, co. Tyrone
MANSERGH'S, MR.* (Charles and Cashel)		Mon. & Thur.	Mr. O. L. Mansergh	Master	Jas. Henday	Springfield, Holycross
MEATH UNION* MONAGHAN, TUE* (Monaghan)		2 days a week Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Mr. Philip Blake Lord Rossmore	Master H. McElroy	Paul Duffy J. Richardson	Ladysrath, Navan, co. Meath Camla, near Monaghan
NEWMARKE* (Newbridge)		Mon. Wed. & Fri.	A Committee	John Culleton		Newbridge

## HARRIERS (IRELAND)—continued.

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
NEWRY . . . . . (Newry)	Mon. & Fri. .	Mr. T. Darcey Hoy.	Master . . . .	Pat Rice . . . .	Newry
POLLOCK'S, Mr.* . . . . (Ballinasloe)	Twice a week	Mr. J. Pollok . .	Master . . . .	J. Galway, K.H. . .	Lisman, Ballinasloe
ROCKENHAM* . . . . . (Cork City)	Variable . .	Mr. Noble Johnson.	David Barry . .	None . . . . .	Rockenham, co. Cork
ROUTE . . . . . (Portrush)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. J. S. Moore . .	P. Hackett . . .	Master . . . . .	Ballymagarry
ROYAL CORK YACHT CLUB* (Queenstown)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. H. Duggan . .	John Muleahy . .	Capt. Holmes . . . Luke Egan	Ballynac, co. Cork
STACPOOLE'S, Mr. . . . . (Ennis)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Richard Stac- poole	Master . . . . .	P. Cunningham . .	Eden Vale, Ennis
STRONGES, Sir J.* . . . . (Tynan, Caledon, Arnaugh)	..	Sir Jas. M. Stronge, Bart.	Joseph Gardner .	John Carroll G. M'Arce . . . .	Fellows Hall, Tynan, co. Arnaugh
WARBURTON'S, Mr. . . . . (Portarlinton)	Irregular.	Mr. R. Warburton .	Richard Kenny . .	. . . . .	The Copse, Garrylinch, Portarlinton
WICKLOW . . . . . (Rathdrum)	Tues. & Fri. .	Mr. W. Comerford .	John Mason . . .	P. Mullen . . . .	Glassnaget Rathdrum, Wicklow

# B A I L Y ' S

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LONDON: A. H. BAILY & Co., CORNHILL.  
1876.

# DIARY FOR DECEMBER, 1876.

M. D.	W. D.	OCCURRENCES.
1	F	
2	S	West London Harrier Run and Thames Hare and Hounds.
3	S	FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT.
4	M	Islington Cattle Show commences.
5	Tu	Sandown Park Races. Burton-on-Trent Coursing Meeting.
6	W	Sandown Park Races. Pulborough Coursing Meeting.
7	Th	Kingsbury Races. German Gymnastic Society's Annual Com-
8	F	South Essex Coursing Meeting. [petition.
9	S	Crystal Palace Athletic Club Steeplechase.
10	S	SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.
11	M	
12	Tu	Bromley Steeplechases. Southminster Open Coursing Meeting.
13	W	Bromley Races. Whittlesea and Ridgway Club Coursing Meetings.
14	Th	Cheltenham Steeplechases. Birmingham Dog Show. Sussex
15	F	Cheltenham Steeplechases. [Coursing Meeting.
16	S	West London Harriers: Evening Run.
17	S	THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.
18	M	
19	Tu	Three Counties Union Ince Coursing Meeting.
20	W	
21	Th	
22	F	
23	S	South London Harriers' Meet.
24	S	FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.
25	M	CHRISTMAS DAY.
26	Tu	Streatham Christmas Races.
27	W	Isle of Man Coursing Meeting.
28	Th	Lancaster Dog Show.
29	F	Bolton-fell-End Cumberland Coursing Meeting.
30	S	West London Harriers: Long Run.
31	S	FIRST SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.





*Wm. H. Ward*

# BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

### THE EARL OF ZETLAND.

THERE was rejoicing not only through racing-loving and sporting Yorkshire, but on both sides of Trent as well, when, about two years ago, it was known that the famous 'spots' borne on many a hard-fought field in past days, would be seen again on the Turf associated with the same honoured name that first carried them to victory.

Lawrence Dundas, third Earl of Zetland, is the nephew of that nobleman so well known not only in his native county and on the Turf, but in more extended spheres of thought and action. Born in 1844, the subject of our present sketch was educated at Harrow and at Trinity, Cambridge, leaving the latter university in 1866 to join the Blues. A vacancy occurring in the representation of the borough of Richmond in 1872, Mr. Dundas was elected, and sat for it until his elevation to the Upper House, by the death of his uncle in the following year. He quitted the Blues, as lieutenant, in 1871.

It is two years ago that Lord Zetland began his racing career, having engaged Enoch, from the Danebury establishment, as his trainer. He has been very fairly successful during that short period, and at Stockton, last August, 'the spots' were often carried in the van; the enthusiasm that the victories of Morocco, Castellamare, Spiegelschiff, and Cheveley called forth speaking to the popularity of their owner. Something might be due to old association—for the memory of Voltigeur will long be green in Yorkshire—but the cheers and shouts that came from northern throats and lungs were as much evoked, we feel sure, by the success of the good landlord and neighbour—the fine young English gentleman dwelling among his own people, the sharer in and supporter of the sporting tastes and pursuits common to all.

Lord Zetland's first love was perhaps, however, 'the noble science;' and when, last spring, he purchased Mr. Cradock's pack

of foxhounds, on that gentleman's retirement from the country formerly hunted by the Dukes of Cleveland, the peculiar fitness of his position as an M.F.H. was acknowledged by every one. He is also much interested in breeding, and King Lud and some valuable brood mares are located at Aske, where also is his Lordship's private training ground. He is a first-rate shot, and has some first-rate shooting not only in Yorkshire, but also in Scotland, and is a fisherman of no mean skill. In the duties as well as the pleasures of the country life of one born to high station Lord Zetland takes also his full share, and as a resident landlord there is no one whose justice and fair dealing are more felt and acknowledged. His Lordship married, in 1871, the Lady Lilian Selina Lumley, daughter of the ninth Earl of Scarborough, and has one daughter.

## THE DREAM OF AN OLD MELTONIAN.

### I.

I am old, I am old, and my eyes are grown weaker,  
 My beard is as white as the foam on the sea,  
 Yet pass me the bottle, and fill me a beaker,  
 A bright brimming toast in a bumper for me !  
 Back, back through long vistas of years I am wafted,  
 But the glow at my heart's undiminished in force,  
 Deep, deep in that heart has fond memory engrafted  
 Those quick thirty minutes from Ranksboro' Gorse.

### II.

What is time ? the effluxion of life zoophitic  
 In dreary pursuit of position or gain.  
 What is life ? the absorption of vapours mephitic,  
 And the bursting of sunlight on senses and brain !  
 Such a life have I lived—though so speedily over,  
 Condensing the joys of a century's course,  
 From the find till we eat him near Woodwellhead Cover,  
 In thirty bright minutes from Ranksboro' Gorse.

### III.

Last night in St. Stephen's so wearily sitting,  
 (The member for Boreham sustained the debate,)  
 Some pitying spirit that round me was flitting  
 Vouchsafed a sweet vision my pains to abate.  
 The Mace, and the Speaker, and House disappearing,  
 The leather-clad bench is a thoroughbred horse ;  
 'Tis the whimpering cry of the foxhound I'm hearing,  
 And my 'seat' is a pig-skin at Ranksboro' Gorse.



## IV.

He's away ! I can hear the identical holloa !

I can feel my young thoroughbred strain down the ride,  
I can hear the dull thunder of hundreds that follow,

I can see my old comrades in life by my side.

Do I dream ? all around me I see the dead riding,

And voices long silent re-echo with glee ;

I can hear the far wail of the Master's vain chiding,

As vain as the Norseman's reproof to the sea.

## V.

Vain indeed ! for the bitches are racing before us—

Not a nose to the earth—not a stern in the air ;

And we know by the notes of that modified chorus

How straight we must ride if we wish to be there !

With a crash o'er the turnpike, and onward I'm sailing,

Released from the throes of the blundering mass,

Which dispersed right and left as I topped the high railing,

And shape my own course o'er the billowy grass.

## VI.

Select is the circle in which I am moving,

Yet open and free the admission to all ;

Still, still more select is that company proving,

Weeded out by the funker and thinned by the fall ;

Yet here all are equal—no class legislation,

No privilege hinders, no family pride :

In the ' image of war ' show the pluck of the nation ;

Ride, ancient patrician ! democracy, ride !

## VII.

Oh ! gently, my young one ; the fence we are nearing

Is leaning towards us—'tis hairy and black,

The binders are strong, and necessitate clearing,

Or the wide ditch beyond will find room for your back.

Well saved ! we are over ! now far down the pastures

Of Ashwell the willows betoken the line

Of the dull-flowing stream of historic disasters ;

We must face, my bold young one, the dread Whissendine !

## VIII.

No shallow-dug pan with a hurdle to screen it,

That cock-tail imposture the steeplechase brook ;

But the steep broken banks tell us plain, if we mean it,

The less we shall like it the longer we look.

Then steady, my young one, my place I've selected,  
 Above the dwarf willow 'tis sound I'll be bail,  
 With your muscular quarters beneath you collected,  
 Prepare for a rush like the 'limited mail.'

## IX.

Oh ! now let me know the full worth of your breeding,  
 Brave son of Belzoni, be true to your sires,  
 Sustain old traditions—remember you're leading  
 The cream of the cream in the shire of the shires !  
 With a quick shortened stride as the distance you measure,  
 With a crack of the nostril and cock of the ear,  
 And a rocketing bound, and we're over, my treasure,  
 Twice nine feet of water, and landed all clear !

## X.

What ! four of us only ? are these the survivors  
 Of all that rode gaily from Ranksboro's ridge ?  
 I hear the faint splash of a few hardy divers,  
 The rest are in hopeless research of a bridge ;  
*Væ victis !* the way of the world and the winners !  
 Do we ne'er ride away from a friend in distress ?  
 Alas ! we are anti-Samaritan sinners,  
 And streaming past Stapleford, onward we press.

## XI.

Ah ! don't they mean mischief, the merciless ladies ?  
 What fox can escape such implacable foes ?  
 Of the sex cruel slaughter for ever the trade is,  
 Whether human or animal—YONDER HE GOES !  
 Never more for the woodland ! his purpose has failed him,  
 Though to gain the old shelter he gallantly tries ;  
 In vain the last double, for Jezebel's nailed him ;  
 WHOOHOOP ! in the open the veteran dies !

## XII.

Yes, four of us only ! but is it a vision ?  
 Dear lost ones, how come ye with mortals to mix ?  
 Methought that ye hunted the pastures Elysian,  
 And between us there rolled the unjumpable Styx !  
 Stay, stay but a moment ! the grass fields are fading,  
 And heavy obscurity palsies my brain ;  
 Through what country, what ploughs and what sloughs am I  
 Alas ! 'tis the member for Boreham again ! {wading ?

## XIII.

Oh glory of youth ! consolation of age !  
 Sublimest of ecstasies under the sun !  
 Though the veteran may linger too long on the stage,  
 Yet he'll drink a last toast to a fox-hunting run.  
 And oh ! young descendants of ancient top-sawyers !  
 By your lives to the world their example enforce ;  
 Whether landlords, or parsons, or statesmen, or lawyers,  
 Ride straight, as they rode it from Ranksboro' Gorse.

## XIV.

Though a rough-riding world may bespatter your breeches,  
 Though sorrow may cross you, or slander revile,  
 Though you plunge overhead in misfortune's blind ditches,  
 Shun the gap of deception, the hand-gate of guile :  
 Oh, avoid them ! for there, see the crowd is contending,  
 Ignoble the object—ill-mannered the throng ;  
 Shun the miry lane, falsehood, with turns never ending,  
 Ride straight for truth's timber, no matter how strong.

## XV.

I'll pound you safe over ! sit steady and quiet ;  
 Along the sound headland of honesty steer ;  
 Beware of false holloas and juvenile riot,  
 Though the oxer of duty be wide, never fear !  
 And when the run's over of earthly existence,  
 And you get safe to ground, you will feel no remorse,  
 If you ride it—no matter what line or what distance—  
 As straight as your fathers from Ranksboro' Gorse.

WM. BROMLEY DAVENPORT.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MR. THOMAS COLEMAN.  
 (*Continued.*)

' I LEFT off last, as you remember, when I had told you about the  
 ' Prince of Wales, and promised now to begin with the mare Diana  
 ' I bought of old Tom Kirby. He sent her up from the North  
 ' to run at St. Alban's over the No-Man's Land Course, some  
 ' days before the races, and she went into the park to gallop  
 ' with my horses, when I soon saw that she had the gift of  
 ' going. Kirby arrived on the morning of the races from York,  
 ' having travelled all night. I asked him to go upstairs, and have  
 ' a wash, and get himself fresh, and went up and sat on the bed and  
 ' chatted to him. Diana was entered in two races ; from what

‘ I saw I thought she would win one, if not both, and as she  
‘ seemed a sound, useful mare I made up my mind to claim her if  
‘ he won the first, in which the winner was to be sold for 150*l.*; so,  
‘ while we were chatting, before Kirby had seen the entries or  
‘ spoken to any one, I asked him if he really wished to sell the mare.  
‘ He said he had no desire to take her into the North again. When  
‘ I heard that, I said, “ I don’t think she will be claimed, but I will  
‘ “ give you the 150*l.*, the price the winner is to be sold at, before  
‘ “ the race, so you will have no further trouble.” He agreed, and  
‘ I paid him, then and there, in the bedroom. I ran her that day,  
‘ and won, and the next day she won a race in which the winner  
‘ was to be sold for 200*l.*, and Isaac Day of Northleach claimed  
‘ her; so that job, with good luck helping, was not very badly  
‘ done.

‘ We have never yet said anything about pigeon-shooting, but  
‘ I have had a little hand in that also, and you shall hear of the  
‘ match for 200*l.* a side between the Squire and Gannon. Gan-  
‘ non was one of the sharpest, cleverest men I ever fell in with,  
‘ and a first-rate shot. They said he could kill every bird to a cer-  
‘ tainty, but I then knew nothing of him, as he did not shoot in his  
‘ own name. He was very anxious to get a match on with Osbal-  
‘ deston, but did not know how to manage it; so, having heard that  
‘ I knew him well, he came over to our house, and one evening,  
‘ on returning home, I was told there was a gentleman in the  
‘ billiard-room who wanted to see me, and that he had been there  
‘ all day.

‘ When I went in, he said, “ How d’ye do, Mr. Coleman? What  
‘ “ will you take to drink? A little cold brandy-and-water? Oh no,  
‘ “ you shall have a bottle of champagne,” and, when we had it, he  
‘ said he should stay all night. The next day he proposed to have  
‘ some pigeon-shooting, and, as there were plenty of young fellows  
‘ in the town ready for such sport, we soon knocked up a party to  
‘ shoot some sweepstakes off. He shot well at times; then, again,  
‘ he shot badly. After a time he said he would shoot a match for  
‘ 500*l.* against any one.

‘ I offered to find a man to shoot him for 200*l.* This he accepted,  
‘ but I said, “ I must write to him first to see if he is well and  
‘ “ willing to shoot.” So I sent to the Squire at his lodge in the  
‘ Regent’s Park, but he was away at Stockbridge attending to his  
‘ racehorses, from whence I had a letter back telling me to make the  
‘ match, but to make it 100*l.* forfeit. This I did, and when he  
‘ came to shoot it he brought his gunsmith with him, and we three  
‘ walked down the yard together; as we turned to come back,  
‘ Gannon was standing at the other end. I pointed him out to the  
‘ Squire, and said, “ That is the man you are going to shoot  
‘ “ against.”

‘ The gunsmith looked, and said, “ That man is called ‘ Caps;’  
‘ “ he can kill every bird to a certainty. This is a plant on you,  
‘ “ Squire. You know his name is Gannon.”

“Oh! then I shall pay forfeit.”

‘The gunsmith walked on a little before us, when I asked the Squire, “Do you think he is as good a shot as he says he is?”

“I don’t know anything about him.”

“Are you in form?”

“Yes, I never could shoot better than I can now, and I don’t think it is such a certainty as he says it is, and hang me if I don’t shoot it off; but, look here, Coleman, I have not got above 70/.

“or 80/ with me in cash. I must give you a cheque for my 200/.”

“That will do as well as cash,” I said. I introduced him to “Caps,” as he was called, and he gave me his cheque, when Gannon pulled out a black bag with five or six 100/ notes, and gave me a couple. When they had both staked, Osbaldeston asked, “Can you shoot with a double-barrel gun at pigeons from different traps?”

“Oh yes, Squire.”

“Then we will make another match for 200/ a side to shoot at the Red House.”

‘This was a bold offer after what the gunsmith had said, and before he saw there was any truth in the assertion as to the other’s being able to kill every bird.

“Caps” won, of course, and the Squire always thought it was a plant of mine, but I was innocent, and never won a penny on it. When the second match came off I went up to the Gloucester Coffee-house, in Oxford Street, and saw Gannon in the morning before he was up, and told him the Squire thought I had planted him on him, and as I was blamed for nothing and had not won a shilling from the Squire I must stand a pony on the second match. He said, “Oh yes, Mr. Coleman, you shall.” So I got 25/ out of the 400/ “Caps” won by his visit.

‘It shows what a flat the Squire was in making a second match for 200/ with double guns at five different traps, after the gunsmith had cautioned him, and told him what a shot his opponent was. It also shows what a keen fellow Gannon was, getting at the Squire through a visit to me, without my knowing anything about him. This was not the only advantage either that he gained, for in that year—it was 1848—there was a horse called Peep-o’-Day Boy in training at Danebury for the Chester Cup, and as “Caps” was frequently at my house after the shooting, I said to him there is a good horse in training at Stockbridge for the Chester Cup, and I have a nice yearling colt by Defender, out of Tenebrous, I will sell you for 200/. If you send him to train at Stockbridge, you will be in the stable, and get to know all about Peep-o’-Day Boy for the Chester Cup, and may win a good stake. He took the hint, bought the colt, and won some thousands on the race by the information he was able to get. Though he won money enough to last him some years, and settled down at Stockbridge, where he got a house, he never came near me, or had the honour to pay me for the colt. I never met with any of those sharpening, gambling

‘men that had a spark of honour about them. I once won 80% of one of them, named Jack Durdon, on the Goodwood Cup, when Lord Chesterfield’s horse, Carew, won it; but, though Durdon used to bet in the ring, I never could get anything from him but promises to pay. He was mixed up with those gambling marquess that used formerly to be on racecourses.

‘Mr. Osbaldeston’s match was not the only one by any means that took place at St. Albans in my time, as there was a pigeon club held there formerly. I need not tell you how angry I made Josh Anderson, the singer at Drury Lane, about the bumps, when he made a match with young Kirwin, as that was all related in “Baily” a year or two ago. Mr. Kirwin was a nice young gentleman, with an income of about 5,000*l.* a year, and had no harm in him, but a party got hold of him, and took him about pigeon-shooting and card-sharpping; they had him all to themselves, and managed to get a lot of money out of him, taking his bills at short dates. Then they got poor Kirwin to ride races as a gentleman-jockey, and a rare mess he got into at Hampton, where he was put up, and ordered not to win.

‘Beecher was riding against him, and seeing that Kirwin could hardly hold his horse, instead of going on to win, stayed with him till they were close on the post, so that Kirwin had to pull his horse right back to lose, so plain and barefaced that everyone could see it. While I was weighing them, Colonel Peel came in, and asked, “Is this the gentleman who rode the mare?”

‘I answered, “Yes, sir.”

‘“Then I beg to tell you, sir,” turning to Kirwin, “that it is one of the most barefaced robberies I ever saw committed on a racecourse. I tell you, as the *gentleman-rider*, and I beg you to convey it to the owner.”

‘Poor Kirwin was all of a tremble, and afraid to leave the weighing-room; and when I went out I saw his confederate, the owner, amongst the carriages. I said, “Why did you not come into the weighing-room and take poor Kirwin’s part? Colonel Peel has been pitching into him, and frightened the poor fellow.”

‘He said he “would throw Colonel Peel into the Thames,” but nevertheless took care to keep out of his sight.

‘I think they were warned off the turf, and prevented ever running a horse again.

‘I must tell you another story of Josh Anderson, which shows what a nice party poor Kirwin had fallen in with. He (Anderson), in connection with General Charratie, owner of Napoleon, who ran the match with Grimaldi, made an attempt to work a four-year-old for the Derby. I think it was a bay Irish horse, called Gander, that they had bought. At the same time Lord Verulam had a two-year-old colt, which was in the Derby, just the colour of this horse, but his trainer, who was honest, but very simple, and not much of a judge, had no opinion of his being good for anything, and persuaded the Earl to sell him. Accordingly he was sent to

‘ Tattersall’s, but returned, as nothing or next to nothing was bid,  
‘ and the Earl asked me to try and sell him to some of my connec-  
‘ tions. Some time after that, returning home one evening, I was  
‘ told a gentleman was there, so I went into the room and asked,  
‘ “Whatever brings you here, Mr. —?”

‘ He smiled and said, “I have been and bought that bay two-year-  
‘ old colt of Lord Verulam’s that is in the Derby.”

‘ “He is a good one, and I think a clever one, and likely to run.  
‘ “What have you given for him?”

‘ “400/,” says he.

‘ “Why I was authorized by his lordship to sell him for 125/.

‘ “Who have you bought him for?”

‘ He smiled, and would not tell me, but said he was going to  
‘ George Dockeray to be trained.

‘ Then I said, “For what reason have you given such a price  
‘ for him? He is a promising colt, but neither Cotton nor any one  
‘ else knows anything about him yet.” I could not make it out  
‘ or what possessed them to come and give 400/ for him in such an  
‘ offhand way; but it came out afterwards that they wanted to ring  
‘ the changes, as he was so much like the Irish four-year-old, and if  
‘ he ran, they thought there would be no suspicion, being entered in  
‘ the Earl of Verulam’s name. However, when they got the young  
‘ one fit to try, they found he could give the four-year-old any weight  
‘ and beat him; so they called him Gorhambury, and ran him in the  
‘ Derby, in which he was second to Cotherstone in 1843, and  
‘ I believe won a race at Epsom the next day, and the Queen’s Vase  
‘ at Ascot the same year.

‘ Now I must tell you more about old Mr. Richard Tattersall, who  
‘ was a very good friend to me for many years, and a kinder, better-  
‘ hearted man never lived, or one more beloved by all who knew  
‘ him, from Royalty downwards. He was very liberal, and if he once  
‘ took to a person, he stuck to him. Old Charley Morton, of  
‘ Croydon, kept his hunters for many years. He was very fond of  
‘ hunting, and rode well to hounds, but never had much to do with  
‘ keeping racehorses. He had a stallion, named Fungus, by Truffle,  
‘ out of a Sir Peter mare, sister to Rival, that he kept at my stables  
‘ for some years, to cover in the neighbourhood of St. Albans, and  
‘ he used to drive his phaeton and pair down, accompanied by Mrs.  
‘ Tattersall, and spend some hours with me. He was very fond  
‘ of our home-baked bread, and would frequently take a loaf of it  
‘ away with him. He was confederate with a Mr. Whyte, a Scotch  
‘ gentleman, a wine and sugar broker, and a very kind, good man.  
‘ He and Mr. Tattersall had some racehorses between them, and  
‘ trained with me. I also trained for Mr. Whyte for some years,  
‘ besides the time he was confederate with Mr. Tattersall. The  
‘ latter assisted me in introducing the steeplechases, and took down  
‘ the entrances and the stakes, besides being there, as you may  
‘ suppose, to see them run. One day when he was at St. Albans  
‘ looking over the stables, he said, “What do you want with such a

‘ “lot of useless cats eating their heads off? How are the brown  
‘ “and the chestnut mares bred?”

‘ I answered, “Well-bred both sides,” and told him their  
‘ pedigrees.

‘ He said, “Send them to my place, and I will see what I can do  
‘ “for you. What do you expect to get for them?”

‘ I said, “About 60*l.* each.”

‘ “I will send you a cheque for 75 guineas each. I am sending  
‘ “a lot abroad, and will send them with some larger-sized ones.”

‘ Of course I was very glad, as it was more than I could have  
‘ made of them, as they were small boned, though well bred. If  
‘ he saw you were straight, he was sure to do a kind action for you  
‘ if he had the chance; but no man living could take a liberty with  
‘ him, though he was very free and affable in his manners, and had  
‘ no starch about him. I knew his brother, Mr. George Tattersall,  
‘ whose hobby was stud-farms, and who was also a nice genial sort  
‘ of man.

‘ Mr. R. Tattersall had a great objection to seeing a horse treated  
‘ as they usually are when shown by dealers; in fact, if that was  
‘ done, he would never look at them for a moment. Once he  
‘ asked me if I knew of a good powerful, cleanly, half-bred bay  
‘ mare, as he wanted one to send abroad. I told him I thought  
‘ I had one that just answered his description; and he said,  
‘ “Send her up at once.” So I did, in charge of the old man  
‘ I told you of before, that we called “Silly Sam;” and when we  
‘ had put her in the stable, I went myself to tell Mr. Tattersall we  
‘ had her there. The moment the man brought her out, and he  
‘ cast his eye on her, he said, “What a fool you are, Coleman!  
‘ “Take that mare away. I would not buy her at any price—take  
‘ “her out of my sight. She is just the class I want; but do you  
‘ “take me for a horse-dealer, by attempting to show me a horse  
‘ “like that? I will not look at any horse except in the natural  
‘ “state.”

‘ I was quite innocent in the matter, as I should not have thought  
‘ of showing him a horse in that state, but my old fool of a man had  
‘ not forgotten the dealer’s tricks. Mr. Tattersall was in such a  
‘ passion, and walked away into the house. I sent the man home  
‘ with the mare and followed her myself, which was foolish, as, if  
‘ I had kept her in town all night and shown her to him the next  
‘ morning I should, no doubt, have had a good price for her, as,  
‘ knowing his liberality, I should have left it to him.

‘ The old man’s foolishness made me put my foot into it despe-  
‘ rately, as I found he considered it a great insult to show him a  
‘ horse in that way; and nearly all the dealers knew it, though I had  
‘ never heard of it.

‘ He was quite right; as no one can see a horse’s natural action,  
‘ or his soundness, run out as copers do it, shouting after them with  
‘ a whip, or frightening them out of their lives with a stick,  
‘ rattling their hats, instead of leading them quietly out with



‘ their heads at liberty, so that you may see how they carry themselves. You can always see horses run out in their natural state at Tattersall’s. It is astonishing how the yearling sales have increased, in both numbers and price, since old Mr. Tattersall’s time. I think it was in 1822 or 1823, Mr. Shard of Hedgerly Park, near Gerrard’s Cross, in Buckinghamshire, bred a yearling by Reveller, and sold him to John Dilly, the trainer, for 700 guineas; and it was thought a tremendous price at that time. It was either for Lord Westminster or Lord Grosvenor, I forget which. Since then they have gone on increasing, until 2,000, and 2,500 guineas has not been considered too much; and this year actually 4,000 guineas has been paid, and many of them have not turned out worth as many shillings. But I shall have more to say about yearlings presently, and we will now go back to Mr. Tattersall. When he was selling racehorses, Lord Chesterfield or Lord Jersey were generally to be seen in the box beside him, and it was a treat to hear his voice, in describing their pedigrees. Captain Meynell was a great favourite of his, and was generally to be seen in the counting-house on a Monday. He kept racehorses for fourteen years, and only won a couple of races. Tom Price trained for him. Then old Parson Harvey was generally there, with his rolled-up white handkerchief round his neck. He had a good estate in Bedfordshire, and was the owner of Phantom, a first-rate sire, who got many winners of great races, and Vandyke Junior, another first-class horse. He used to ride then to Tattersall’s on a Monday and tie them up all the afternoon, while he himself sat in the counting-house, where he would eat his lunch, which he brought in his pocket. Those two stallions were worth at least, one 1,300 and the other 2,000 guineas. He was a very eccentric character, and some little time before his death had his coffin made, and would sit in it in a vehicle, and be thus driven about the Heath at Newmarket on a race-day.

‘ Not only Mr. R. Tattersall, but all the others of the family have stood high with our own Royal family, as well as with the foreign princes who have visited England, or with whom they have had any transactions.

‘ Now I will tell you of a very different character, with whom I have had a little to do; for, you see, I have in my life been brought into contact with all sorts of men. At the time I had the management of Hampton and other race meetings, there used to be rows of marquees up the outside of the course, for gambling. They used to pay a good bit of money to the fund for the use of the ground, and Cauty—commonly called Bill Cauty—who, although he betted a good bit with the nobbs, used to be considered the king of the pickpockets, was a great man amongst them. If any one he knew had his watch stolen, he would get it back for him; and if I had lost the money at Hampton—where, as I have told you, I used to carry both racehorse-duty and all stakes and the money added about in my pocket all day, and never lost a

‘ shilling—I have no doubt he would have recovered it for me free,  
 ‘ as he did for the late Samuel George Ford of Henrietta Street,  
 ‘ Covent Garden, the great financier of that day, before Mr. Padwick  
 ‘ came out. Ford promised to lend Mr. Massey Stanley 7,000*l.*,  
 ‘ and took the money down with him to Ascot and offered it to Mr.  
 ‘ Stanley before the races began.

‘ Mr. Stanley said, “I am busy now, and cannot take it. Give it  
 ‘ “ me after the races.”

‘ Ford had a horse, called Quo Minus, in the Ascot Stakes, and  
 ‘ he waited to see him saddled and canter before he tried to  
 ‘ cross to the stand, but the crowd was so great, they were off before  
 ‘ he could get across, so he had to stand by the rails amongst the  
 ‘ people. At the finish, his horse ran in head and head with another,  
 ‘ and the people kept calling out, “Quo Minus wins!—Quo Minus  
 ‘ “ wins!” when a little boy, apparently in the excitement of the  
 ‘ moment, jumped upon Ford’s shoulders, and cried out, “Quo Minus  
 ‘ “ wins!”

‘ “ Get down off my back, you rascal !”

‘ “ I shan’t—I can’t see. Quo Minus is winning !”

‘ While the race was being run, he whipped the pocket-book out  
 ‘ of Lawyer Ford’s left breast-pocket, slipped off his back and was  
 ‘ away with the 7,000*l.* like a shot. Ford looked round, but very  
 ‘ soon lost sight of the boy, when it struck him at once to see if his  
 ‘ pocket-book was safe, and, putting his hand in his pocket, he found  
 ‘ it was gone! This staggered him a bit, and, as he could see  
 ‘ nothing of the boy, and quickly heard Quo Minus was beaten, he  
 ‘ strolled on to the course, and the first person he spoke to was  
 ‘ Lord Chesterfield, to whom he told what had happened. His  
 ‘ Lordship advised him to see Bill Cauty and hedge with him at  
 ‘ once ; so away he went and told him.

‘ “ You have been had,” said Cauty.

‘ “ What am I to do?” asked Ford ; “ Lord Chesterfield sent  
 ‘ “ me to you.”

‘ “ Well, you must give up the small whitebait fish, and give five  
 ‘ “ off the long-tailed ones (meaning five one-hundred-pound notes),  
 ‘ “ and I will try and collar the remainder for you.”

‘ Ford said he thought five hundred was a great deal to give ; but  
 ‘ nothing venture, nothing have, and he knew he could lay his hands  
 ‘ on Bill Cauty any day ; so he ventured to give him the 500*l.*, and  
 ‘ he then told him to go next morning to a pile of timber, and he  
 ‘ would find his pocket-book the same as it was when taken from his  
 ‘ pocket, less the 500*l.*, which he did, and got it back again.

‘ Not long afterwards Bill Cauty went into a street leading from  
 ‘ St. James’s Street into St. James’s Square, where he went into a  
 ‘ bank once or twice to ask if some lord made his bills payable there.  
 ‘ They had some suspicion of his meaning mischief, and the second  
 ‘ time he went set a trap for him with a small cash-box on the  
 ‘ counter. After asking a few questions, he saw a chance, popped  
 ‘ the box into his green bag, and walked into Jermyn Street. A

'detective from a house opposite followed him half-way down it, and then tapped him on the shoulder and asked what he had got in the bag. He was taken, tried, transported, and died abroad; and thus ended Bill Cauty, who was well known to all racing men, and, as I said, used to bet with some of the swells.

'This Bill Cauty was a brother of Captain Cauty, who was Lord Huntingtower's pal, and who was the man he introduced at Assheton-Smith's table, though not, as has been reported, as Captain Montague. Lord Huntingtower lived at that time at Penton, and Mr. Assheton-Smith asked him to dine with him, which he declined, as he said he had a friend staying with him. Mr. Smith said, "Bring your friend with you," which he did; but through Lord Huntingtower calling out some order to his coachman, whose name was Montague, the servant made a mistake, and announced Cauty as Captain Montague. Lord George Bentinck, who was dining there, as was the Duke of Beaufort and several other noblemen, by some means recognised Cauty as the brother of the flash man, and said, "Good God! that is a brother of Bill Cauty that fellow has brought amongst us." Lord Huntingtower could see that something was wrong, and quickly took his departure; but there was no end of a row about it, and the matter came before Lord Lyndhurst, and there was a pamphlet written about it. I chanced to go to Penton to see Lord Huntingtower that night, but being tired, went to bed before they returned home. In the morning Lord Huntingtower sent Cauty's horses out of his stables to the village public. The hounds met at Penton that day, and Lord Huntingtower sent out one of my racing cups that he had won of me at billiards for the people to drink out of.'

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### 'THE STRAIGHT TIP.'

ONE fine bright morning, at the close of the Ascot week, young Spokeshave and I found ourselves seated in the garden of a certain soldiers' club, not very far from Piccadilly. We had just partaken of a much bedevilled breakfast, consisting of grilled fish, blistered kidneys, cayenned sausage, &c., and having washed down these fiery delicacies with a brandy-and-soda, were promoting digestion by tobacco and turf-talk. Personally I am the mildest and most theoretical of Turfites; and it is only when my opinion is supported by a tip from a trustworthy quarter that I venture on a modest investment: on such an occasion I have been known to put on a fiver in a more or less nervous manner, after which I usually take post on the Stand, and spend the next half-hour bathed in perspiration. Spencer Spokeshave, however, is a very different character, and at most popular meetings that dashing dragoon may be seen in the thick of the battle, flaunting a highly-decorated bock in the face of the whole betting fraternity, and anticipating his income with the utmost

dauntlessness. Indeed, how he has hitherto escaped shipwreck is a constant source of pleasing speculation to his comrades, and must be more or less a puzzle to himself. The nearest approach to a system which he has ever been heard to advocate being contained in the simple words, 'When you are "out," plunge on a "moral."'

At the time I now refer to he had had a good week, and was consequently more eloquent on the subject of 'morals' generally than ever; and, indeed, producing his book, proposed to go through it with me on the spot, much to my consternation, as I have a personal dread of all figures, and a physical incapacity for grappling with them. Fate, however, was kind enough at this moment to send a large red-faced man, with a very brilliant necktie, into the garden, at sight of whom young Spokeshave, hurriedly cramming his glittering little book into his pocket, rose and cried out, 'Why, 'Fogarty, old man, who'd have thought of seeing you! I never 'dreamt you were in town, as we didn't see you at Ascot.' 'Only 'came over yesterday,' replied Fogarty, shaking hands with us both; 'glad to see you—don't forget an old acquaintance, Tomkinson, 'though it's some years now since we used to meet at the depôt 'mess at Ballyragget. I hope you both "got your health" at 'Ascot.' On this hint Spokeshave took up his parable, dilating, as usual, on the great principle of laying any odds on a good thing, and urging the necessity, 'when out,' of plunging on a certainty; to all of which our stout friend listened with a twinkle in his eye and a sarcastic smile on his fat countenance, keenly enjoying the flavour of a large laranaga, and apparently waiting until Spokeshave should have shot his bolt.

He had to wait some time, for though my young friend belonged to a class whose bolts are asserted by an old proverb to be 'soon 'shot,' still he was an undoubted stayer on this one subject, and though he tired a good deal over his grammar, it was a good five minutes before he ran himself clean out of breath. As he stopped speaking, Fogarty removed his cigar from his mouth, and remarked, 'Bosh!' then letting a long stream of smoke escape from under his moustache, he proceeded gravely: 'There is no shorter road to the 'sweeping of a crossing than the following of certainties, and every-body knows that the "manufacture of morals for the unwary" is 'a most remunerative branch of industry. As to backing jockeys (upon which Spokeshave had been very eloquent), 'there's only 'one jockey that's really safe to back, and his name is Ar—' 'Archer?' broke in Spokeshave, eagerly. 'No,' replied Fogarty, '*Armstrong!*' with which oracular remark he relapsed into silence, and the discomfited dragoon and I, likewise, held our peace for a while. 'I tell you what, Tomkinson,' said our stout acquaintance, at last emerging from his fog, 'there's a little business comes to my 'memory which bears on what we've been talking about, and as I 'presume you've nothing to do for the next half-hour or so, I'll re-count it to you; it's barely possible that it might do Spokeshave 'good, and—as they say of most fictions—it's a fact. Sit at at-

'tention, Spokeshave! here goes! Once upon a time, as you probably know, I was a gay subaltern in a certain marching regiment, and quartered at Kilmullen, in Leinster. We were the only regiment there at the time, and the place, I must own, was not the liveliest quarter in the world. It had the usual characteristics of a small Irish town. There was a long, straggling street called the "Mall"—a first-floor over the grocer's—consisting of a reading-room, a billiard-room and a sink—called the "Club"—and a platform of rotten wood in a miniature desert of dusty grass, called the "Band Stand." In addition to these attractions, we had a fashionable whisky-shop, the owner of which did a little poaching, and a little horse-coping; and a melancholy park, about a mile from the town, which, being the property of a popular bankrupt, was thrown open to the public.

'Amusements, properly so called, there were none, that is to say, in the summer; for in winter there was a good deal of rough hunting to be had, but once *that* was over, the eating of heavy luncheons and the playing of shilling whist were the only resources left to us.

'Under these circumstances, you may imagine what a vivid interest we took in the Grogstown Races, which were not then as well known as they have since become, and which were held within thirty miles of Kilmullen. They came off about the middle of May, and for a month or so nothing else was spoken of in our frowzy little ante-room. Begad, Spokeshave, you ought to have been there; it would have suited you down to the ground. Every fellow had a private tip, and of certainties, moral and immoral, there were no end. The very quartermaster, on the strength of being an indifferent judge of a dead bullock, used to flash his opinion on the Kilcrasher Handicap; and the ensigns, to a man, were rendered gloomy and short of speech by the possession of stable secrets.

'Amongst the ensigns, however, there was one exception—a young fellow of the name of Bax, who had joined us just before we came to Kilmullen, and who appeared to be made of different clay from the rest of his brethren. He neither rode nor cricketed, declined to play cards, refused his liquor, and went to bed at ten o'clock. I need scarcely add that he had a very rough time of it. They didn't treat cornets and ensigns then as they treat them in your day, Spokeshave. An unpopular young'un was put through the mill in a very marked manner; the screws were taken out of his bedstead; hay was made in his room; cats were tied up in his clothes-bag; and his candles were converted into fireworks. Poor Bax lived for some months with his loins girded, always expecting an attack, and were it not that he created a feeling in his favour, by hitting "Conk" Jones (who had crawled into his room through a broken door-panel) on the head with a boot-jack, Lord knows how it might have ended. However, after this exploit, they left him pretty well to himself, and he used to moon about all day alone with apparent satisfaction. Personally I had a sort of sneaking

'liking for him. You see, he was a *change*, if he was nothing else, and that was something to be thankful for; and besides he had had a fair education, and, when he came to know me a bit, used often to come into my quarters and sit with me when I was on duty, and talk about literature, for which he had a certain ladylike taste; and his prattle rather amused me, after the drivel about racing in general, and Grogstown in particular, which went on unceasingly in the mess. About Grogstown or racing, I needn't say, he never uttered a word, which made me the more surprised when, one morning about a week before the races, he came into my room with a very confused manner, and asked me whose colours green and red were. "Why, Ratigan's, of course, you young duffer," said I; "but what have you to say to that?" "Well, you see the fact is, Fogarty," said he, "that they have been talking so much about this racing, that I can't get it out of my head, and I've never seen a race; do you think the Chief would let me go to Grogstown if I asked him?" "You can easily find out," said I, "though if you'll take a fool's advice, you'll let the whole thing alone; you've no taste for either betting or horse-flesh, *et que diable allez-vous faire dans cette galère?*" However he had his own way. The Colonel gave him his leave, and he made one of a batch of six, who started for Knockthunder (the town nearest to the course) the day before the races.

'We had secured beds and ordered dinner beforehand at the "Kil-crasher Arms," and, after a very cheerful meal, were just proceeding downstairs to the coffee-room—which had been turned for the nonce into a kind of local Tattersall's—when Bax asked in a low voice whether I could spare him five minutes. Being more or less curious to get at the bottom of his sudden turn for the Turf, I remained behind with him while the rest of them ran downstairs; and as soon as the door had closed on our comrades, he began with some hesitation: "Fogarty, do you believe in dreams? because I had such a queer dream a week ago. I want you to listen to me and not to interrupt me. I shall not keep you long. I dreamt I was standing in the middle of a crowd, halfway down a great flight of wooden steps, and before me, right away to the sky-line, stretched a vast green plain. And suddenly there was a tremendous shout. And I saw coming out of a dip in the ground, from behind a little hill, four or five horses, all in a cluster, galloping like mad; as they turned to the right and came straight towards me the shout and cry seemed to come with them, increasing into a terrific roar as they passed below where I was standing. Two horses were in front, clear of the rest; and I could see the jackets of the riders, and their whips, and the very spurs on their boots, as clearly as I now see you; and the great roar I spoke of shaped itself into a name which I could not quite catch, and I awoke. I cannot, for the life of me, remember the colour of the second rider's jacket, but the horse who had a little the best of it was ridden by a man in green

“and red—his cap was red—and I am sure that it was the great race, the Kil-what-you-call-it Handicap, at Grogstown that I saw; what do you think?” Well, you see, it wasn’t very easy for me to say exactly what I *did* think. Of course nobody now believes in dreams, or omens, or ghosts; all the same, ask any man who has ever been in great danger of losing either his fortune or his life, whether he didn’t look eagerly round during the time his fate was in the balance, in search of anything on which he might hook a presentiment; and besides, having every reason to believe that Bax spoke the truth when he said that he had never been on a racecourse in his life, I couldn’t help being struck by two points in the story of his dream, the allusion to the bare wooden *stairs* which then constituted the Grand Stand at Grogstown, and the reference to the “Dip,” a well-known feature in the Kilcrasher course; so, as I said before, I was a little puzzled what to say. At last I pulled myself together, and told Bax it was all very curious, and that it ought to give him an interest in the race; and then, without allowing him time to prolong the discussion, I took him by the arm, and we went down into the coffee-room. Both of you know what the coffee-room of a sporting Irish hotel, on the eve of a big steeplechase, is like; there were more dirty-white overcoats, and bird’s-eye neckcloths, more tight trousers and long waistcoats, jammed into the little room than it could well hold.

There were ash-plants enough to have covered the side of a glen, and the whole place would have smelt like a distillery if it hadn’t smelt like a tobacco shop. Through the smoke might be made out the principal “lights” of the cross-country Turf, seated on tables, on the arms of chairs, on the coal-scuttle, and indeed even on the chimney-piece, where one energetic speculator, who has since risen to great fame in racing circles, and whose *penchant* for inaccessible spots was well known, had perched himself with a view to squaring his book with the greater ease.

Through the midst of this pandemonium I elbowed my way, closely followed by Bax, in search of such a haven of refuge as the recess on the far side of the fireplace might afford, and presently found myself wedged between a corpulent bookmaker and a long-whiskered gentleman then eminent as a wearer of “silk.”

Speculation on the Kilcrasher Handicap was rife, and my stout friend, in reply to a stentorian offer from a lank-haired sportsman with no perceptible linen to lay “six to one bar one,” shouted out his willingness to take five ponies he named the winner. While the discussion which followed this challenge was going on, I asked my other neighbour what they were “barring,” and found out that a five-year old from the “west,” who had won a big stake in his own country, and had a good deal the best of the weights, was the selected of the talent. “And you’ll find that he’ll run a great horse,” said my informant. “Hocus-Pocus, by Balderdash, out of Abracadabra, is bred to stay both sides, and can go a docker at the finish.” The Snipe, an uncommonly smart

'mare, who was also well in, and Drumstick, the property of a sporting soldier, were next in the betting; while a seasoned old chaser called Gridiron, who carried the well-known colours of the veteran Ratigan, came in for a moderate share of public support.

'Against this last-named horse, however, the faces of the knowing ones were resolutely set, and a merry-eyed little man near me remarked that he was altogether outclassed, as, though an undeniable fencer, he never could "go fast enough to make himself sweat." At this observation I saw Bax's countenance fall, and observed him shove a little leather book, which he held in his hand, with some violence into his pocket; after which he turned on his heel and proceeded to fight his way towards the door. I then lit a cigar, and, having been supplied with a muddy tumbler of some mixture in which spirits of wine played a prominent part, surrendered myself to the pleasures of the place, and retired to rest eventually with a somewhat flushed face, having smoked more than was good for me, and backed Hocus-Pocus for a moderate stake.

'Next morning I awoke with a feeling as if I had two skulls on, one over the other, and the inner one *loose*. You might have fried eggs on my head, and altogether I was in the last stage of "chip-piness." I was not quite sure, either, that I had done right in backing the western horse; and after an elaborate toilette, I came down to an indifferent breakfast in anything but a pleasant state of mind, which will account for my conduct to poor Bax, who had evidently something to communicate, and upon whom I "jumped" in a manner that shut him up like a shot. Then the trap (a kind of nondescript waggonette with a good deal of the cattle-truck about it) came round, and after a false start or two we were fairly launched on our way to Grogstown. Well, you know, I'm not going to describe the road, or the country, or anything of that kind. You both know all about it, and if you don't, it's not my line. It's enough to say that we got to the course in good time, and having manœuvred our trap into the best position obtainable, made our way into the inclosure.

'The first race was a purely local business, and I forget all about it; the second—the Grand Military—was a foregone conclusion, and scarcely produced anything like a struggle; third on the card stood the Kilcrasher Handicap, and as the numbers went sliding up the posts the fever of betting reached its climax. Loud above the roar could be heard the voice of my lank and linenless friend the bookmaker, eager to lay against Hocus-Pocus, the Snipe, or Drumstick; the first-named now headed the betting at 4 to 1, and a shout of "any price, outsiders," preceded the offer, on the part of another speculator, to lay 50 to 10 against Ratigan's two, coupled. Running my eye down the list of entries, which amounted to sixteen, I then noticed—what had hitherto escaped me—that Ratigan had a second string to his bow; but as this



'animal, a four-year-old called The Slater, was printed last, and quite unknown to fame, I may be excused for having overlooked him.

'There were two great crowds in the saddling inclosure; one round the Snipe, who was the local favourite, and the other, and the bigger crowd, round Hocus-Pocus. Jamming myself into a front place in the ring which surrounded this much-fancied horse, I took stock of him to the best of my ability, and with every disposition to think that I had been over-hasty in backing him, I could not deny his good looks, nor the perfection of his condition; if anything perhaps he was a *leetle* fine-drawn, but there was a bloom on his coat and a brightness in his eye that were most reassuring; one of the finest riders in Ireland stood glittering in purple satin, ready to mount him, and altogether my spirits rose, and I began to fancy I had dropped on to a good thing.

'As I was standing smiling on Hocus-Pocus, I felt myself touched upon the elbow, and Bax, in a rather plaintive voice, asked me to come with him for a moment. "I want you to look at The Slater," said he; "Ratigan's other horse, you know; he's just over there;" and turning a corner at the back of the stand, I found a small group, amongst whom I recognised two well-known Turfites, collected round the four-year-old, which Ratigan was himself saddling. Well, you never saw such a four-year-old; he was as long as a ship, and as thick as a bull, and looked more like carrying a lump of weight to hounds than anything else. "By Gad," said I, to Bax, who was anxiously watching my face, "he's a rare sort, though he has hardly the look of a galloper." "Is it gallop?" said a dirty little man by my side; "wait till you see him extended, he can make ould Gridiron lie down at the end of three miles, weight for age, and he'll lave the Galway horse 'stone cold' before they come to the hill this day." "Who rides him?" asked I. "Don't you see?" replied he; and sure enough, within a couple of yards of me stood Captain Macarthy, extricating the well-worn sleeves of his green jacket from an old white coat. "But I thought the Captain rode Gridiron," said I hastily. "So did a number of 'em," answered my dirty acquaintance, drily. "Come on, Bax," said I, much put out; "we've seen enough of this."

'Bax's face was flushed, his eyes sparkled. "Do you think I did right?" said he eagerly. And as we walked back to the Stand, he confessed that, determined to back the green jacket, and deterred from putting his money on Gridiron by the contemptuous way in which he was spoken of in the coffee-room overnight, he had screwed up his courage to lump it on the young 'un, and getting on at the remunerative price of 12 to 1, now stood to win two hundred and forty on the event. I'm afraid I didn't receive this information cordially; all the time he was talking I was thinking how little it would suit me to drop my pony over Hocus-Pocus; nor was my good-humour increased by the Hon. Tristram

' Twomey, who accosted me briskly as I neared the betting ring on my way back to the Stand, exclaiming, "Hullo, I say, here's a game! they're backing Ratigan's second string like wildfire, and the Galway quad has gone to 7 to 1." How I cursed that aristocrat—his pasty face, his profuse jewelry, and his problematical ancestors, as I made my way to the stand through a mob of "metallicians," who appeared principally occupied in laying the shortest possible odds to gentlemen anxious to invest on The Slater.

' After a prolonged scramble over other men's boots, Bax and I found ourselves halfway up the flight of rough wooden steps which then formed the Stand at Grogstown. The course was rapidly clearing, a strapping bay horse, ridden by a man in yellow, was being led through the wooden gate of the inclosure, and a loud-voiced gentleman immediately behind me exclaimed, as he brought his race-glasses heavily against the back of my head, "Whoever wins, we'll have an elegant race for it!"

' There was only one absentee out of the sixteen on the card, and out of the fifteen who followed one another on to the course, Hocus-Pocus, in spite of his recent decline in the betting, undoubtedly took the public fancy most. He was a fine sliding goer, with beautiful action in front, and, as a man near me remarked, "stole along like a fox." Drumstick was also a taking horse, though a trifle overtopped, and the Snipe a very chasing-looking mare. The Slater came last but one, and as I looked at him I took courage. He appeared to fight a good deal with his bridle, and, though a strong romping galloper, hardly showed to advantage next such animals as Hocus-Pocus and the Snipe.

' At last the whole lot were mustered at the post, and, after a couple of failures, were dismissed to a fair start, the Snipe getting away in front, and the Galway horse lying last as they charged the first fence. Over this they all got without a mistake; and bar a refusal and a fall, which extinguished what small chance a couple of rank outsiders might ever have possessed, there was no accident worth mentioning till they came to the brook—the only artificial jump in the race: into this obstacle Drumstick fell with a splash which delighted the country people, and the Snipe being now indulged with a pull, Gridiron went on with the lead, evidently making the pace for his stable-companion, who, boring and snatching at his bridle, lay next to Hocus-Pocus in the rear.

' Thus they came round the bend and passed the Stand for the first time, Gridiron still leading, but palpably tiring under the weight, and all the others named going strong and well. Half-a-mile farther on the old horse's bolt was shot, and Hocus-Pocus coming through his field with a rattle, assumed the command, with the Snipe and a grey, whose name I think was Sea-gull, in attendance. In this order they charged the wall, and here a loud shout announced the fall of the mare, who stood away too far, and taking it with her knees fell heavily. Shortly after this we lost sight of the field, as they

'disappeared into a dip, on emerging from which Hocus-Pocus was still in front, waited on by the grey. The Slater some lengths behind in company with something in blue, and nothing but the four had the ghost of a chance. Indeed, the bulk of the public seemed to think there were only two in it; and loud shouts of "Hocus-Pocus walks in!" "Galway for ever!" rose from the Stand, mingled with yells of "Sea-gull, Sea-gull, in a common trot!" I looked at Bax; he had turned very pale, and his fingers worked the wheel of his race-glasses nervously—all at once he flushed up crimson; the grey horse had bungled on landing over the last fence but one, and in a second Hocus-Pocus was two lengths ahead of him, to all appearance winning in a canter—only one fence, and that a small one, between him and home, the field beaten off (for it was evident that the grey had bungled from exhaustion): it was all over but the shouting, my hundred was as good as in my pocket, and my only sorrow was that I hadn't put two ponies instead of one on him. The Galway horse was eased as he came at the last obstacle, and I took my binoculars from my eyes with a sigh of relief. Just as I did so, a yell that made me jump came from the crowd below, and was taken up by the Stand, and bringing my glass to bear, I saw, to my horror and astonishment, that The Slater, who had been creeping up during the struggle between the leading pair, had come with "a wet sail" and catching Hocus-Pocus hand over hand was now within a length of him, and apparently full of running; three strides after jumping the last hurdle they were head and head, and ran locked together to the distance, the young 'un, who had always a little the best of it, ultimately winning a fine race by a short half-length.

'Well, it was over; and nothing remained but to pay and look pleasant. Pay I eventually did, of course, and the looking pleasant came in time, after a triple lunch in the little culinary camp behind the Stand, where I looked with terror at Bax—usually abstemious—as he floated a very "sorty" lunch, with a greater mixture of drinks than ever came out of any conjuror's bottle.

'And then there was the Farmer's Race, and gambling in gloves, and vinous flirtation, and that parting glass of "dry" at the door of a coach, which always takes place as the tents are coming down; and then we scrambled into our trap, and so home, all of us in a state of more or less muzzy good-humour, except the Major, who was in the lachrymose and moralising stage of liquor, and who kept muttering to himself: "Steeplechasing is dangerous, d—d dangerous. "It ought not to be allowed in a christian country, by ——."

'Bax not only won his money, but got paid; and became such a great card amongst the other ensigns on the strength of landing what was to them a very big stake, that he conceived a passion for the Turf, and lost a great deal of his natural rest trying to dream of winners. He succeeded in having a vision in which an old gentleman in a blue coat and brass buttons—supposed to be the ghost of Mr. Gully—appeared to him, with a request that he

' would back Hospodar for the Guineas in Macaroni's year ; and  
' used to spend half his morning over that part of the sporting papers  
' in which " Vindex " or " Jackson and Saxon " announce that their  
' Derby outsider is now at a thousand to one, and will start at  
' evens, or that they are prepared to forfeit five hundred pounds if  
' they do not name the winners of the Autumn handicaps for the  
' next two years.

' He had a little luck just at first, and I will do him the justice to  
' say that he always wanted me to have a chance of sharing it, point-  
' ing out to me how easy it was to make my fortune with the help of  
' pluck, and what enormous sums were lost by not backing certainties  
' with spirit. Altogether he showed a good deal of gratitude for my  
' former kindness, and if I'm not now in the poor-house, it's not his  
' fault.'

' And what became of him ? ' asked Spokeshave, as our stout  
friend finished speaking.

' Tomkinson,' said Fogarty, turning to me, ' do you remember  
' my writing to you some time ago about a small clerkship in a  
' shipping agent's office which I was trying to get for a broken-down  
' comrade ? '

' Perfectly,' replied I.

' Well, *that* was Bax.'

ASHPLANT.

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## WITH THE BROOKSIDE HARRIERS.

MOST visitors to the South Coast know that between Brighton, Newhaven and Lewes, taken as outside points, lies a strip of high down-land, so hilly as to be nearly mountainous, and bounded by the river Ouse and the low-lying meadows between Newhaven and Lewes on one side, and the sea on the other, while the base of the triangle, if we may so term it, is formed by the valley along which runs the Brighton and Lewes road and the railway. This little area has now for a very large number of years formed the hunting grounds of one of the most beautiful, and we may also say the most celebrated, packs of harriers in England, and, with the exception of a couple of meets which the Brighton have within this space—the Racecourse and Ovingdean—they have it to themselves. This pack, called the Brookside, was, we believe, many years ago kept at Lewes ; afterwards kennels were built at Ilford, when the celebrated John Saxby came into the Mastership ; and now, since the veteran has resigned the horn, Mr. Steyning Beard has become Master and huntsman, and built kennels at his place at Rottingdean. They have but two stereotyped meets, Newmarket Hill and Telscombe Tye, so small is the country ; yet for real sport, and style of turn-out, all who have hunted with them will admit that they are as near perfection as any harriers that could be found. Their fields are not generally so large as those that come

out with the Brighton, as the country is rougher and the hills steeper, so that it takes a good deal out of both man and horse to live with hounds when there is a scent, though fences are few and far between, and a sheep-hurdle is about the most sensational fence that can be found—unless, indeed, they run down into the Brooks, when the greater part of the field sit calmly on the hill and wait for their return; though some twenty years ago we remember seeing a couple of men go down past Rodmill, and jumping a post and rail into the meadows, ride a good ring with the pack, taking the drains in their stride as they came, much to the astonishment and edification of those they had left behind them on the hill.

Those were merry days when the horn of Jack Saxby was heard on the hill; but how few of the actors in those scenes are left! The veteran has retired and never comes near them now, and the rest, alas! are gone.

'Twas a merry lot, and much fun we have had with them. The Beards; the Verralls, John and Sam; the Saxbys, and others whose names have faded from memory, though we can well remember their faces. Never shall we forget the mirth that was aroused in the field when a stranger, somewhat young and green, went up to the worthy secretary (at that time) whose name is so well known in connection with one set of baths at Brighton, and in the innocence of his heart addressed him as Mr. Swimmer, and tendered his 'cap' or subscription, we forget which now. How astonished the secretary looked; and the confusion of the other on finding out his mistake can be better imagined than described. The fact of the matter was, he had heard some of the young ones in the field irreverently use that term in connection with the official in question, and thought it was his name, the others taking very good care not to deceive him until the mistake had borne its fruit.

But it is time we turned to the hounds themselves; and with truth may it be said that, in their peculiar sphere, they stand unrivalled. Our experience amongst hounds has been somewhat extensive, but in all our wanderings east, west, north and south, we have never seen aught like them. They are neither foxhounds, southern hounds, nor that kind which in many countries is accepted as the genuine type of modern harrier—that is, a hound standing from sixteen to eighteen inches, with a figure inclining to the foxhound shape, and a voice partaking of that of the harrier or beagle. In height they average about twenty-two inches, as high as many foxhound bitches, and are of the most beautiful hare tan-colour, many being as near as possible to what is now known as the Belvoir tan; yet the veriest novice who ever went to the Epping Hunt, or a meet at Maidenhead thicket, could tell the moment they trot up to the fixture that they are *not foxhounds*; still more would a sportsman see it when the hare is found and they get to work; for though going fast enough, when scent serves, to give an ultra-quick one on a thoroughbred all he can do to live with them up and down those steep combs, they are so free from flashiness that they

turn on the line without overrunning it a yard, even under great pressure ; and we have heard a good judge, who was certainly not prejudiced in their favour, express great surprise at the quickness with which they turned. Another great distinction between them and the foxhound is in the melodiousness of their voices, which, although not like the southern hounds, from which they are distinct in every way, are of a much deeper tone than those of foxhounds ; and if you are on a hill, and they in the valley beneath, come up to your ear with a peculiar ring which we never remember to have heard in any other pack. Moreover, unless our memory deceives us, they are clean made and by no means throaty ; can hunt a very low scent, and bear bringing out on the big side as regards condition very well. If we may give an opinion, however, we should say that they could stand a somewhat cheery huntsman, and one who could take an occasional liberty with them, better than most packs, save and except those composed of true southern hounds.

With regard to their origin or blood little is known by the outside public, as those in whose hands the management has been placed have stuck very much to their own blood ; and we have never yet been able to learn how the original pack was bred, or from whence derived. In a few, a very few instances, they have resorted to a foxhound cross for change of blood, and then carefully bred back to their original strains again, so as to preserve the *character* of the pack ; and Major Gaisford's pack at Worthing has been laid under contribution for a stallion hound or two. The small harriers never found favour in the eyes of the Brookside men ; and we heard of one who, looking over a justly celebrated pack which hunted on the Wiltshire Downs, remarked, ' These are the kind we ' hunt rabbits with.' If they have been shy of strange blood their own has also been kept hermetically sealed in the kennels, like that of Sultan at Burleigh, of King Tom at Mentmore ; and we have heard of a stratagem being pursued ere now by a neighbouring Master, in order to get a cross of this capital blood.

As may be expected, this isolation, if we may use the term, has acted somewhat to their own disadvantage, and we fancy that were a jury of *experts* to look over the Brookside they would pronounce them rather light of bone for their size ; but in other respects our idea is that they would pass muster very fairly. Of course, never having seen them on the flags, we could not give a decided opinion, though we may pronounce them a very beautiful pack in the field, matching in character and colour, as near what harriers should be in work as possible, and at the same time perfectly unique, as we never yet saw anything like them : the nearest perhaps being some of the sandy or lemon-and-white harriers met with in Devonshire, though we doubt ever having seen these pure ; they are not only lighter in colour, but in the formation of the head, than the Brookside.

Perhaps no one ever possessed a more sensible dog of any kind than Foreman, who was for nine years the guiding-star of this

pack. He never required a whip, though he was very independent in his casts; and they shortly came to know that when he made one on his own account it was almost a matter of certainty that he was right. But the following anecdote will show that, as regards sense in other things besides hunting, he was quite out of the common:—When at our old friend Mr. John Verrall's at Swanboro', Foreman saw a couple of cocks having a set-to, which he watched for some time; but at length, seeing one get decidedly the worst of it, he took him up in his mouth, and, with the greatest tenderness, conveyed him to a place of safety. For this act he obtained the nickname of 'The Policeman.' He was a son of Trojan and Famous, with whom Mr. Saxby won a prize for harriers, open to all England, some years ago. Mr. Beard has the old dog's head, and Mr. Philcox his fore-feet, made into an inkstand, as a souvenir of him.

We must, however, leave these old recollections, and endeavour to recall for our readers the Brookside as we last saw them, not so very long ago, on a fine autumn morning, when, turning our backs on all the attractions that Brighton could hold out to us in the shape of the various rinks, polo at Preston, croquet or badminton at the Pavilion, flirting on the pier, driving in the King's Road, or interviewing the sea-lions at the Aquarium, we took our road eastwards by the College, and over the racecourse towards Newmarket Hill, to once more renew our acquaintance with the Brookside. We had not journeyed far beyond the verdant turf of the Ovingdean course ere we were overtaken by a young man, who halted where we should turn off from the main road and take a rough-looking field-track for Newmarket Hill, and, to our surprise, instead of asking his way from a gaping rustic, as ninety-nine Englishmen out of a hundred would have done, he commenced to consult a pocket map, and very soon decided on the route which he had to take. From this cause we at once put him down for a foreigner, and a German; and on getting into conversation found that, although we had not quite hit the bull's-eye, we had not shot very wide of the mark, as he informed us he was a Bohemian, and that in his country they had a capital pack of staghounds, kept by his father, which showed excellent sport; and that being in Paris, he had run over to England purposely to have a day's hunting, and should commence his journey back after having had a ride on the Arundel coach next day. Of course he was on a hired horse, and as he told us, one of the worst he ever rode in his life; but all honour, we say, to a youth who would come from Paris to Brighton for the sake of one day's hunting. Verily, his heart must be in the right place; and we venture to predict that the staghounds will not suffer if, in the order of nature, they pass into his hands. A pleasant trot with the stranger brought us to the place of the meeting, where we found Mr. Steyning Beard, the present Master and huntsman, on one of the cleverest and best-looking bay horses, for any country, we ever ran our eye over—a real short-legged, short-backed, bloodlike nag, that has every appearance

of living the pace, even up and down these terrific hills, when hounds run their hardest. In reserve was a chesnut of even more character, one that no man might have been ashamed of sending on from Melton or Market Harborough to throw down the gauntlet to the best, with the Quorn, Pytchley, or Mr. Tailby's. Around was grouped the pack, beautiful as ever, showing that, as regards appearance, and as we afterwards learnt in all other respects, they had lost not a jot of their excellence while in his hands. A strong pack—as Mr. Beard was anxious to give the young ones a good bit of work—and had we judged of them from the meet only, we should have said full high in flesh; but the remark of a very fast one on a winner of races, made after a quick spurt, to the effect that 'he did not think the great fat beggars could have gone so fast,' proved that no mistake had been made in this respect. Jack Funnell, who, on a smart little chestnut mare, was keeping a sharp eye on the youngsters, to check any disposition to break away, and who tradition asserts was born in the kennel, appeared to be especially proud of his charges; and well indeed he may. The first to greet us was Mr. J. Philcox, from Preston, whose character as a sportsman, both in England and at the antipodes, where he at one time kept and hunted a pack of fox, or rather we should say, dingo-hounds, is too well known to need any eulogium from us. We had last seen him with Captain Lovell's buckhounds in the New Forest, some three or four years before, and were right glad to find he was hearty still, and the previous April had had better sport than ever with them, while his old snaffle-bridled brown horse appeared to feel the effects of the enemy as little as his master. Mr. G. Beard rode up on a good-looking chestnut; and Mr. Batman was out on a thoroughbred; also Mr. W. Goldfinch of Ashcombe, who is a very regular attendant. Mr. Gassiot, so famed for the excellence of his teams, was there on a weight-carrier; and Mr. Ingram on a very clever dark chestnut. There was to be seen a face well known in the shires—on a lengthy, bloodlike chesnut mare, who had all the appearance of being able to hold her own in any part of the country. Mr. Hankey, on his clever bay, was also there, as were Mr. H. Johnson, Mr. Armytage, and Mr. Hawke.

Mr. Dewé, the Master of the Brighton, had come to look at his neighbours' doings, and with him Tom Phillips, his then huntsman, who, on Satanella, was in no trouble about not being able to go the pace. George Champion also rode up to the top of the front hills to give his old brown mare a gallop on their elastic turf, as he said she was (unlike the majority of kennel horses) short of work. Besides, there were to be seen a somewhat motley assemblage; we might almost say Greeks, Turks, Infidels and Jews without overshooting the bounds of truth, for the most part well mounted and got up regardless of expense, so that could their ancestors have been transported to the scene, it would be great odds against their being able to recognise their own children, now they had thrown off the grub state and, butterfly like, come out in all the glory of new war-paint. But we



may leave them to their own devices, as few of those who are here really for sport will regret the moment when they turn their horses' heads for home in order that they may show their boots and breeches in the King's Road, and let Brighton generally, and their own set in particular, know that they have been hunting. Of one thing we may be very sure, which is, that we shall not see them going either up or down the front hills in pursuit of an afternoon hare.

But time is up, and the Master moves his horse away towards Middle Brow, where there appears to be a never-ending supply of hares, and soon the pack are streaming away over the long grass (there is literally enough to cut a good crop of hay in places), and here as elsewhere we see a few men really riding to the hounds and the rest skirting. By-the-way, unless you are very particular about the place you keep, and have enough horses to carry out your views as to sticking to the pack, it is no bad plan in this country to, as the Devonshire men say, head the Combe, for you will find it much easier to get down into one of those hollows than to get out of it again. By galloping round the top here we are in time to see the leading hounds cross the crest beyond with their huntsmen well up and going down into the low country by Swanboro', where they check, while the field stand on the top to watch proceedings.

Presently they hit it off, and having run the low ground until the hare is headed, she turns to face the steeps once more; and we cannot but pity Mr. Beard's bay as we see how gallantly he breasts it, but the chestnut is at hand to relieve him, never having been out of a trot yet; and as the hounds race once more across the Middle Brow, the Master is still in his pride of place. And beautiful as it was to hear the deep notes of the pack come up to us as we sat on the hill, it is equally so to see them soon race over the fine turf, where nothing but the best of blood and condition can live with them; then over the next hill into the strong gorse covert, where she works and doubles for some time; but short as she may turn, they turn with her inch for inch, and drive through the gorse, so that she is at length forced to leave it, and breaking away by Harvey's Stone, where Jack Funnell views her, sets her head straight for Rottingdean Height, beyond which the pack run from scent to view, and pull her down in the open after as pretty a gallop as any one need wish to see.

The luncheon men after this begin to fall off, but Mr. Beard soon finds another hare, and another capital run ensues, though it ends without blood; and after that, with a still smaller field, in fact only some six or eight, we have a still better gallop than either, which we shall not attempt to describe, as in this country the landmarks are so few that the account of one run reads much like another, however much they may really vary in character, and such an amount of sameness we should be sorry to inflict on our readers. Suffice it to say, that towards dusk we ride back into Brighton thoroughly satisfied with our day's sport, with the hearty kindly welcome we have met in the field, as well as that the Brookside have lost none of their old prestige, and we feel that they are in the hands of a gentle-

man who is as well calculated as any one we ever saw, to bring out and show to perfection the fine hunting qualities with which they are endowed. Mr. Beard, though as fine a horseman as ever sat in pigskin, and not to be beaten when with the foxhounds in the Weald of Sussex, which takes as much doing as most countries, with his harriers is one of the most patient huntsmen we ever saw. There is no galloping and holloaing a hare to death; hunt the hounds must, and hunt they do, and if they cannot kill their hare fairly she gets away, which, with anything of a scent, is not often the case. Long may they flourish, and may the time be short ere we once more find ourselves at Newmarket Hill or Telscombe Tye.

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## CRICKET.

### THE SCHOOL AVERAGES.

WE present our readers with the batting and bowling averages of the great schools for the season of 1876. Though in the early part of the summer the weather was cold and ungenial, the genuine cricket months were favoured with an amount of sunshine and warmth rarely experienced in this country; and the maxim, that it cannot be too hot for cricket, must have been put to a severe test in June and July of the present year. Certainly there was no falling off in run-getting generally, either on the part of amateurs or professionals, although their energies were severely taxed by the continually increasing calls made upon them in all parts of the country. Indeed bowlers and the field are more likely to feel the effects of intense heat than batsmen; and the increasing attention paid to the ground is another and an important point in favour of the latter. We are somewhat surprised therefore that the returns from the great schools show a falling-off in the number of runs obtained as compared with last year, though in some instances it must be admitted that fewer matches have been played than in the preceding season. Last year three batsmen obtained more than 600 runs each, but this season only Mr. Forbes of Eton has achieved that distinction. It is probable, however, that had Mr. Steel of Marlborough played 17 innings, as last year, instead of 13, he would have equalled, if not surpassed, his performance in 1875. Besides these two batsmen, Mr. Taylor of Cheltenham is worthy of special notice, he having accomplished a total of 577 runs. Mr. Fowler and Mr. Greene, both of Clifton, took part in 10 and 11 innings only; and, judging from the uniformly good play they exhibited, they would most certainly have passed the coveted 'five hundred' had they played the customary number of matches. In addition to these batsmen, we may mention Mr. Moore of Cheltenham, Mr. C. J. Fox of Westminster, and Mr. Meek of Harrow, as having well sustained the reputation of their respective schools; but we think that in assigning

the pre-eminence among all the above-named players to Mr. Forbes of Eton we shall not meet with a single dissentient voice. Mr. Forbes, who was unable last season to do full justice to his powers, came out this year in his true colours, and showed himself a most finished batsman. His fine average of 41 runs per innings was obtained against all sorts of bowling, and his innings at Lord's quite broke the hearts of the Harrow eleven, and won the match for Eton at the very outset.

But if the batting averages for 1876 are in some respects disappointing, the bowling averages are of conspicuous merit. Mr. Dobbie's (of Charterhouse) analysis has been rarely, if ever, equalled by any school bowler; and to his bowling, supported as it was by the very effective deliveries of Mr. Wood at the other end, is due the signal success of Charterhouse, which, though by no means strong in batting, won thirteen out of fifteen matches in the past season. Mr. C. J. Fox of Westminster, Mr. Forbes, Mr. C. M. Smith, and Mr. Portal, all of Eton, and Mr. Steel of Marlborough, come next among the most successful bowlers of the season; and all of these obtained their wickets at a cost of less than 10 runs per wicket. A glance at last year's returns will show what a striking improvement has been made in this important department of the game; and with what beneficial results. Last year, for instance, Charterhouse lost every match but one; this year the position has been almost literally reversed, entirely through the improved bowling, the batting having remained pretty much *in statu quo*.

With these few remarks, we may proceed to deal with the averages in order, premising that our best thanks are due to those correspondents who have favoured us with information as to the special characteristics of the elevens of their respective schools. Eton had three old hands in the eleven, of whom Mr. Forbes was a host in himself, while Mr. Ruggles-Brise and Mr. Whitfeld both improved their averages. It is, of course, an incalculable advantage to any eleven to have such a batsman as Mr. Forbes, who usually went in first, who invariably played the game and got runs, and who set an example to his colleagues, which they were not slow to follow, as well as putting them in excellent spirits. Mr. Forbes towers above his comrades in 1876 as conspicuously as Mr. A. Lyttelton did in 1875, in each year there being a wide gap between the first and second batsman in the eleven. Last year Mr. A. Lyttelton was 400 runs ahead of Mr. Forbes, and now Mr. Forbes is 358 runs ahead of Mr. Goodhart. The latter gentleman has done well in this his first season as a member of the eleven, and has a good average of 20. The betting averages of Eton, however, read well all through, and are a great improvement on those of last year. In bowling also Mr. Forbes and Mr. C. M. Smith are a long way in advance of the majority of school bowlers, as the subjoined analysis will show; and Mr. Portal has done a minor share of the bowling with considerable success. Mr. Whitfeld, who promised well last year, has gone off in his bowling, having apparently devoted himself

more to batting, in which he has made a considerable advance. On the whole, though Eton must have missed the exceptionally brilliant hitting and wicket-keeping of Mr. A. Lyttelton, the loss has been made up by an accession of sound, reliable strength, both in batting and bowling, to the eleven; and the universal testimony of the numerous antagonists of Eton this season has been that the most illustrious of English schools had an eleven in every way worthy of its name and fame.

## THE ETON ELEVEN BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Number of Innings.	Times not out.	Total Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Average.
W. F. Forbes . . . . .	16	0	659	181	41·1
E. J. Ruggles-Brise . . . . .	16	0	288	61	18·0
H. Whitfeld . . . . .	15	1	244	112	17·4
Hon. Ivo Bligh . . . . .	17	1	276	73	17·2
J. E. K. Studd . . . . .	15	0	197	33	13·1
H. C. Goodhart . . . . .	16	1	301	55	20·0
L. Bury . . . . .	17	2	255	72	17·0
G. H. Portal . . . . .	16	5	127	20	11·5
C. W. Foley . . . . .	13	1	139	35	11·5
C. M. Smith . . . . .	13	5	54	12	6·7
F. P. Gervais . . . . .	5	0	96	46	19·2

## THE ETON ELEVEN BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Balls.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Wides.	No Balls.	Average Runs per Wicket.
W. F. Forbes . . . . .	1321	117	423	43	4	3	9·9
C. M. Smith . . . . .	1240	108	379	38	0	0	9·9
G. H. Portal . . . . .	528	46	188	19	1	0	9·8
L. Bury . . . . .	456	46	182	12	7	2	15·1
H. Whitfeld . . . . .	237	13	98	4	4	3	24·5

Harrow was as unfortunate this year as Eton was successful; and yet there were good batsmen in the Harrow eleven, as their averages clearly show, and the Captain, Mr. Meek, worked energetically for his school. Though the character assigned to him of being without defence or patience is just what is not wanted in the Captain of a school eleven, yet we think that Mr. Meek showed himself much better than his character. At any rate he stands where a Captain should stand, at the top of the list as a run-getter, and with the highest average; and a batsman who can keep up an average of 24 runs per innings all through the season must have considerable merits, even if defence and patience are not to be numbered among them. Of the newcomers into the eleven, of whom there were six, Mr. Blaine was probably the best batsman, though Mr. Hardinge and Mr. Whitaker, who generally went in first, sustained their character for steadiness. There was not, however, a batsman in the eleven equal, or approaching in merit to Mr. Forbes; and the

deficiency in strong and effective batting was not atoned for by any distinguished excellence in bowling. The Harrow bowling, it must be admitted, was poor stuff, though, judging from the averages, it must have been successful on some occasions at no very great cost. Its radical weakness was speedily manifested at Lord's, when Mr. Forbes took the measure of it in the first hour of the match; and it never recovered from the rude treatment to which he subjected it. The reasons which place Harrow at a disadvantage with Eton in cricket, and which, save in very exceptional years, make the contest between the two schools unequal, are too well known and understood to need any reference to them in this place.

## THE HARROW SCHOOL BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Number of Innings.	Times not out.	Number of Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Most in a Match.	Average.	Order.
H. E. Meek . . . .	14	0	338	113	113	24·2	1
G. G. S. Grundy. . .	14	2	224	57	68	18·8	3
L. G. Clough-Taylor .	13	1	223	69	69	18·7	4
A. F. Stewart . . .	11	0	61	16	16	5·6	10
S. F. Charles . . . .	13	2	191	30	33	17·4	6
L. K. Jarvis . . . .	12	3	161	45	45	17·8	5
Hon. C. Hardinge . .	14	0	162	24	32	11·8	8
A. J. Whitaker . . .	12	1	117	30	30	10·7	9
H. F. Blaine . . . .	11	4	144	39	55	20·4	2
A. B. Giles . . . .	8	2	76	22	28	12·4	7
C. J. E. Jarvis . . .	3	0	9	6	7	3·0	11

## THE HARROW SCHOOL BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Number of Balls.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Wides.	Runs per Wicket.	Order.
H. E. Meek . . . .	370	22	126	12	2	10·6	3
G. G. S. Grundy . . .	458	22	182	10	2	18·2	6
L. G. Clough-Taylor .	134	5	56	6	0	9·2	1
A. F. Stewart . . . .	428	28	167	9	3	18·5	7
L. K. Jarvis . . . .	256	2	130	10	0	13·0	5
A. B. Giles . . . .	276	14	109	11	1	9·10	2
C. J. E. Jarvis . . .	65	5	25	2	0	12·1	4

*Characters.*

*H. E. Meek* (Captain). As a bat, hits hard, but has very little defence and no patience, too fond of a hit. Bowls fast, and usually fields mid-off.

*G. G. S. Grundy*. Good bat; if well set very dangerous hitting, especially clean and hard on off-side, but too fond of a hit. Fair field at point. As medium-paced bowler not so good as last year. (Has left.)

*L. G. Clough-Taylor*. Steady bat, with excellent defence, has played one or two remarkably good innings in course of year. Good field at cover slip. Bowls slow round, at times with success. (Has left.)

*A. F. Stewart*. As good a bowler as last year, with the same delivery, though ill-luck again followed him to Lord's. In batting, however, has been far from improving; and leaves much to be desired in the field. (Has left.)

- S. F. Charles.* Keeps wicket very fairly. Good bat if he plays steady, but is far too fond of a slog. (Has left.)
- L. K. Jarvis.* Fine bat, combining defence with great hitting power, and should train on into a first-class batsman. Beautiful field at long leg and cover point; and has done immense service with lobbs. (Has left.)
- H. F. Blain.* Good bat with strong defence, and makes runs fast when set. Has played well all through the season, notably at Lord's. Good field, and can always be depended on to do his best anywhere. (Has left.)
- Hon. C. Hardinge.* Goes in first. Good defence, and has played some excellent innings during the season; very lazy in field. (Has left.)
- A. J. Whitaker.* Also goes in first. Has excellent defence and good leg-hitting. Splendid long stop, and to be depended on anywhere in the field. (Has left.)
- A. B. Giles.* Good defensive bat, and makes most of his runs behind the wicket by capital cutting and leg-hitting. Bowls very fair medium with neat action. Capital field anywhere.
- C. J. E. Jarvis.* Fair bat, cutting especially neatly. Fair field; and can bowl on occasion, in which department ought to do good service next year.

Winchester had three of last year's eleven, including the two bowlers, Mr. Thornton and Mr. Rooper. The latter seems to have kept up his bowling well; but the former has been terribly expensive, and his wickets have cost twice as much as in 1875. In batting Mr. Thornton has slightly improved his average, from 14 to 19; but the most useful member of the eleven seems to have been a new importation, Mr. Moon, who has scored the most runs, and though only employed as a change bowler, has got his wickets at far less expense than any of his comrades. Mr. Baines has also acquitted himself creditably in batting, and Mr. Druitt, it will be seen, has been largely relied on in the bowling department. Winchester possessed, on the whole, an average eleven in 1876, with no man of great mark among them, such as Mr. H. R. Webbe, who in 1875 carried all before him.

<sup>a</sup> WINCHESTER COLLEGE BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Number of Innings.	Total Runs.	Times not out.	Most in an Innings.	Average.
W. A. Thornton. . . . .	10	172	1	48	19·1
R. B. A. Prichard . . . . .	13	197	0	33	15·2
A. H. Rooper . . . . .	12	88	1	21	8·0
J. A. Fort . . . . .	14	155	1	28	11·12
M. J. Druitt . . . . .	12	84	3	21*	9·3
J. Eyre . . . . .	10	133	1	50	14·7
F. S. Baines . . . . .	13	218	0	69	16·10
A. W. Moon . . . . .	14	243	0	80	17·5
W. H. B. Bird . . . . .	14	132	0	32	9·6
W. R. Sheldon . . . . .	11	154	1	74	15·4
S. J. Wilson . . . . .	13	90	4	28*	10·0

\* Not out.

WINCHESTER COLLEGE BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Wides.	Total Balls.	Maidens.	Total Runs.	Wickets.	Runs per Wicket.
W. A. Thornton . . . . .	2	583	28	290	9	32·2
A. H. Rooper . . . . .	13	1582	96	612	50	12·12
M. J. Druitt . . . . .	6	1563	117	651	30	21·21
A. W. Moon . . . . .	2	362	16	133	17	7·14
S. J. Wilson . . . . .	1	107	3	58	3	19·1

Westminster, which retained the services of five members of the eleven of 1875, makes but a poor show in batting this year. The Captain's average of 5 runs per innings is, we should fancy, the smallest ever set down to the credit of the head of a public school eleven; and it has often struck us with astonishment that a run-getting ground, such as that which the Westminster boys have the good fortune to possess, should produce so few run-getters. Mr. C. J. Fox, though his average has declined from 35 to 27 runs per innings, has well sustained the credit of his school; and but for him Westminster batting would indeed have been a beggarly affair. Mr. Alington's average is not really so good as it looks, for he has played in only a few matches, and his two 'not outs' have helped very much to raise him in the list. The bowling averages of Westminster are much more worth looking at. Mr. C. J. Fox has done very nearly as well as last year; Mr. Hicks not quite so well. Mr. J. R. Fox bids fair to succeed to the position of his brother; but Mr. Alington, who did a little bowling last year with remarkable success, appears to have abandoned that department of the game.

THE WESTMINSTER SCHOOL BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Number of Innings.	Times not out.	Total Number of Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Most in a Match.	Average.
W. C. Aston (Captain) . . . . .	18	2	82	16	16	5·2
E. H. Alington . . . . .	7	2	93	30*	39	18·3
C. J. Fox . . . . .	15	2	360	69	73	27·9
G. A. Hicks . . . . .	20	1	180	30	45	9·9
C. B. Ryde . . . . .	21	1	81	13	19	4·1
J. R. Fox . . . . .	15	3	130	45*	50	10·10
B. M. Rogers . . . . .	18	1	76	18*	31	4·8
A. F. Gamble . . . . .	16	4	73	25	25	6·1
H. W. Abernethy . . . . .	19	3	70	16	18	4·6
A. M. Hemstey . . . . .	15	1	113	40*	40	8·1
W. N. Taylor . . . . .	16	2	108	38	47	7·10
H. C. Benbow . . . . .	13	2	114	45	62	10·4
A. E. Black . . . . .	9	0	42	14	16	4·6

\* Not out.

## THE WESTMINSTER SCHOOL BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Wides.	No-balls.	Runs.	Wickets.	Overs.	Maldens.	Average per Wicket.
Fox, C. J. . . . .	5	0	546	66	251	72	8-18
Hicks, G. A. . . . .	7	1	580	54	229	54	10-40
Fox, J. R. . . . .	1	8	396	37	164	48	10-26
Ryde, C. B. . . . .	2	0	163	22	50	15	7-9

Charterhouse had six of the old eleven, and the cricket statistics of this school are among the most remarkable of the season. The batting, though improved, as is evidenced by six instead of two of the eleven obtaining a double-figure average, is still the weak feature of Charterhouse cricket; but the bowling has been, for a school, unprecedentedly successful. Mr. Dobbie's average would be envied by the best professional bowler of the day, and it will be seen that while his wickets have cost little more than 5 runs each he has got a wicket almost every four overs. His bowling, therefore, has been not merely straight but destructive also, and he has had the singular good fortune to be backed up by another fast bowler, Mr. Wood, whose wickets have cost only a fraction over 7 runs each. A school bowler such as Mr. Dobbie is a *rara avis* nowadays, but a pair of them in one year at the same school is a most extraordinary stroke of good fortune, and their united efforts have made the cricket season at Charterhouse in 1876 the most successful on record. Mr. Dobbie will lose the services of Mr. Wood next year, and though there are some young bowlers coming on, it is too much to expect that any one of them will be able to help the Captain to rival the great feats of Charterhouse during the past summer. The Hon. Secretary of the Charterhouse Cricket Club has favoured us with a letter, from which we extract the following, which will, we think, be found interesting:—

‘By the averages it will be seen that our successes for the past season were owing almost entirely to our bowling, and our batting, I am afraid, did little towards them. Our fielding, however, was on the whole better and sharper than I have seen it for some time past. . . . It is worthy of notice that during the whole season only three elevens succeeded in getting over 100 runs in a single innings against us, the three scores being 103, 111, and 139. . . . The Marylebone Club score in their first innings was 28. We have three times got whole elevens out for less than 30 runs.’

We may just remark on this that school elevens generally set great store on their matches with the premier club of England. Nothing has given a greater stimulus to school cricket than the encouragement shown to it by the Marylebone Club, and the interest taken in it is testified by the matches with all the leading schools which now form a regular part of the M.C.C. programme.



## BATTING AVERAGES OF THE CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL (GODALMING).

NAMES.	Total Number of Innings.	Total Number of Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Most in a Match.	Times not out.	Average.
H. H. Dobbie . . .	22	218	26	30	1	10 $\frac{8}{11}$
*N. J. Abdy . . .	22	263	52	52	0	11 $\frac{2}{11}$
*A. W. Wilson . . .	22	263	71	71	0	11 $\frac{2}{11}$
E. F. Growse . . .	18	73	16	16	2	4 $\frac{1}{6}$
W. T. B. Hayter . . .	21	148	27†	29	1	7 $\frac{2}{5}$
E. L. Colebrooke . . .	21	207	44	47	1	10 $\frac{7}{9}$
*R. Wood . . .	21	158	31	38	3	8 $\frac{2}{9}$
O. Evan Thomas . . .	17	153	58	58	2	10 $\frac{1}{5}$
E. G. Colvin . . .	19	216	55	64	1	12
*G. H. Ainslie . . .	20	130	24	35	6	9 $\frac{2}{7}$
*H. Davidson . . .	17	67	13	15	8	7 $\frac{1}{9}$

## BOWLING AVERAGES OF THE CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL.

NAMES.	Total Number of Balls.	Total Number of Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Wides.	No-balls.	Average.
H. H. Dobbie . . .	1957	604	161	115	13	0	5 $\frac{1}{11}$
*R. Wood . . .	1689	674	104	95	8	0	7 $\frac{1}{9}$
*G. H. Ainslie . . .	232	84	17	5	2	1	17 $\frac{2}{5}$
E. F. Growse . . .	140	89	5	5	0	0	17 $\frac{1}{5}$
O. Evan Thomas . . .	27	11	1	3	1	0	4

N.B.—These averages are for foreign matches only, both batting and bowling. I have put a (\*) against the names of all who will have left before next season.

† Not out.

Result of Matches :—Played, 15 ; won, 13 ; drawn, 0 ; lost, 2.

*H. H. Dobbie.* Has proved a most successful Captain. To his extremely fast and excellent bowling our unusual number of victories during the past year may, in a great degree, be attributed. His batting is also very good, and his hitting splendid. He is very clever at fielding his own bowling, and is a safe catch.

*N. J. Abdy.* One of the best bats in the eleven. He has an excellent defence and fair hitting powers, and can generally be relied on for runs. His wicket-keeping, although this was the first year he tried it, was very good.

*A. W. Wilson.* Is a good but unsteady bat. He hits exceedingly hard when his eye is in, and has made several capital scores during the past season. A safe field at long leg and cover point, and a brilliant catch.

*E. F. Growse.* Bats in good style, but has been excessively unfortunate throughout the season, chiefly owing, we think, to nervousness. At times bowls well. Can catch really hard catches, but misses easy ones.

*W. T. B. Hayter.* Is a really excellent long stop, and safe catch. Possesses immense hitting powers, which have on occasions proved most serviceable ; but has been rather unfortunate throughout the year. Wants a better defence.

- E. L. Colbrooke.* The steadiest bat in the eleven, having a wonderfully good defence. He is most useful for breaking the bowling, goes in first always, and rarely fails to score. Should take more pains with his fielding.
- R. Wood.* A remarkably scientific and hard-working left-hand bowler. When Dobbie bowls at one end and Wood at the other, no one ever scores largely against us. His batting has been of great service to the eleven, and his loss will be deeply felt next year.
- O. Evan Thomas.* His style is good, but wants a better defence. He has, however, made some good scores this season, and should be very useful next year. A capital field at point.
- E. G. Colvin.* Is a very safe bat, his average being the highest. He is always good for a few runs, and is most useful. He can keep wicket fairly, but should pay more attention to his other fielding.
- G. H. Ainslie's* batting on several occasions, in times of need, proved very serviceable. His fielding is generally good, and he throws in well. His bowling did not come up to what was expected from the promise he showed last year.
- H. Davidson.* As a rule, makes runs when he goes in last, but never at other times. His style is good and promises well. There is plenty of room for improvement in his fielding.

At Marlborough Mr. Steel, who, with Mr. Templer and Mr. Burness, represented the eleven of 1875, was again first both in batting and bowling, and gained the bat and ball for the best average in both departments. Mr. Steel was not only first for the second time, but he showed a further advance on the very excellent form he exhibited last year. His batting average has risen from 36 to 45 runs per innings, and though he has done a very largely increased amount of bowling, his wickets have been obtained at less cost. Considering that he bowls slows, which must naturally meet with occasional punishment from resolute hitters, his bowling average of 9 runs per wicket must be considered very good. Mr. Steel is further distinguished as an excellent field, and Marlborough will have the advantage of his services for the season of 1877. Among the new members of the eleven we may particularly notice Mr. Lucas and Mr. Leach, who have good batting averages, and Mr. Wilson, who, as well as doing his share with the bat, has been Mr. Steel's main support in the bowling department. He is described as a medium-pace bowler, with high action, and effective on a lively wicket. It would seem that a fast bowler is wanted at Marlborough to add strength to an eleven which, in most respects, is fully up to the mark. The faults of the members of the eleven, as well as their merits, are faithfully pointed out in the subjoined remarks, which certainly cannot be said to be unduly flattering. Indeed, with the single exception of Mr. Steel, the Captain, almost every one of the eleven is depreciated rather than complimented. Mr. Lucas, for instance, is described as an uncertain batsman, though an average of 21 runs per innings might entitle its owner to some credit for safe run-getting. It will be observed that Marlborough won eight matches out of nine, beating, amongst other antagonists, Rugby and Cheltenham. The

match with the Marylebone Club is not referred to, however; but the drawn match between Marlborough and Liverpool was going on very well for the school when time was called.

### THE MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Runs.	No. of Innings.	Times not out.	Most in a Match.	Most in an Innings.	Average.
A. G. Steel . . . . .	548	13	1	121	121	45 $\frac{2}{3}$
J. M. Templer . . . . .	109	11	0	31	31	9 $\frac{10}{11}$
A. J. Burness . . . . .	105	14	3	49	35	9 $\frac{6}{11}$
G. D. Rowe . . . . .	110	12	1	21	21	10
C. P. Wilson . . . . .	234	14	0	80	72	17 $\frac{3}{7}$
W. Leach . . . . .	249	14	0	89	53	19 $\frac{11}{14}$
C. E. Grainger . . . . .	143	13	1	32	28	11 $\frac{11}{12}$
W. H. Hunt . . . . .	139	11	4	62	37*	19 $\frac{6}{7}$
F. M. Lucas . . . . .	250	14	2	73	63	21 $\frac{5}{6}$
G. Newby . . . . .	7	5	1	6	6	1 $\frac{3}{4}$
C. D. Bascom . . . . .	17	5	1	11	6	4 $\frac{3}{4}$

\* Not out.

The average bat was gained by A. G. Steel. Average 45 $\frac{2}{3}$ .

### INNINGS OF 50 AND UPWARDS MADE BY OR AGAINST M.C.C.C., 1876.

NAME OF MATCH.	Total 1st Innings.	Total 2nd Innings.	BAT-MAN'S NAME.	Score.	
				1st Innings.	2nd Innings.
M.C.C.C. v. Trinity College . . . . .	240	..	A. G. Steel . . . . .	121	..
M.C.C.C. v. Liverpool . . . . .	180	161	W. Leach . . . . .	53	..
W. S. Patterson's Eleven v. M.C.C.C. . . . .	143	..	{ A. G. Steel . . . . .	..	61
M.C.C.C. v. W. S. Patterson's Eleven . . . . .	..	159	{ W. S. Patterson . . . . .	56	..
Old Fellows v. M.C.C.C. . . . .	174	150	{ F. M. Lucas . . . . .	..	54
M.C.C.C. v. Old Fellows . . . . .	240	..	{ Capt. Harenc . . . . .	67	..
Cheltenham v. M.C.C.C. . . . .	105	..	A. P. Wickham . . . . .	..	93
M.C.C.C. v. W. Almack's Eleven . . . . .	188	..	C. P. Wilson . . . . .	72	..
M.C.C.C. v. Rugby . . . . .	154	..	F. M. Lucas . . . . .	63	..
			{ T. Moore . . . . .	51	..
			{ A. G. Steel . . . . .	55	..
			A. G. Steel . . . . .	34	..

### THE MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Balls.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Wides.	Average Runs per Wicket.
A. G. Steel . . . . .	1630	118	644	69	1	9'3
J. M. Templer . . . . .	167	14	82	7	7	11'7
C. P. Wilson . . . . .	1354	102	554	41	5	13'5
G. Newby . . . . .	197	20	81	8	11	10'12
C. D. Bascom . . . . .	194	12	107	6	1	17'8

Steel bowled one no-ball.

The average ball for the year was gained by A. G. Steel. Average 9'3.

*Characters of the Eleven, 1876.*

- A. G. Steel.* Has made a most energetic and excellent Captain, being a thorough judge of the game. Bats with great freedom, and has a splendid defence. Bowls slows with high action, and an extraordinary break both ways. A brilliant catch and field, especially to his own bowling. Captain for 1877.
- J. M. Templer.* An unsteady bat, inclined to hit too much. A first-rate field, catch, and thrower-in; bowls wildly, but has been known to come off. (Has left.)
- A. J. Burness.* Would be a batsman of no mean powers if he could play with a straight bat, which he did not do this season. A splendid field and catch; an erratic thrower-in. (Has left.)
- G. D. Rowe.* In the early part of the season showed great promise in batting, but got cramped up and lost his freedom of play. A very moderate field. (Has left.)
- C. P. Wilson.* Bowls straight medium with a high action; on a lively wicket is very effective. Bats in a style of his own, which though not elegant, is sometimes effective. A good catch and field.
- W. Leach.* Has taken great pains with his batting and has improved greatly. Has learnt to take the wicket fairly. (Has left.)
- C. E. Grainger.* A very fair bat, and has taken a great deal of trouble to improve: keeps a good straight bat, and can punish loose bowling. A painstaking field.
- W. H. Hunt.* A very lucky bat, with good powers for leg-hitting; is out of it to slows, though fair to fast. A sharp point. (Has left.)
- F. M. Lucas.* An uncertain left-handed batsman, who has played several good innings during the season, but wants pluck when he goes in. A very poor field.
- G. Newby.* Batting is not his forte. Bowls well on his day. Catches well and is a first-rate field. (Has left.)
- C. D. Bascom.* Is also not a batsman. A good fast bowler with a high action. Room for improvement in the field. (Has left.)

## MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE.

The following are the results of matches for 1876:—

## M.C.C.C. v. Exeter College.

M.C.C.C. . . . .	155
Exeter . . . . .	96
M.C.C.C. won by 59 runs.	

## M.C.C.C. v. Trinity College.

M.C.C.C. . . . .	240
Trinity . . . . .	60
M.C.C.C. won by 180 runs.	

## M.C.C.C. v. Liverpool.

M.C.C.C. . . . .	180	161
Liverpool . . . . .	127	
Drawn.		

## M.C.C.C. v. Patterson's Eleven.

M.C.C.C. . . . .	100	159
Patterson's Eleven . . . . .	143	74
M.C.C.C. won by 42 runs.		

M.C.C.C. *v.* Old Fellows.

M.C.C.C.	. . . . .	240	80 (3 wkts.)
Old Fellows	. . . . .	174	150

M.C.C.C. won by 7 wickets.

M.C.C.C. *v.* Cheltenham.

M.C.C.C.	. . . . .	206	109 (4 wkts.)
C.C.C.C.	. . . . .	105	205

M.C.C.C. won by 6 wickets.

M.C.C.C. *v.* Mayflies.

M.C.C.C.	. . . . .	153	
Mayflies	. . . . .	58	and 68 (7 wkts.)

M.C.C.C. won by 95 runs.

M.C.C.C. *v.* Almack's Eleven.

M.C.C.C.	. . . . .	181	
Almack's Eleven	. . . . .	124	

M.C.C.C. won by 57 runs.

M.C.C.C. *v.* Rugby.

Rugby	. . . . .	85	142
M.C.C.C.	. . . . .	154	77 (5 wkts.)

M.C.C.C. won by 5 wickets.

At Cheltenham one of the five new members of the eleven, Mr. Taylor, distinguished himself by getting the highest batting average, a trifle over 36, and the large total of 577 runs—the largest aggregate of any school batsman except Mr. Forbes of Eton. His play seems rather to have astonished his comrades, who seem hardly able to believe him as good as his performances make him out. Of the old players Mr. Moore, the Captain, made a substantial advance in his batting average from 9 to 21, and would have been top scorer but for the dark horse, Mr. Taylor. The Cheltenham bowling averages do not contrast favourably with those of other schools; but Cheltenham, it must be remembered, is a batsman's and not a bowler's ground. Mr. Milvain and Mr. Horner, who did a large share of the bowling, seem to have been as good as any of their comrades; but the very well-written comments on the eleven with which we have been favoured describe the former as 'not patient and steady enough' when his bowling is punished, and the latter as 'not accurate enough in pitch.' Some additional information has been supplied to us on the subject of Cheltenham cricket in 1876, which our readers may find interesting:—

'Although we cannot speak of our past season as a success, we may find some comfort in saying it was far more successful than that of 1875. It is true that in the matches against the Marylebone Club we came to utter grief, and there can hardly be an excuse for it. Certainly we had been knocking about for a week without practice just before our London match; but the sorry

' figure we cut is not to be excused by this. The eleven seemed to lack confidence in themselves, and when a panic set in nothing could stop it. We can, however, take a grain of comfort from our school matches. Marlborough had without doubt a splendid school eleven, and by them Rugby was only beaten by one wicket less than we were. Clifton had a good eleven, and in spite of our usual panic in the first innings we ought to have won. Our bowling was not very good this year, but better than last. In Horner we had a very straight fast bowler, while Druitt was very steady. With slows Milvain was not so successful as he deserved: with patience he will make a good slow bowler, as he uses his head very well. In batting we brought out a new man (Taylor), who will with care and perseverance make a first-class batsman. His average of 36 for a first year's man is very good, and his innings of 114 against Clifton and 100 against the Old Cheltonians stamp him a bat of no mean pretensions. Moore turned out a very pretty and correct bat towards the end of the season, and deserved without doubt a much higher average. In the field Taylor's long-stopping was very good, and Hayes at long-leg and cover point, and Morris at point were of immense use. Rushbrooke is about the best short slip we ever had, and out in the field is very brilliant. We cannot look back on our season without thinking we had material to have done better than we did, but somehow or other it did not come off when wanted.'

Perhaps the 'usual panic in the first innings' to which our correspondent alludes had something to do with the failures he deplures. It will be seen that Cheltenham fell all to pieces in the matches with the M.C.C. and G., and was also decisively beaten by Marlborough. The most signal success was achieved against the Old Cheltonians; though, had there been time to play it out, the match with Clifton would have almost certainly ended in a victory for Cheltenham.

## THE CHELTENHAM COLLEGE BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Total Runs.	Number of Innings.	Times not out.	Most in an Innings.	Most in a Match.	Average.
T. Moore . . . . .	430	22	2	85*	99	21.10
M. T. E. Morris . . . . .	276	17	0	53	66	16.4
W. Rushbrooke . . . . .	196	20	1	34	42	10.6
A. M. Hayes . . . . .	136	16	2	30	30	9.10
E. Druitt . . . . .	177	15	2	44*	44	13.8
C. E. Milvain . . . . .	269	18	0	48	48	14.17
R. H. B. Taylor . . . . .	577	19	3	114	135	36.1
C. E. Horner . . . . .	90	17	5	21	21	7.6
G. Harrison . . . . .	178	21	0	40	40	8.10
A. R. Trevithick . . . . .	159	16	2	24	24	11.5
E. V. David . . . . .	68	13	7	20*	20	11.2
A. J. Forrest . . . . .	21	6	2	14	14	5.1

## THE CHELTENHAM COLLEGE BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Wides.	No-balls.	Runs per Wicket
T. Moore . . . . .	256	179	13	5	3	0	35·4
W. Rushbrooke . . . .	796	417	50	14	2	1	29·11
E. Druitt . . . . .	806	431	69	30	1	3	14·11
C. E. Milvain . . . . .	1744	739	146	45	4	0	16·19
C. E. Horner . . . . .	1424	698	130	43	0	0	16·10
A. R. Trevithick . . . .	934	454	95	26	0	1	16·18
A. J. Forrest . . . . .	20	18	0	1	1	0	18·0

*Characters of the Eleven.*

- T. Moore* (21·10). Captain 1876, and a very successful one, considering the material from which he had to choose the eleven. A very useful man all round. Had a run of bad luck at the beginning of the season, but afterwards was the mainstay of the eleven. A very quick scorer, making by far the most of his runs on the off side, hitting hard and clean. Somewhat weak on the leg side, and does not play forward enough. His innings *v.* Marlborough and M.C.C. were as brilliant as useful. He did his best to encourage his eleven by the plucky manner in which he played an uphill game. A fair wicket-keeper, and bowls fast round hand successfully at times. (Has left.)
- M. T. E. Morris* (16·4). Captain for 1877. A successful and painstaking bat, and proved very useful by coming off when most needed. A very hard hitter to the on side, with fair defence, but lacks form, and is too fond of a pull. An excellent point, and always works hard.
- W. Rushbrooke* (10·6). Disappointing as a bat: has a good free style, but flourishes too much, and is apt to play at the pitch of the ball. When set hits well all round. A useful fast bowler at times, especially on a dead ground. One of the best fields in the eleven, being wonderfully quick at short slip. (Has left.)
- A. M. Hayes* (9·10). A hard hitter, plays in bad form, and is very weak on the off side. A good field at long leg, but does not show enough energy in the game. (Has left.)
- E. Druitt* (13·8). Greatly improved in batting, playing carefully and steadily. Has a good defence, and is fond of an on drive, but is wanting in freedom, and does not make enough use of his reach. A fair medium-pace bowler, somewhat deceptive in pitch, but sometimes expensive. Has the best bowling analysis of the year—14·11 runs per wicket.
- C. E. Milvain* (14·17). Bowls left hand slow round, and proved very useful this season. Dangerous on his day, but not patient and steady enough when his bowling is punished. Left-hand bat, and hits hard to the off and to leg, but has very little defence, and does not play with a straight bat. A good field and long thrower.
- R. H. B. Taylor* (36·1). A very good and useful bat, with a strong defence, and scored consistently throughout the season. His play is rather too cramped at present, though he shows considerable freedom at times when well set, having a good off drive, and seldom failing to turn leg-balls to account. With a little more freedom, and more forward play, he would undoubtedly become a first-class bat. Is a remarkably good long stop, very quick, with a good return.

- C. E. Horner* (7·6). A good, straight, fast bowler, with a little break back, but not accurate enough in pitch. Bats in fair form without much power. Careless in the field. (Has left.)
- G. Harrison* (8·10). A steady bat, with good forward play, and stubborn defence. An indifferent field. (Has left.)
- A. R. Trevithick* (11·5). Generally scored, hitting hard and well on the off side. Has not much defence. A useful change bowler (fast round) with a curl from leg, but not straight enough to depend upon. A slovenly field. (Has left.)
- E. V. David* (11·2). Showed fair form with the bat at times, but wants more life and vigour. A good cover point with a quick return. (Has left.)
- A. J. Forrest* (5·1). Got his colours as 12th man. A promising cricketer, bats in good free style, and can hit well all round. A good field.
- E. Peabody* (16). Got his colours first this season of the new caps, but left before either of our school matches. A useful, painstaking bat, generally scoring. Plays in a nice straight style, hitting well to the off; but is too fond of cutting balls on the off stump, weak on the on side. A fair field at long leg, and a good thrower. (Has left.)

## RESULTS OF MATCHES.

Opponents.	Where played.	When played.	Club.		Opponents.		Remarks.
			1st Inns.	2nd Inns.	1st Inns.	2nd Inns.	
MATCHES WON—5.							
R.A.C. Cirences-ter.	Cheltenham .	May 27 .	142	34*	101	..	41 runs, * wickets down
H. Gibson's Eleven.	„	June 6 .	188	..	45	62*	143 runs, * wickets down
Worcestershire .	„	July 13 .	162*	..	159	..	4 wickets, * wickets down
Cirencester Town	„	„ 15 .	206	..	77	..	129 runs.
Old Cheltonians	„	„ 24-25	286	47*	147	183	9 wickets, * wicket down
MATCHES DRAWN—5.							
Masters . . .	„	May 23-25	112	97*	279	..	*4 wickets down
Clifton Club. .	„	June 3 .	45*	..	224	..	*2 wickets down
Gloucester Club.	„	May 30 .	219	..	77*	..	*6 wickets down
Clifton College .	Clifton . .	June 15, 16	152	240	189	117*	*8 wickets down
Cotswold Mag-pics.	Cheltenham.	July 11 .	157*	..	188	..	*2 wickets down
MATCHES LOST—5.							
University Col-lege, Oxford.	„	May 20 .	98	..	237	..	139 runs.
Liverpool. . .	„	June 9 & 10	67	121	208	..	1 innings, 10 runs.
M.C.C.& Ground	„	„ 24, 25	142	69	223	..	1 innings, 10 runs.
Marlborough College.	„	July 4 & 5	105	205	206	109*	6 wickets, *4 wickets down
M.C.C.& Ground	Lord's . .	Aug. 3 & 4	57	88	231	..	1 innings, 80 runs.



Four of the 1875 eleven remained at Clifton to do their part in the cricket campaign of 1876. Of these, Mr. Fowler improved his batting average from 15 to 42 runs per innings, Mr. Greene from 10 to 59, and Mr. Evans from 12 to 28. These three gentlemen proved the mainstay of the eleven this season in batting; but that there is abundance of rising talent in the school is shown by the fact that five of the new members of the eleven obtained averages of 20 and upwards. Fewer matches were played than in 1875, or else the two leading batsmen of the eleven would probably have approached very near to the total of Mr. Steel of Marlborough, and Mr. Taylor of Cheltenham. In bowling, Mr. Evans has kept up the reputation he acquired last year, and Mr. Spence, who has the best bowling average of the season, is described as possessing a difficult break—a great desideratum for a medium-paced bowler. There seems no lack of bowling—including a lob bowler in Mr. Greene, who fields magnificently to his own deliveries—in the eleven, but it is for the most part expensive. We have not a list of the matches in which the Clifton eleven have taken part, but we observe that they have only lost once in 1876.

## CLIFTON COLLEGE BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Total Innings.	Total Runs.	Most in Innings.	Times not out.	Average.
H. Fowler . . . . .	10	422	96	0	42 $\frac{1}{5}$
A. D. Greene . . . . .	11	415	102	4	59 $\frac{2}{7}$
A. H. Evans . . . . .	11	312	102	1	28 $\frac{1}{11}$
G. S. Saxton . . . . .	6	26	12	1	5 $\frac{1}{5}$
L. G. Bonham-Carter . . . . .	7	158	65	0	22 $\frac{1}{2}$
R. L. Knight . . . . .	10	210	58	1	23 $\frac{1}{3}$
J. K. White . . . . .	12	250	49	0	20 $\frac{1}{12}$
C. Haynes . . . . .	9	168	76	2	24
H. Spence . . . . .	7	62	17*	4	20 $\frac{2}{3}$
H. C. Jones . . . . .	10	91	46	0	9 $\frac{1}{10}$
G. J. Younghusband . . . . .	7	83	38	0	11 $\frac{6}{7}$
S. D. Pears . . . . .	5	54	28*	2	18

\* Not out.

## CLIFTON COLLEGE BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Runs.	Balls.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Average.
H. Spence . . . . .	256	807	73	29	82 $\frac{1}{9}$
A. H. Evans . . . . .	482	1005	72	39	12 $\frac{1}{39}$
L. G. Bonham-Carter . . . . .	108	285	27	7	15 $\frac{2}{7}$
C. Haynes . . . . .	219	498	35	14	15 $\frac{9}{14}$
R. L. Knight . . . . .	282	570	39	16	17 $\frac{5}{8}$
A. D. Greene . . . . .	225	467	22	12	18 $\frac{3}{4}$
H. Fowler . . . . .	121	224	17	4	30 $\frac{1}{4}$

*Characters of the Eleven.*

- H. Fowler.* Very much improved as a bat: he has much stronger defence than last year, with fine hitting power. A fair change bowler and good field. The eleven has had a very successful season under his captaincy, having only lost one match. (Has left.)
- A. D. Greene.* The safest bat in the eleven, as his wonderful average shows: very patient, and has a strong defence: improved also in hitting power towards the end of the season. A useful lob bowler and magnificent field: he has won both the average bat and the prize for fielding, the latter for the second year in succession. (Has left.)
- A. H. Evans.* Still the best bowler in the eleven: rather over medium pace, with a good break, and uses his head well. He batted very well at the beginning of the season, but was unlucky later on. A good field. Captain for 1877.
- G. S. Saxton.* A very promising wicket-keeper. As a bat wants more dash and confidence: but he has played very little this year.
- L. G. Bouham-Carter.* A fine hitter, but too apt to try to send a straight ball to square leg. A useful slow round-hand bowler, with break from the off, especially difficult on a wet day. Wants life in the field. (Has left.)
- R. L. Knight.* Much improved all round since last year. A very useful left-hand bowler, deadly on a wet ground: bats freely, and in good style. A good field at point when he likes, but might be more active with advantage.
- C. Haynes.* A straight and good fast bowler, with a tendency to shoot. A lively bat, and improved in defence at the end of the season. Quick and good in the field.
- J. K. White.* One of the steadiest and safest bats in the eleven: he won the prize given for the greatest improvement among the new members of the eleven. A good field. (Has left.)
- H. Spence.* Bowls medium paced (left-handed) with a difficult break, and was very destructive at the end of the season. Hits hard, but in a somewhat rustic style: a fair field. (Has left.)
- H. C. Jones.* The long-stop of the eleven, and a very useful one. Hits hard, but rather high, and might be stronger in defence. (Has left.)
- J. G. Younghusband.* A steady bat, keeping up his wicket when most wanted. He wants more quickness and life in the field.
- S. D. Pears.* A good bat on the off side, but too apt to draw away from leg-balls. A good field, and bowls on an emergency.

## RUGBY SCHOOL. RESULTS OF MATCHES.\*

Opponents.	Where played.	When played.	Club.		Opponents.		Won by
			1st Inns.	2nd Inns.	1st Inns.	2nd Inns.	
MATCHES WON—6.							
Trinity College, Oxford	Rugby Close	May 13 .	200	..	122	*47	78 runs *1 w d.
Christ Church, Oxford	„	„ 20 .	180	..	167	..	13 runs.
Cambridge Uni- versity	„	„ 27 .	233*	..	96	..	137 runs *8 w d.
University Col- lege, Oxford	„	June 1 .	267	..	115	..	152 runs.
Brasenose Col- lege, Oxford	„	..	138	..	39	..	99 runs.
Rugby Club .	Club Ground	„ 19 & 20.	114	167	104	117	60 runs.
MATCHES DRAWN—5.							
Baliol College .	Rugby Close	May 18 .	221	..	151*	..	*8 w d.
Free Foresters .	„	June 12 & 13.	102	..	141	182*	*5 w d.
Old Rugbeians .	„	„ 29 & 30.	227	37*	469	..	*6 w d.
M.C.C.&Ground	„	July 5 & 6	227	215	149	122	
Rugby Club .	„	„ 8 .	151*	..	197	..	*7 w d.
MATCHES LOST—2.							
M.C.C.&Ground	Lord's .	„ 28 & 29.	68	187	273	77	18 runs.
Marlborough College	„	„ 26 & 27.	85	142	154	77	5 wickets.

\* Arrived too late for comment.

## RUGBY SCHOOL BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Number of Innings.	Times not out.	Total No. of Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Most in a Match.	Average per Innings.
E. T. Hirst . . . . .	16	1	336	100*	118	22'4
D. F. Burton . . . . .	16	0	284	80	80	17'7
C. M. Cunliffe . . . . .	18	0	349	63	63	19'3
G. L. King . . . . .	18	5	151	32	36	11'6
A. S. Bennett . . . . .	17	0	299	92	92	17'5
F. E. Speed . . . . .	15	0	363	62	65	24'2
S. E. Jones . . . . .	13	2	237	52	58	21'5
T. Hone . . . . .	18	1	236	46	46	13'8
W. J. M. Hughes . . . . .	12	3	190	37	55	21'2
F. L. Evelyn . . . . .	17	0	139	35	35	8'1
G. E. Turner . . . . .	13	4	83	27*	29	9'2

*Characters of the Eleven.*

- E. T. Hirst* (Captain). The best bat in the eleven, though unlucky during the season ; plays in excellent form ; cuts and drives well, with good defence ; first-rate field.
- D. F. Burton*. Took the Cup for bowling ; a dangerous bat, hitting very freely, and improved in style and defence ; very good field anywhere.
- C. M. Cunliffe*. Won the Cup given to the best all-round player ; a good driving bat, with strong defence ; successful, though somewhat expensive, bowler ; quick in the slips.
- A. S. Bennett*. Good bat and free hitter, but apt to be in too great a hurry to get runs ; fair field.
- F. E. Speed* (succeeds to the Captaincy). Took the Cup for best batting average ; a fine safe bat, sure to get runs, always playing the game ; fair field.
- S. E. Jones*. Good all-round player ; bats with great confidence ; a quick run-getter ; good change bowler (fast), and good field.
- T. Hone*. Bats in excellent form, and played some excellent innings ; showy field, and made some wonderful catches at long leg.
- G. L. King*. Excellent wicket-keeper ; much improved in batting, and played some very useful innings.
- W. J. M. Hughes*. Good, steady, and improving bat ; good field.
- F. L. Evelyn*. Promising bat ; good and safe field.
- G. E. Turner*. Hits freely ; useful change bowler, and safe catch.

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**'OUR VAN.'****THE INVOICE.—November Notes.**

ANYTHING but dark and drear were the opening days of that month sacred to fogs and, so say our neighbours, suicides. The latter ghastly theme we are not called to dwell upon, but if any of those wonderful French writers, men and women, who draw such curious pictures of this country, its inhabitants, its manners, and its customs, had been set down in the Park or Piccadilly on one of the days in 'the little summer of S. Martin,' they would have owned that London was not exactly the place they had depicted and learned to believe in. By-the-way on this subject, if our readers want to enjoy some fun, let them read a recently published French novel 'Vertu' (they can get it at Dulau's), because the scene is laid in England and among English people, and the author's ideas of both are charming. When we say that the hero is one 'M. James Trimmin,' that he is a captain in the Guards, a socialist, a teetotaler, and a street preacher ; that, being a poor man, he lives in 'a little house in Portland Place ;' and when, moreover, there is a sort of half-Indian, half-Irish peer, who every afternoon says his prayers 'at the golden altar' of St. George's, Hanover Square—the church, by-the-by, where the Primate

always preaches on Sundays; when nearly every man in the story produces a dagger out of his pocket on the smallest occasion, they will see that the book is an amusing one, and written by a gentleman or lady (we are not quite sure which) intimately acquainted with our habits and customs.

After 'The Great Divorce Case' comes the adaptation of another of its fellows from the same French source, at the Criterion Theatre, 'La Boule.' The management, doubtless relying on the success that attended the production of 'The Great Divorce Case,' are naturally sanguine of a similar reception being accorded to this new absurdity. 'Hot Water' is certainly not one of the most desirable of French compositions that could have been selected; but it has been shorn of some of its most piquant allusions, and dished up in its new home comparatively harmless. So far the translation may therefore be considered to leave no room for fault-finding, and as the popular verdict seems to be in its favour, it will probably yield a handsome return to the management. The subject is a familiar one, as much so on the French stage apparently as on our own. Matrimonial disunion is the burden of the plot, and a series of humorous complications which ensue furnish full scope for the talents of all concerned. Mrs. and Mr. Pattleton (represented by Miss Fanny Josephs and Mr. Charles Wyndham) are supposed to be mutually resolved upon a judicial separation, this determination having been arrived at after a whole chapter of domestic annoyances, carefully concocted by Moddle (Mr. Clarke), Mr. Pattleton's valet, who prefers that his master should resume his former bachelor habits rather than continue a benedict. Ultimately the parties find themselves in the Divorce Court along with Sir Philander and Lady Rose, whose petition is also before the Court. Witnesses are called who conduct themselves in the wildest and most eccentric manner possible; in the end, however, the treachery of the confidential Moddle is brought home to the delinquent, and a reconciliation in each case follows as a matter of course. There is really very little to criticise in a work of this description; it abounds with mirth-provoking situations, and in spite of minor defects, will assuredly form one of the chief attractions at West-end theatres for some time to come. The several parts are extremely well filled, and the acting is both humorous and good throughout. Miss Fanny Josephs takes a very strong position by her impersonation of the much-tormented wife, as does Miss Nellie Bromley as Mdle. Marietta of the Opéra Bouffe à la Mode. The costumes of the latter lady are in perfect taste. The part of Moddle could not have been in better hands than those of Mr. John Clarke, whose drollery alone would go far to secure a favourable reception for any piece. Mr. Righton and Mr. Standing acquitted themselves, as they always do, with credit in their respective rôles—the former as Sir Philander Rose, and the latter as a barrister. Mr. Wyndham was as full of energy and as versatile as ever in his new study, and it is to his talents and those of his clever company that the success of 'Hot Water' is almost placed beyond a doubt.

The 'Very Latest Edition of Robinson Crusoe' at the Folly Theatre is one of the most startling productions in which Mr. Henderson's company, with Miss Lydia Thompson at the head, has had to appear. That the new piece will prove an equal success with 'Blue Beard' is scarcely to be expected. Opera bouffe or burlesque submits to no conventional laws, and therefore it follows that what took the popular fancy in 'Blue Beard' may fail to hit the right mark in 'Robinson Crusoe.' Perhaps it is *toujours perdrix*, or we should relish the fun and extravagance in this case quite as much as we did

in the 'Blue Beard' days. The author has done his best to amuse, and is ably seconded by Miss Thompson and her staff of charming lieutenants. Can we say more, except that a great many liberties have been taken with the story as originally treated by our old friend Defoe? Those clever comedians, Messrs. Brough and Edouin, contrive, as usual, to share the honours of the comic element; and as the representation is in every other respect particularly bright and gay, there is no reason why the house should not fill for nights and nights to come. The excellence of the scenery, as well as the refined taste displayed in the dresses, is especially to be commended. As regards the latter, how could it be otherwise with Miss Lydia Thompson at the helm to direct? The costume of white fur which she assumes in the last act is something to see and to remember.

As it was fine in London, so it was in the provinces, and the good citizens of the faithful city of Worcester could scarcely believe their eyes when their race week arrived, and there was no water on Pitchcroft, and no tumultuous Severn ready to invade it, and neither rain nor wind interfered with their racing joys. We have before now sung the praises of the old cathedral city, its tricks and its manners, the worth of its citizens and the bright eyes of its citizenesses (they are not so bright, by-the-way, as they were), the snug lying in its inns, and the various attractions of the place. It keeps the even tenor of its way, we are glad to find; and Mr. Webb and Mr. Barnett, undismayed by the counter inducements of Brighton, Lewes, and Lincoln Autumns—racing infants not born or thought of when Worcester was in its prime—still held their own on Pitchcroft, and were able to give us three days' fair racing, in which there was no hitch or disagreeable of any sort—no going on the wrong side of a post, no very decided case of 'the strings' being on, no objections. Worcester rarely escapes some little incidents of this sort, and indeed everywhere during the November meetings, and particularly in the cross-country events, Captain Armstrong is generally to be seen—not in the front, for the gallant Captain is shy of that situation, but dropping back as they come into the straight, refusing or something of the sort. Why owners do these things—and we are bound to say both gentle and simple do them—it would puzzle us to explain. No one is taken in by these exhibitions; a handicapper, unless he wilfully shuts his eyes, would not take one pound from the shunted one's weight when he came to handicap him, the owner would not get one point better price about the horse when he wanted to back him. But still it is a very favourite game during November, and 'Steeplechase 'Airings' might form the subject of an article, but we are not going to write it.

The same brilliant weather favoured us at Liverpool, and we could scarcely realise it was Aintree when the sun shone every day; and though frost interrupted us at last, there were three days' excellent racing, as good as we have seen this year. The Messrs. Topham are liberal with their added money, and their liberality reaped a good reward. There were good fields for nearly every event, and that good horse The Speaker—whom we shall never see again on a racecourse, we regret to say—figured in the first, a Hurdle Handicap, for which he ought to have been favourite, but they backed Revenge instead. Now Mr. Swaine's horse is such a good one that even with his 12 st. 7 lbs. he was bound to render an account of himself, but the weight seemed to tell, and though the excellent Mr. Doucie, who rode The Speaker, did all he could to encourage him, he never showed in front, and Ratcatcher, who had made

all the running, beat the favourite Cocotte very easily. Crann Tair could not carry her weight home in the Knowsley Nursery, though it was over her own distance of half a mile. She beat Grandee, however, and all the others, including Mrs. Pond, backed; but the extreme outsider, Sabrina, beat her after a close finish by a neck. 'The Evergreen,' which is now the name Oxonian goes by, won the Stewards' Cup, which, seeing he only had 7 st. 13 lbs. to carry among a moderate field, he was bound to do. He jumped off with his usual dash, but Archer pulled him back, and indulged Instantly with the lead; and when in turn he gave way to Cradle, Archer still waited, until at the distance he took up the running, and, attended by Tetrarch, won by half a length. Grassendale was another of the good things of the day for the Westmoreland, and we do not think anything was backed in reality but the Liverpool horse, who, if he did not win quite as far as he did at Goodwood, yet had a bit in hand at the finish, though Mr. Johnson's decision was only a neck in front of Gordon. There was a splendid race for the Mersey Cup between those two good honest horses Middle Temple and Slumber, with Malplaquet also assisting. They offered about 6 to 4 each against the two first named, but Malplaquet was scarcely backed for anything; and when Slumber began to overhaul Middle Temple at the distance, and Malplaquet came with a great rush at the inclosure, the situation for a few moments was exciting; but Middle Temple had always slightly the best of the struggle, and beat Slumber by a head, Malplaquet finishing the same distance behind the mare. So close together were the three that the jockeys did not know what had won, and Archer, on Slumber, was certain that Middle Temple had not, and believed that either himself or Constable, on Malplaquet, were first and second. It was a brilliant *finale* to an afternoon of close finishes.

Wednesday was the commencement of a good week for Wadlow's stable, which has rather been persecuted by ill luck lately. There was a good field of fourteen for the Alt Welter, and of them Baumber was the pick, though there was money on Jonville, Celosia, Kismet, &c. The latter certainly looked very temptingly in a five-year old at 9 st. 13 lb., and if he could have got through we believe he would have won. As it was, he made a very exciting struggle, and Archer on Celosia had to do all he knew to get home a neck in front of Mr. Hughes' horse. King Death was only half a length behind the second, and Jonville was close up, so it was one of the many pretty races we saw on Aintree during the three days. The Sefton Steeplechase, one of the first of the cross-country events of the season, brought out ten runners, and half of them were Irish, horses and men. Lord Doune and the stable in which he trains were very fond of Earl Marshal, but when Congress was seen looking wonderfully fit and well, the betting veered round, and Captain Machell's horse became, as was right and fitting, favourite. The three miles was just his distance, and a good horse over his own course we all know can sometimes do wonders. So they took 5 to 2 about Congress at last, and the only one of the Irish division really backed was Gamebird, though we believe 10 to 1 was taken about The Speaker. The latter had better have been in his stable, for at the very first fence he fell, getting rid of Doucie, and going on loose, broke one of his fetlocks in the country. How it was done no one could tell, but there the horse was found limping along in some pain, and though the veterinary surgeon to whose care he was intrusted hopes to save him, of course his Turf career is over. Such a good horse he was, and such a good-looking and good-bred one too, that his loss is to be

deplored. Why did not Mr. Chaine keep him in Ireland until the Grand National? In fact, why do not all the Irish horses stay over there until the spring, instead of running the risks they do in November? It was an easy affair, the race, for Congress took up the running when once over the water jump, and never suffered Earl Marshal to catch him. None of the others, except Gazelle—and she was done with in the straight—were in it, and Chancellor came home with the crowd. Wadlow scored his second win with Instantly in the Croxteth Cup, though Strathavon pushed him hard at the finish, and Archer only got home by a neck. Mr. Christopher's horse getting where he did appeared to have surprised many, though why it should we can hardly tell. That he should beat such a wretch as Electra was to be expected, and yet the Epsom filly was put about as a wonderfully good thing, and at one time was a better favourite than Instantly. Captain Machell is always 'dead on' Liverpool, and Rossini in the Feather Plate was another win for the white jacket and blue cap, while the all white scored yet another in the last race of the day, the Liverpool Nursery, when Bonnie Dundee ran a dead heat with Fairy Queen, and afterwards walked over. It is wonderful how a spell of ill luck broken, the good fortune follows on.

The Cup Day dawned on the whitest of hoar-frosts, and early birds who went out to Aintree to see what they could find brought back discouraging reports; but the sun had sufficient power to soften the hard ground before noon. Rarely does it happen that a Liverpool Cup has passed, as this has done, through its fortnight's ordeal in the market with such an absence of disagreeables. No unsavoury odours clung to it this time; there was nothing heard about 'milkings' or 'scratchings,' and the scandals of the last two years were conspicuous by their absence. Some attempt was made to call the conduct of one of our leading bookmakers unsportsmanlike, because he had insisted on having what he considered a fair price about one of his horses. But surely there is nothing unfair or unreasonable in this, and we rather commend Mr. Robert Howett's little outbreak of temper when he was offered some absurd price about Activity. That an owner has a right to his price has always been a most decided opinion of ours, and one we have upheld by every means in our power. Mr. Howett got his price at last, we believe, and Activity was among the runners. When the handicap first appeared everybody was struck with Woodlands' flattering impost, and though one or two others had been not unfavourably handicapped, Mr. Swindell's horse was deservedly favourite. Thorn from the first, with all his weight, was a wonderful fancy with even good judges, though he had plenty of weight, and, above all, was out of his distance. If it had been a mile and a quarter what a rush there would have been on him, and how he would have won! All the Footsteps, Activitys, Woodlands, and Lord Gowrans would have failed to stop the handsome chesnut; and, indeed, his owner and 'Johnny' thought they would hardly do so even now. John Day had run so well at Newmarket, in the Jockey Club Cup, that he too was much fancied, and so was Lord Gowran, and so was Merry Duchess. One of the last comers was Julius Cæsar, for, though he had been much talked about at first, it was not quite certain if the *mot d'ordre* had gone forth from Russley that he was to be backed. However, within twenty-four hours of the race there was not the slightest doubt about it, and his clever trainer put the money down in a way that betokened the greatest confidence. He said he feared nothing, and thought that his horse had a good 6 to 4 chance. Third in Derby and Leger were



certainly good recommendations, and so, when Robert Peck showed his hand, the public hastened to get on. Julius Cæsar is not a favourite horse of ours, and his wearing blinkers lays him open to the imputation of being a bit of a rogue, and not liking a crowd. A crowd too there was, the largest ever known in a Liverpool Cup—twenty-four runners; and with these awkward turns, bumpings and collisions might be expected. No one thought of Footstep, and though for the Cambridgeshire her stable fancied her, with the exception of a few stray tenners, amounting it was said to 70*l.* in all, she here ran loose, and 50 to 1 might have been had about her. Some people outside the stable backed her, and took a few long shots at 1000 to 20, but by the general multitude her chance was disregarded. She got off nearly last, too, but Hopkins rode her with great judgment and patience, not seeking to hustle her, and, gradually running through her horses, she was in front at the bend, and though Woodlands looked well there, and cries arose for Thorn, Activity, and Lord Gowran, Lord Wilton's filly wore them all down, and won cleverly by half a length. So Woodlands is but a moderate horse after all, for he undeniably was the least handicapped animal in the race, but yet he could not bring it off. Thorn ran a great horse, and looked very dangerous at the distance, and though Mr. Morgan could not win with Lord Gowran he succeeded in getting a place. Friday's racing was stopped. When we awoke in the morning the country was covered with a white mantle, the heaviest hoar-frost we ever remember seeing, and as the ground was hard the Stewards decided on postponing the racing until next day, but the same state of affairs then continuing, the remaining events of Liverpool Autumn were lapsed causes.

The elements that were so bright and smiling on Aintree seemed to have determined to make us wretched at Shrewsbury, for nothing could be more distressing than the weather and the aspect of the country on the two first days of the race week. On the Monday night, when Salopia's capital had gathered there her scum and her gentility—the former much in excess—the prospects were not encouraging, though, from a racing point of view, success was already written on the Shrewsbury banners. It was announced that 150 horses had arrived, and that more were expected, a large number for a back end meeting, but, with the racing at Liverpool before our eyes, we could not expect that it would be very different here. Many of the horses that had taken part in the diversions of Aintree journeyed on to Shrewsbury, and there were fresh arrivals from Newmarket and other places. We were sorry to find Mr. Frail somewhat of an invalid, and not able to exercise such an active supervision over the business arrangements of the meeting as has been his custom. He was able to be on the course, however, every day, and though he could not stir much beyond his private room, was able to see his friends and receive them with his usual cheerfulness and *bouhomie*. His two sons are such able lieutenants too, and have inherited so much of their father's happy tact and method, that there was no hitch in any of the arrangements. From the handicapping downwards, there is nothing to complain of at Shrewsbury, and racing men know that at meetings provided for by the Messrs. Frail everything will be conducted with as perfect order and regularity as it is possible to insure. We need scarcely say that the worthy C. C. received many condolences on his illness from the host of friends and acquaintances he possesses, and he had a cheerful reply, now and then savoured with some apt quotation or happy allusion, for each and all.

The attendance was good, as it always is here, comprising representatives of most of the county families of Shropshire, together with many a Welshman, from Sir Watkin (whom we were happy to see looking in excellent health) downwards. Nothing could be more uncomfortable than the opening day, and the fog was at first so thick that the start for the five and six furlongs races could not be made out. Fortunately, however, it cleared off before the close of the afternoon, and we were able to see the Steeplechase perfectly. The Groby Cup, the first important race of the day, administered one of those facers to backers which they are too much accustomed to at Shrewsbury. Annette was favourite, though there was not much to choose between her and Adamite, while of the outsiders, Strudwicke, a colt of Tom Cannon's, was in some demand, particularly among the people who knew of the good thing, for such it turned out to be. He beat Annette by two lengths, coming with a great rush close home, and is evidently a horse who likes a distance of ground. Fareham was a real good thing in the Abbey Stakes, for there was nothing that could make him gallop, but in the Cleveland Handicap there was terrible disaster. Slander had run well over the course last year, when she won the Caldecot Nursery, and, with 7 st., she looked capable of beating Trappist, who was giving her 4 st. There was a good deal of money on Major Stapylton's mare, for Captain Prime hardly liked trusting his horse with much, and no one thought of Rosewater, who made all the running and cantered in. Mr. Gretton did not fare better in the next event, the Enville Nursery, with his favourite The Soldan, for that disappointing horse Bonfire, who will never win when he is backed, came out when he was friendless at 10 to 1, and beat The Soldan very easily. The fog cleared away before the hour fixed for the Steeplechase, which was fortunate, for it was an unusually good field, a baker's dozen of thirteen runners, when last year there were only eight. Regal, looking very well, was the favourite, but still the Epsom stable were very fond of Ratcatcher, who had been doing so very well lately, whereas Regal we had not seen for some time, not since Congress beat him in the Warwick Grand Annual in the spring. However, Captain Machell fancied him, and the Captain's judgment is generally good enough to follow. There were two or three Irish representatives, Gamebird, Pride of Kildare, Grand National, Revenge, and of these Grand National was most backed. We fear our Irish friends, who told us at Punchestown, in the spring, that he was the best horse in Ireland, here made a slight mistake—and if they have nothing better than that they won't have a chance of the Liverpool this year. Little Tom looked nicely handicapped with 11 st. 3 lbs., but he took to refusing early, and was out of it. Regal pulled Jewitt half out of the saddle for the first mile or so, and then Ratcatcher went to the front and had it pretty much his own way for the rest of the journey. Regal was done with before he came to the last flight of hurdles, and Craven and Gamebird both passed him, but could not succeed in reaching Ratcatcher, who won in a canter by three lengths. Mr. Fitzroy has a very useful horse in this French-bred one, that is if handicappers do not crush him. Wednesday was a glorious day, all sunshine—and our old friend the Wrekin came out sharp and clear, as if he was only a mile or two from us. There was a large increase in the attendance to see the Great Shropshire run for, always an interesting and a heavy betting race, while the other items on the card promised and gave wonderfully good sport, though here and there calculations were upset in a remarkable manner. To begin with the Grendon Welter looked a gift to The Clown, but he must be

a wretchedly bad horse, for he was the first beaten, and Beatrice and King Death raced home together, the latter winning, after an exciting finish, by a head. On coming back to scale F. Archer it was found could not draw his weight, so of course King Death was disqualified and the race given to Beatrice, to the great joy of the bookmakers, few of whom had written her name. Sir George Chetwynd was luckier with Fremantle in the Wilton Welter, for he slipped his horses, got the start, and nothing could catch him—and Captain Machell had the turns of fortune with Fareham in the Welter Selling and Jollification in the Maiden Plate. The latter is a son of Paganini, and a very good-looking one too. He was giving the other weight (they claimed selling allowances), so perhaps he is as smart as he looks. The Newport Cup, with Lowlander, Ecossais, Trappist, and Speranza, put the gamblers rather in a difficulty. Which should win was a puzzle—at least to a good many—though the A I judges went for Ecossais to a man. They seemed to be the right judges, too, when, at the distance, Trappist and Lowlander were beaten, and Ecossais, with a clear head, came on to the Stand. Here, however, C. Archer brought up Speranza next the rails, and it is a moot point—one much discussed at the time—as to whether Goater, who rode Ecossais, saw the mare until she was close upon him. We all make 'mistakes,' and even such a fine horseman as Goater, is not, we suppose, to be exempt from them. We hardly like to give an opinion on a point on which so many differ, but our impression is that Goater was blameless, and that Ecossais tired and would not struggle in the last 200 yards. But this is an open question, and though Ecossais's backers said hard things, they are forgotten by this time. Major Stapylton was not present to see his horse win, and most probably had nothing on her. The Lambourne stable was, however, holding festival to-day, and there were even better things in store. Humphreys made no secret of it that he considered Tetrarch could not be beaten for the Great Shropshire if he did not get knocked down; and though last year he was only a selling plater, not very fashionably bred, that Captain Machell allowed to go for 165 guineas, yet we know platers improve, and we were going to see a striking instance of that fact here. Cœruleus, last year's winner, had been strongly fancied when the weights appeared, but his owner did not 'dash it down' in at all a confident way, and after Tetrarch came with such a decided rush in the market, Mr. Baltazzi's horse retired. Cat's Eye and Lord Gowran, next to the favourite, were most supported, and there was rather a strong tip among the North-countrymen about Hieroglyphic. Old Pageant was stood again by Mr. Gretton and some friends of the Kingsclere stable, and that luckless animal The Ghost was also backed. The race was an easy one to describe, for by the time they had gone 100 yards Tetrarch was leading, and though opposite the Stand The Ghost and Cat's Eye looked rather formidable, yet it was Lina who attained second honours, the two we have mentioned being only heads behind her. It was a good race, and we think Macdonald was glad when he got home on the winner. It never rains but it pours, so in the Onslow Nursery Berkshire was again to the fore on Merry Thought, Robert Peck taking up the running this time, and beating the favourite, the Cestus colt, by a neck. Then there was something like a *fiasco* in the last affair of the day, the Tankerville Nursery, in which again Humphreys' stable was in front with that fortunate Major Stapylton's Sign Manual—only, as far as we know, no one connected with the establishment had a sixpence on it. It was backed by the

public, who 'followed the luck;' but Strudwicke was the selected of the talent, and the race, a very fine one between the three placed, was decided in Sign Manual's favour by a head, a similar distance separating Polly Craven and the favourite. Thursday's racing we shall pass rapidly over, as there was really nothing very eventful about it, and we might almost be content to refer our readers to the return in the Calendar. Major Stapylton won another race of course; this time it was the Anglesey Nursery with Serape, and we believe the winner was backed this time. It would have been a clear case of flying in the face of a racing providence if it had not. Then that unhappy Bonfire won again, but his owner was on, though he ran loose as far as the public were concerned and Macadam, who when Mr. Beaumont had him was a perfect brute, carried off two races in a canter, and changed hands each time. The good thing of the day was Cat's Eye in the Battlefield Handicap, though he only led Rosewater by a neck, which would have been farther but for the holding ground. The other events call for no remark.

We must not linger long over Warwick, nor indeed is there much to linger over. Not that there was not plenty of racing and to spare, for we had five days for those disposed to religiously keep the feast until the last saddling bell had rung out its saddening peal. Five days are two too many we feel persuaded, and if there is a horrible thing on the racing earth it is a Saturday's racing. Would the Jockey Club be pleased to make penal running on that day, and if they would add Mondays too, we should be grateful. There are several things we had fully expected Sir Samuel Martin would have taken in hand which he has not done, and this was one of them. A well-known bookmaker complained to us at Warwick much about the Saturday racing and its drawbacks and disagreeables; how he never reached his home until a late hour on that night, and how he was prevented from going to church on Sunday morning by having to devote that day to making out his account. He is rather famous for short prices, but that is by the way.

Warwick, then, had lots of horses and good sport, such as it was. Mr. Thomas Cannon had a Good Thing on the opening day, on which he had the satisfaction of beating Captain Machell's Burgomaster in the Racing Stakes—only by a head, though, but to see Tom come with a rush and beat the white jacket on the post was a treat. That fine horseman gave us one or two specimens of his craft during the week, and indeed rode a good deal too well for some people. Archer scored his two hundredth win this season on Le Promeneur, and has added a few since to that number. His success in the white jacket identified with Wadlow's stable was wonderful, and Pilgrim and Instantly did what they liked with their fields in his hands. Pilgrim had run so badly at Shrewsbury that the stable was afraid to trust him here, but with Archer on him he went through the mud like a lion, and had all his horses hopelessly beaten, in the Welter Handicap on the second day, by the time they had come into the straight. In fact he came in alone, all the others pulling up. Lord Stamford attended specially to see Lady of the Lea win over her own distance, three furlongs, and we hope to see the last of the three furlongs soon. Mr. T. Hughes stood Kismet once again in the Guy Welter, but though he came away from the start, he dropped back when his horses reached him, and the all-conquering Archer, taking Instantly to the front at the distance, won very easily. Roman Bee over two miles of country is a gentleman that can give pounds to more than a few of them, and the way he made mincemeat of His Lordship and Revenge in the Handicap Steeplechase was a caution.

Instantly and Archer were 'at it again' on the Thursday in the first race, the Welter Handicap, when, carrying top weight, he led Slander and a good field very easily. The best of it was—at least the best of it for Wadlow's stable—their horses never were favourites, and all their winners were at 5 or 6 to 1. Archer and Cannon rode a splendid race on Claremont and Empress in the Autumn Welter Cup; the former making the running, and Cannon on Empress catching him in the last few strides and making a dead heat of it. A finer race was never seen. Strathavon inflicted a blow on backers when he led Kaleidoscope in such hollow style in the Flying Scud Cup; and Mr. G. Brown, following the example of my Lord Stamford, made a special pilgrimage to Warwick to see Shallow win the Handicap Hurdle Race, which he did, upsetting Juvenis, on whom odds were laid in a most unexpected fashion. We did not stop for the Friday's racing, in which our old friend Pageant so distinguished himself in the Great Midland Counties Handicap—a race over the issue of which we were affected even to tears. To think that the old dev—we beg pardon, we mean Mr. Gretton's horse—should have won, and not brought us back a little of the money we have shed over him, was painful. To add to our disgust we found on returning to town that most of our friends and acquaintances, from the hall porter of the Pulverem Olympicum upwards, were 'on.' What the deuce did they mean by it?

Monster meets with foxhounds, like other monster meetings, whether under the auspices of a Kenealy in Hyde Park or an Odger round the Lions in Trafalgar Square, are things to be avoided by all sensible persons who have any regard for their comfort. But there are some queer people for whom crowds have an attraction. They go, and they don't know why, but simply because others do so. It is, therefore, we suppose, for this same reason that year after year all the Warwickshire World, high, low, rich and poor alike, betake themselves on the first regular day of the North Warwickshire to Stoneleigh. In excuse they would probably plead the 'custom of the country,' and that they have done so from time immemorial. Many go to see and be seen, or show their new coats and other garments; with some it is an annual outing and picnic; with others an object for a morning's drive; but the majority are attracted by the unbounded, hearty hospitality of Lord Leigh, who has a word of welcome for all.

This year the meet on Tuesday, the 31st of October, was the largest ever known. It is said that there were five hundred horsemen on every sort and condition of quadruped, not including small boys on ponies; while Leamington, Warwick, and Coventry sent forth their carriages, four-wheel cabs, and hansoms; and Kenilworth and the neighbouring villages their carts, all laden with luncheon-baskets, the drinking and smoking occupants of the latter giving an idea that prize-fighting was not prohibited, and that they were going to a fight for the Championship; and even the men of Birmingham were not to be left behind, as they came by a train with fifteen or sixteen horse-boxes, so that city also was well and worthily represented.

After giving them all ample law for refreshment Mr. Lant gave the word to move off, when Wheatley, followed by the miscellaneous mob of cavalry and infantry, took the hounds to Thickthorn, where they found a fox, which they ran round and round the covert, three sides of which were entirely surrounded; but, being closely pressed, he broke, crossed the Kenilworth road, took refuge in Bullmore Wood, round which he ran several rings, and then breaking, ran towards Woodcote. Here he crossed the railway, and being headed by the

foot people, was hunted in every direction by the hounds and the excited crowd, who all thought they were lending Wheatley a hand, until he was run into in Bullmore Wood after a run of forty minutes. After this they trotted off to Wainbody Wood, where they found another, which, after a ring in covert and a short run across the Kenilworth Avenue, went to ground. Then they went to Stiviehall Wood, in the hope of a good afternoon run, as the field was now reduced to its proper dimensions, but they were not rewarded for their trouble.

For those 'specials' who hunt on wheels Stoneleigh offers unlimited resources, and so we suggest a visit on the next occasion to that wonderful Cockney D. T. man who gave us an account of the first day with what he called the Southdowns, written on the top of a drag.

On Thursday, the 2nd, we were better able to see the hounds round the old Dun Cow at Dunchurch, which did great credit to Wheatley's kennel management. And we had also a good opportunity of seeing them hunt a fox which they found at Bilton Grange and ran over the Rains Brook, where there was no end of grief, very fast up to Ashby St. Legers, where he was lost; and saw them find again at Bunker's Hill and kill their fox after running up to Dunchurch in Sutton's covert just above Grandborough. In the first run Major Tempest and Mr. Govey were first down to the Rains Brook, and they were followed by Wheatley, Mr. John Greaves, Mr. Frank Wedge, Mr. Boddington, Mr. Sydney Hobson, and Mr. Augustus De Trafford; and there were only seven or eight with the hounds after getting over. Just before they got to Barby there was a check, and some man in a great hurry had a fall. 'Did you see that?' he inquired of a spectator; 'I should not have had a fall if it had not been for that d—d hound.' This is the sort of man that Masters of Hounds are so glad to see out, and who probably thinks that no hound is worth more than a sovereign. The first regular day with the Pytchley was at Misterton, where it is needless to say that Captain Hazlehurst and Mr. Daniels as usual provided plenty of foxes. The hounds looked uncommonly bright and well. There was a large field out for the time of year—quite large enough to be pleasant; but as the pastures round Misterton are very extensive, there was plenty of room for everybody. After running round and round Misterton Hall, eating one fox, and seeing another commit suicide in the pond, they found another in Mr. Daniels' covert, and had a sharp spin up to Walton Holt, where they lost, but found again, and ran well by Gilmorton and Misterton, and on to Bitteswell, where they left off when it was nearly dark. On the 15th they had a fast run from Stanford Hall, in the afternoon, by Shawell and Cotesbach to Coton House, which satisfied even the fastest. On Monday, the 13th, the Woodland Pack met at Dob Hall and went off, first to look for a fox that had been caught in a trap, but not finding it, went on to the Hermitage, where they found, ran by Stoke Wood and lost, then to Brampton Wood, found and ran by Brampton Ash to Braybrook, where Goodall, in jumping into the road, unfortunately broke his horse's back. The field consisted of about four or five people. Some say that it is an unnecessary expense to Lord Spencer to keep two packs, as so few go out in the Woodlands at this period of the hunting season.

The dinner at Market Harborough on Tuesday, the 7th, to Mr. James Topham, the late hospitable owner and occupier of the Hemploe, in the heart of the Pytchley country, was a complete success. It was admirably organised

by Mr. James H. Douglass of Market Harborough, and by Mr. John Paulett of Theddingworth. Mr. Anstruther-Thomson actually hunted his own hounds in Fife on Monday, the 6th, and travelled all through the night to be present. Lord Spencer made an admirable chairman, and was well supported by numerous gentlemen and farmers who wished to testify their respect for their old friend Topham, whose heart and soul every Northamptonshire man knew was in foxhunting. Mr. Tailby, however, was not present, but wrote a letter excusing himself on the score of the infirmities of old age. There were some capital speeches from Sir Charles Isham, the Vicar of Harborough, and Mr. Anstruther-Thomson completely brought the room down when he concluded, as he did at Northampton on the occasion of the presentation of his picture, by saying 'Pytchley for ever.' This testimonial points a moral, and should be an encouragement to all farmers to promote foxhunting, and thus secure the friendship and respect of all classes.

The ex-King and Queen of Naples have again taken up their residence at Park View, Towcester; and we hear that Captain Middleton, who so skilfully piloted the Empress of Austria last season, has been her guest, and received a gracious and hearty welcome.

John Machin, who hunted the Pytchley when Mr. R. C. Naylor of Kelmarsh was Master, has again got a situation with foxhounds, and is now first whip with Lord Haddington's hounds in Berwickshire—which country on the 9th was covered with snow to the depth of eight inches.

On Thursday, the 2nd, the Meynell were at Radburn Hall, where it is needless to say that they found a lot of foxes in the Ruff, for the young Squire is a staunch foxhunter, and goes to hounds in grand style. They got away with one which they ran fast up wind and lost; went back to the Ruff, but the scent was bad; then to the Ash, when the fox went away at the top end, over a beautiful grass country, ran very fast up to Barton, where he bore to the right, and they hunted him back to where they found, and then lost. At the meet, amongst others, were Lord Waterpark, Lord Algernon Lennox, the Hon. Mrs. Colville, Mr. S. C. Allsopp, Mr. Walter Boden, Mr. Holden, Mr. Godfrey Meynell, Captain Gaisford, Colonels Reginald and Frederick Buller, &c. &c.

Bramdean Common (the Kirby Gate of the H.H.) was this year rather a failure in point of numbers, although several ladies put in an appearance, the Aldershot division, who usually come by train on Tuesdays, having been attracted by Mr. Combe's opening day at Pierrepont; the H.H. had a very long draw and no sport worthy of record when they did find. Mr. Combe also had no scent, and there was an immense mob of foot people, but he had a clipper on the Friday following.

On Friday, the 3rd, the indefatigable Master of the Hursley sang 'Uprouse ye, then, my merry, merry men, it is our opening day,' at Ball Down, although his field was not so numerous as usual, several of the officers having gone to meet Mr. Walter Long at Preshaw. But the Colonel made a good beginning, and had one of his red-letter days. After a short run with his first fox from Northwood, over Flower Down, down to the railway—where the pack had a narrow escape of being cut to pieces—they found again at Fitt's Copse, and ran to Wherwell Wood, where they killed after a really good and fast run. Mr. Deacon came over from Ropley; and, being pleased with it, it is needless to say the Colonel was very happy. And 'the little Hursley' scored again on the following Thursday from Leckford Hut, when, in spite of a bitterly cold north-easter, they had a fine fifty minutes in the open, and

fairly ran into their fox in view close to Longparish, after crossing the same ford that they did in the other run. Lord Gardner was out, and was much pleased, which proves it was a good thing.

According to ancient custom, the first day with the Vine was at Oakley Hall, where Mr. Beach, the Master, entertained a large party of natives and several strangers at breakfast, amongst whom were Sir Nelson Rycroft, Messrs. Alfred and Henry Thornton of Beaurepaire, Mr. W. Chute of the Vyne, Mr. T. Pain, Colonel Randolph, Mr. Walker, Colonel Hardinge, Mr. James Martin, Captain and Mrs. Vincent of Monk Sherborne, Miss Bates, and several other ladies; Mr. Oswald Milne, formerly Master of the North Warwickshire, Mr. Tom Blake, and Mr. Davis of Surbiton. Mr. Hargreaves, the Master of the South Berks, was also present, as was also his highly respected huntsman, Dick Roake, who must have thought the country very different from that round Arthingworth, and Mr. Beach mounted the veteran Jem Stracey on one of his son's hunters. Alfred Hedges had out nineteen and a half couple of the small pack, and about twelve o'clock had orders to go to Waltham Wood, where the hounds found four or five foxes, and divided into three or four lots. In a very short time the covert was surrounded with foot people, but after about half an hour they killed a fox; then Hedges was told to trot away from the crowd, and they went to Waltham Trimleys, where they found a good fox, which after one turn in covert went away up the belt of fir-trees as if going to Cobley, turned over the road to Cobley, into Little and through Great Blackwood, to Woodmancote Holt, up to College Wood, and through it, when a bothering sheep-dog had a cut at him and they could do no more. Since then they have been to Freefolk Wood, from which Hedges had already had two brace of foxes. And on Thursday, the 9th, they found a lot of foxes in Hannington Scrubs, got away with one over the open close to the Kingsclere Training Ground, went down the hill and ran to ground close to Samford Wood. This was a good twenty minutes, and there was nobody near them after they were over the bottom. The Vine is a hard country for a huntsman and hounds, for some of the coverts are like forests, and when you get in you do not know when you will come out again.

The Tedworth hounds have had two excellent days' sport. Nov. 6th. Met at Manor House, Durrington, the residence of Sir Claude and Lady Champion de Crespigny—a beautiful hunting morning. Drew Firgo, from which in a few minutes a splendid old dog-fox went away in grand form, the hounds (the bitch back) almost on his back; the scent lay well, and the pace was, of course, a race. Turning to the left, he made for and entered Shrewton House Park, about two hundred yards ahead of the hounds, and, after travelling to the farther side, being dead beat, tried the doubling game, but to no purpose, for they rolled him over in the laurels in eighteen minutes from leaving Firgo, and we broke him up in front of the house. It is needless to say that Mr. Nicholl was hospitality itself. Our next move was to Newfoundland; the gorse—as was fully anticipated—being a sure find, and again holding one of the right sort, who was not long in making his exit, and headed apparently for Nether Avon withy beds, but deviating two or three times to avoid men at work, was too stale to make his point, so bolted into a pigsty, about a quarter of a mile from Sir Michael Hicks Beach's house, from which he was soon drawn, though he did contrive to hide himself most cleverly under some iron hooping and rubbish: a clipping fast twenty-five minutes. Nov. 7th. Burbage



Wharf; dog pack. Found in Ramally, the fox crossing the railway through Brimslade over a couple of fields into an open drain. The terrier, rather to our astonishment, bolted a fresh fox, and a right good one he proved himself to be; for, racing away from the hounds through the churchyard of the nearest village, he headed straight for Clench Common, which he reached, taking us over a stiffish country, about half a minute before the hounds; but that heart-breaking hill must have fairly choked him, for he never attempted to leave the gorse. A bark of pain from Nestor, close to Fricker's horse, soon told us that all was up. The good dog, however, never left him, and Radical (who also got bitten under the eye) joining in, the body of the pack soon got hold of him. We then trotted back to bolt our old friend, and few expected so good a run as we eventually enjoyed; for, slipping through the hounds, and cleverly dodging a sheep-dog, away he went at a great pace, by Forest Gate into Savernake, in which he ran a ring, through the high palings—in the next field to which a gallant baronet cut a voluntary over some timber—back across the railway, leaving Oare Hill on his right, along the Pewsey valley, into Ramally, where, being badly foiled, and the scent rapidly failing, he was left to his well-earned repose. Although he did not run very straight, yet he took us a good line over an excellent country. The run lasted over an hour, and was a most creditable piece of hunting. Much praise is due to Fricker for the perfect condition of the hounds; but to award the palm to the bitch or dog pack is beyond my ken. Everybody was pleased to see Bob Pickard again after his accident; and so keen is he that he must do an extra day with his old friend Eber Long and the S. and W. Wilts, he having whipped-in to him for six years with the Duke. There were out—most of them being well up at the finish—Mr. Fred. Raikes (our weather helmsman), Lord Algernon St. Maur and his three sons, Sir Edmund, Capt. and Miss Antrobus, Rev. and Mrs. Audrey, Sir C. de Crespigny, Sir W. Humphery, Messrs. Williams, Rowden, Simpkins, Notley, Brouncker (from the New Forest), &c.

Lord Coventry has, we hear, entered his sons famously to the 'noble science,' as the following story will amply testify. His eldest son, Lord Deerhurst, is eleven years old, and his next brother, Charley, is ten, and like all the Coventrys, are both very fond of hunting, never miss a chance of a day if they can get one, and both ride in scarlet and boots. Not long ago, during their vacation, they had a young friend from Ireland staying with them. Before they went back Lord Coventry one day allowed Lord Deerhurst eight couple of hounds to have a quiet hunt by himself, while his brother was first whip, and the young friend second. Off they went, and first drew a covert in the Park blank, but had no sooner left it than they viewed a fox crossing the Park. He put his hounds on, and away they went in view, and raced him across it; then he tried to jump the wall, but the hounds were so near him that he turned short back across the Park, towards the Pond, where they killed him. Young Charley had to cut him up, and he managed to do his head and brush, but was not quite man enough for his pad. Then Lord Coventry, who with Lady Coventry had been quietly looking on and enjoying the scene, came and lent him a hand. This is a rare way of entering them; and we suppose that Lord Deerhurst is the youngest huntsman who ever killed a fox; and no one had anything to do with the hounds at all but these three boys, of whom their parents have every reason to be proud.

Frank Goodall had a very narrow escape of being drowned on Friday, the 27th of October. His hounds had had a good run in the Forest, the deer coming to hand in a reservoir at Sandhurst. As neither of the whips were up at the time (hear this, Towler), Goodall stooped to take hold of the deer with one hand, and was using the other to keep back the hounds, when he lost his balance and fell head foremost into the water, with the hounds and deer all together. Happily, he was rescued, when very much exhausted, by the students at Sandhurst, and was not much the worse for a cold bath which might have been fatal.

The enthusiastic Richard Rawle of Berkhamstead had his opening day on Wednesday, the 1st, when he enlarged one of his new deer on Dunstable Downs, which, after running to Kensworth, where she lay up in a wood for about an hour, ran across Whipsnade by Dagnal to Combe Wood, then by Biggs' farm, and Pilstone Corner, into the Tring Cutting, when she went right up the line to Town's Hill, where she was safely taken by Mr. Herbert Brown, Mr. Rawle's first whip, who had most pluckily followed her up the railway quite at the risk of his life. Amongst those out on this occasion were Lord Brownlow, Mr. Barnard Holt of Savile Row, and his son, Mr. John Green of Woburn, a most ardent stag-hunter, Mr. Frederick Miles of Upper Hamilton Terrace, and his son, Mr. Balfour of Barnet, Mr. Cooper of Berkhamstead, and Mr. William Field the veterinary surgeon of Oxford Street.

Sport with Her Majesty's Staghounds had been but poor up to the 14th inst., when they went for the first time into the Harrow country, and had a capital gallop with the hind Princess, from near Hillingdon, in the direction of Pinner and Watford, taking the deer at Cassiobury Park. The first twenty-seven minutes was without a check, and entirely over grass. It was a really brilliant burst, though Goodall's enjoyment of it was marred by one of the field riding over and killing a favourite hound; but these are little accidents which, alas, are not counted for much by a portion of the field who honour (?) the Queen's with their presence. By-the-way we cannot congratulate one or two correspondents of the sporting journals on the style of their descriptions of some so-called runs with the Queen's, which in fact were far from being worth a record. If these lovers of the quill would only wait till a run *did* occur which was worth their describing, the public would be more ready to believe in the accuracy of their statements.

Thursday was the run of the season so far with the Baron's hounds; an untried deer ran moderately from Ivinghoe towards Dunstable, round Leighton, where the majority of the field gave up following the hounds, as they considered the day's sport concluded; but Sir Nathaniel de Rothschild, who went well all day, took the hounds quickly through the town, and on to the Buckinghamshire side of the canal, and from there they ran for forty-five minutes over the best part of the vale, from Leighton to Burcott, Littlecott, Cublington, and took near Hogston. The pace was very great, and only a few saw the good thing.

On November 21st Mr. Lowndes drew Grimston Thorns, a new covert on one of Baron Rothschild's farms near Wing, and christened after the best sportsman in the vale; it was to be expected that the first day from the new covert would give good sport. They found a brace of foxes, and one ran a pretty ring. At Liscomb they found three foxes, and killed two.

One day last season, the Cattistock hounds were being blown out of cover by the huntsman, when Mr. Codrington, the Master, feeling certain there was

a fox in it, made him put them in again. A young officer from Dorchester remarked in the hearing of the Master, 'What is the old fool taking them 'back for?' They found, had a capital run, and killed; and Mr. Codrington went up to the young grumbler, and, in his quiet way, said, 'Who is the old fool now?'

As a striking definition of a remarkably disagreeable person in the hunting-field, who does nothing but talk about himself, it was said by one who was asked what he thought of him, 'that he would sooner ride home in the rain, 'wet through, alone, than be quite dry with this unpleasant man as a companion.'

A *novus homo*, *novissimus* we might say, having returned from the antipodes with lots of money, settled on the borders of one of the best hunting countries in the shires, and set up as a country gentleman. At first he came out hunting in an old pot-hat, an uncouth, reach-me-down-looking coat, and gaiters, which after a time he exchanged for a regular orthodox scarlet coat; and it is said that, on going to the stables the first morning he put it on, that his big yard-dog did not know who he was, and barked furiously at him!

We were much astonished at seeing in a well-known hatter's a notice of 'Mirrors for hunting-hats,' and were astounded to learn that certain young Englanders, who fancied themselves above the common, thus indulged their vanity. We had seen an eye-glass in the handle of a hunting-whip, which may be useful, but one in a hat beat us. Can any Yorkshireman fancy a looking-glass in Old Jack Parker's hat, or what he would say on the subject?

We hear that old John Press, invalided from the B.V.H., will shortly be put upon half sick-pay by the Hunt Servants' Society, his wife having last month presented him with another son.

Having in the course of a long career tried no end of hunting overcoats, all warranted to keep out the rain, and which also kept in the heat, so that we invariably left them at the first turnpike gate, we now wish to say one word in favour of the Belvoir Coat, made by Mr. Walding of Rugby, and advise those who wish to be both dry and comfortable on a wet day to try one.

A gentleman of the name of Ram was boasting in the society of some young Guardsmen of the antiquity of his family, and said that his ancestors came from and owned Ramsgate, as was evident from its derivation. 'Then,' said one wickedly, 'I suppose Margate belonged to your Ma!'

We wonder whether Mr. Lowe, the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, noticed a statement made with regard to the first sailing vessel which entered the New Canada Dock at Rotherhithe. She was a noble ship of 1400 tons, and was loaded entirely with wood to be used in the manufacture of *matches*. How Mr. Lowe's mouth must water at the thought of what the effect of his '*lucus à non lucendo*' taxation would have been upon the unfortunate consignees had he been able to pass his contemplated Act. These are not the class of *matches* with which our Magazine is generally familiar, but as we can guarantee the truth of the statement, we record it for the benefit of whom it may concern.

The following riddle has just been forwarded to us. We cannot remember having seen or heard it before, but doubtless it is as old as the hills. However, here it is: How many neck-scarves had Job, and what became of them? He had three wretched comforters, and they were all of them *worsted*!

After many ups and downs, the Isle of Thanet harriers have at length passed into the hands of Mr. Lloyd, who has lately taken up his residence in

the neighbourhood. From what we hear, the country has been going from bad to worse for some years past for hares, although old John White always managed to find what he wanted, and to show some good sport. Owing to the change of Mastership, Mr. White, after nearly a quarter of a century in harness, now goes on the 'retired list,' yet still hale and hearty, and as ready for the fray as in days of yore. He has always been so popular in the country, that a subscription is being got up for his benefit, and we hope to hear of the 'good men and true' coming well to the front on this occasion, so that the result may be as great a success as it deserves to be.

Whether in town or country, we know gas must always have the preference over every other system of lighting. We are glad to see that an ingenious arrangement has been brought into use for the benefit of our country cousins which must prove especially valuable in large establishments. The apparatus for making the gas can be introduced at a very small cost, and, as it is constructed on self-feeding principles, its value is considerably enhanced. In hunting establishments particularly it is likely to be much resorted to, on account of its many advantages. We believe it has been tried at the kennels of the Atherstone hounds with perfect success. Mr. H. L. Muller, of Birmingham, is the patentee.

A story came to us the other day of which a once eminent legislator and celebrated sportsman is the hero, and it will, we think, bear telling here. We must preface the story by mentioning that the eminent legislator is a canny Scot, and that done will proceed. Always fond of sport of every degree and kind, our hero had a wonderful badger that it was reported no dog would tackle. However, a friend of the legislator, it was found, had a dog that he proposed to back against the badger; and a match was in due course made for £100, to come off in two months' time. As the day drew near there were rumours that all was not right with the dog, and the friends of the eminent legislator were already congratulating him on the century being in his pocket. Imagine their surprise, and disgust too (for they also hailed from over the Border), at hearing that Mr. M—— had accepted £50 as a compromise in lieu of the hundred. 'You've been done, M——,' said one of them, 'the dog is so mangy and unfit he could not kill a rat.' 'Ah,' said Mr. M——, 'I daresay, *but my badger be dead.*'

# BAILY'S

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VOL. XXIX.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF THE LORD DORCHESTER.

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1877.

# DIARY FOR JANUARY, 1877.

M. D.	W. D.	OCCURRENCES.
1	M	Streatham and Manchester Steeplechases.
2	Tu	Manchester and Cappelquin Steeplechases.
3	W	Newmarket Coursing Meeting.
4	Th	Carlisle Dog Show. Norwich and Burnley Pigeon Shows.
5	F	Border Counties Dog Show. Rufford Coursing Meeting.
6	S	
7	S	FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.
8	M	
9	Tu	Surrey, Beckhampton, and Ardrossan Coursing Meetings.
10	W	
11	Th	South Essex Coursing Meeting.
12	F	
13	S	Peckham Athletic Club Sports.
14	S	SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.
15	M	
16	Tu	South of England and Southport Coursing Meeting.
17	W	Altcar Club Coursing Meeting.
18	Th	Rugby Hunt Ball.
19	F	
20	S	
21	S	THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.
22	M	
23	Tu	March Cambridgeshire Coursing Meeting.
24	W	Aspatia Poultry Show. Leinster Club Coursing Meeting.
25	Th	Isle of Man Coursing Meeting.
26	F	Upper Nithsdale Club Coursing Meeting.
27	S	Peckham Athletic Club Sports.
28	S	SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY.
29	M	Ridgway Club Coursing Meeting.
30	Tu	
31	W	





*Dehuet.*



# BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

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### THE LORD DORCHESTER.

OF good and ancient lineage, the Carletons have given hostages to fortune, and served their country in more than one capacity, but it is chiefly as soldiers that they are familiar to us. A fine figure among the warriors of the family is that of Sir Guy Carleton, K.B., who fought at Fontenoy in the Guards, and successfully defended Canada—'a courtier in the chamber, a soldier in the field'—whose character was summed up by Washington as that of a man 'brave and humane.' This gallant gentleman had nine sons, of whom four died in their country's cause, and one of his grandsons is the subject of our present sketch.

The present and fourth Lord Dorchester, who succeeded to the title on the death of his cousin in 1875, was born in 1822, and soon after leaving Eton joined the 60th Rifles, but in 1841 was appointed to the Coldstream Guards (2nd Battalion), and, after serving with them in Canada, was present with the regiment during the whole siege of Sebastopol, at the attack on the 24th of October, at Balaklava and Inkermann, and at the final capture of the town. For these services Colonel Carleton received the Crimean medal and three clasps, the Order of the Medjedie, and the Turkish war medal, and after commanding in both battalions of his regiment, retired on half-pay in 1869. He contested the Northern Division of Hants in 1857. Always a sportsman, Lord Dorchester—or, as he then was, Captain Carleton—won the Southam Steeplechase in 1846 with a well-known Belzoni mare, which he afterwards sold at a high price to go to Russia. In later years his face has been a familiar one to all race-goers, and at Newmarket he was a constant attendant. He has had some good horses, but has not had good luck with them. The Colonel, Hamlet, and Reverberation were all of a good class, but the first named died from some inflammatory attack after a few hours' illness, while Reverberation suffered from the effects of an unusually dry season. This horse, who is now located at Moorlands, has grown into a very fine sire, and as he is by

Thunderbolt out of Golden Horn, by Harkaway, the breed is worth preserving, combining as he does the blood of Buccaneer crossed with Stockwell. He was bred by the late Lord Dorchester, to whom, by-the-way, Lord Portsmouth was indebted for Buccaneer, and most of his well-known flyers from the celebrated Red Rover mares.

Lord Dorchester has always been a hunting man, well known at Melton, also formerly in the Pytchley country when Mr. Payne hunted it. Latterly he has been more in Gloucestershire with the Duke of Beaufort, and rides very straight to hounds. As one of the early promoters of Hurlingham, and a pigeon shot able to hold his own in the best company, the name of Col. Dudley Carleton was often mentioned, and some few years ago he won a large handicap at Hornsey Wood. A member of the Jockey Club, White's, the Turf, the United Service, &c., Lord Dorchester is popular with all degrees of men. He has mixed, of course, from his position, much in the world, has been a traveller in many lands, America as well as in Europe, and in his hot youth sought adventures and sometimes found them. His Lordship married, in 1854, Charlotte, daughter of the first and last Lord Broughton, better known as Sir John Cam Hobhouse.

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## THE DECLINE OF THE ENGLISH HORSE.

‘WHAT has our boasted English horse come to? A tall, leggy animal, without bone or action, and not fitted to make a hunter, or a carriage horse, or a riding horse up to any weight.’ These were the concluding words of a letter from one of the best judges of the day, upon his return from last Horncastle fair.

It is too true that our English horse has grown to be very long on the leg. The pure-bred Arab of the Desert is a compact, short-legged animal, from fourteen one to fourteen three inches in height, and the Darley and Godolphin Arabians, from whom our best thoroughbred horses are descended, were but a trifle higher. In the century and a half that has elapsed since their time, the thoroughbred horse has increased in height, at the rate of an inch in every twenty-five years, altogether about six inches. This increase has been attained by a greater length from the knee to the fetlock, thereby gaining a longer stride and more speed, but at the sacrifice of power to carry weight. The further removed the thoroughbred horse is from his Arabian ancestor, the more infirm does he become, both in wind and limb. The infirmity of roaring is unknown amongst Arabs, but it is a disease that is rapidly on the increase amongst horses in this country. There are twenty roarers now for one roarer that there used to be twenty years ago.

In a previous article (August 1875) we have already had our say respecting the unsound stallions, with flashy pedigrees, that travel the country, and we have been informed that there has been no im-

provement in that respect during the past season, but rather the reverse.

However much these and other causes may have contributed to the deterioration of the English horse, that result has been mainly brought about by the exportation of our best mares. The government of every military nation upon the Continent has its agents in this country, and in Ireland, to buy brood mares. These men select none but young fresh ones; they will not buy any of whose wind there is any suspicion, or that have splents, spavins, or even curbs; but, if they chance to meet with a really nice one, they will not be deterred by price. Against such a system private enterprise has no chance. Attention to this fact was aroused, about thirty years ago, by foreign agents buying 300 mares in Horncastle fair. In hopes that some protection might be afforded to English interests, Mr. Joshua East wrote a letter, in the year 1853, to Col. Wingfield, which was read before Lord Rosebery's Committee on Horses, from which we make the following extract: 'Although good horses never made a higher price than they do at the present time, still the breeding of horses has fallen off to an alarming extent. I attribute this to the very large exportation of our best breeding mares, which are principally purchased by the Germans and Russians. This affects us in two ways: 1st, by giving us less opportunity of breeding good horses; and 2ndly, by giving foreigners the means of breeding for themselves. It often occurs that a farmer bringing three mares to a fair, the foreigner buys the two best, leaving the farmer to take home the worst, to perpetuate a bad breed; and the best evidence of this proceeding answering the foreigners' purpose is their confirmed desire to purchase our best breeding mares.' Of late years, the country having been drained of its best mares, the operations of foreign agents have necessarily been more limited, but still these men are to be seen at every fair on the look out for all they can get.

Those gentlemen who have the public spirit to keep stallions for the use of their tenants and neighbours, justly complain of the very inferior quality of the mares put to them. The farmers, not having the proper materials to breed from, use cart mares, or thoroughbred weeds, or ponies, for the purpose. The owner of the sire solaces himself, however, with the idea that the daughters of his horse will gradually improve the breed, but it is a vain hope. Every likely-looking filly, before she gets to be four years old, will be snapped up by some of the foreign agents, and only the refuse will be left. The inevitable result of the best brood mares having been taken away for years has followed, and good horses have become, and will become, more scarce every year. The Meltonian of forty or fifty years ago, if he were to visit the stables in Leicestershire, might look in vain for such hunters as Mr. Maxse's Cognac, Mr. T. A. Smith's Jack-o'-Lantern, Mr. Osbaldeston's Assheton, Mr. Gilmour's Vingt'un, and others of his day. In like manner, how mean the horses running at Croydon or at Sandown Park must appear to those who remember Grimaldi,

Vivian, Lottery, and Gaylad. In 1831, Tranby carried Mr. Osbaldeston, riding 11st. 7lb., sixteen miles in thirty-three minutes and a quarter. Upon all the great roads in those days there were coaches which, with heavy loads of passengers and luggage, did their ten, eleven, and even twelve miles an hour, including stoppages. There were plenty of good horses in the country at that time.

Our necessities have compelled us to import horses from France, Austria, Russia, Canada, and elsewhere. We have become an importing instead of an exporting country. The returns of horses exported from and imported into the United Kingdom during the last fourteen years will best show the direction in which we are drifting.

Year.	Number of Horses		Year.	Number of Horses	
	Exported.	Imported.		Exported.	Imported.
1862	4,318	1,978	1869	2,210	1,849
1863	5,204	1,441	1870	7,202	2,387
1864	4,664	1,357	1871	7,172	3,448
1865	4,400	1,332	1872	3,383	12,618
1866	4,069	1,646	1873	2,816	17,822
1867	4,136	1,468	1874	3,050	12,033
1868	4,091	1,575	1875	3,135	25,757

Our exports had always more than doubled our imports of horses, and in the years 1870-71 our export trade received a great fillip from the French and German war. But, since that time, it will be seen that the proportion has become much greater the other way. Of this fact our readers may rest assured, that if 4000 horses were suddenly to be required for Horse Artillery, Engineers, Battery, and Military Train, efficient ones could not be bought in this country, within six months, at any price whatever. The only suitable ones are earning their living in other ways. They belong to railway companies, or omnibus companies, or are working on tramways, or in other industries in the manufacturing districts, and could not be spared. Upon the occasion of the last Autumn Manœuvres, Mr. H. R. Phillips, in order to fulfil his contract with the Government, was compelled to get 1500 horses from abroad. If time were not pressing, a certain number of useful unbroken horses might be obtained from Canada, and the Canadian horse has the recommendation of possessing excellent legs and feet. The Glasgow Tramways Company bought 300 of them in the course of the last twelve months. Although money cannot any longer command good horses, horses of some sort or another must be procured, and as they are not to be found in this country, they must be sought for elsewhere. As for the

horses that we have been importing lately, they are not the sort calculated to improve our breed. Any one who walks the streets of London must have observed the heavy grey horses working in some of the omnibuses: these come from Normandy and Brittany, and are called Percherons. They have no action, and are faint-hearted beasts. If you ask the opinion of any of the drivers of these horses, you will get much the same answer as we got the other day from one of them: 'They are cows. I wishes they was all dead. They 'want so much holding up, and when they're down, they want six 'policemen to help them up.' When, from want of better mares to breed from, Englishmen breed from Percheron mares, then we shall have reached the lowest abyss.

R. G.

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### STUD GOSSIP.

HAPPY is the sportsman who is content to rise like a satisfied guest from the rich banquet of many courses, the serving of which has been prolonged from the last bleak days of windy March to the close of the month sacred to fogs and suicides. A man may well reckon that he has done his duty by the Turf, who has sat through the feast from the eggs proffered at Lincoln to the apples (let us hope not of the Dead Sea kind) which crown the dessert at Warwick. He has fared sumptuously, and like one who has assisted at some 'dinner 'to be remembered,' he does not care to finish up the evening in low company, nor to prolong into the small hours of the night festivities of the pothouse parlour. No—after that superb *menu*, memories of which still linger on our palate, we are content to allow due time for digestion; and the small beer of the illegitimate season tastes doubly sour and flat after well-matured vintages and 'first growths' of favoured districts. Let us rather lie down and allow our racing recollections to grow rusty, than follow up a counterfeit presentment of sport in suburban districts, or go the dreary circuit of local meetings in the provinces, where the small deer have their day, and little men aspire to keep rolling the ball which had been kept going for eight long months. There are a few distant and random shots fired sullenly at the dogs, announcing the commencement of the campaign which closes upon 'the first and last of fields' at Altcar; there is a spasmodic attempt to bolster up a little Derby betting by chronicling sundry after-dinner wagers, vaguely supposed to represent the tone of the market; but the leviathans of the ring are proof against all inquiries, and, having closed their brass-bound volumes, retire to the depths, out of reach of the longest shots, and not to be charmed from their retirement, even by the casual corpse floating by their dim retreats. Even 'continental betting' has ceased to give a tone to English quotations, and the industrious commission agents undergoing voluntary exile in 'beautiful Boulogne,' have put up their vacation shutters, evidently knowing a game worth two of

trying to get round with the highly educated public, with its special intelligence supply from the fraternity of touts, and stores of information at hand, from 'Judex' (who annually borrows a green leaf from 'Baily') to the minor prophets who take up their parables to resolve the great riddle of the racing year. To those who care for none of these things, but who are content to employ the recess in quietly furbishing up armour and testing the quality of their weapons for the opening of hostilities in the spring, leisure comes doubly welcome, and their anxious attention is directed to the resources whence they may hope successfully to fill up the gaps in the ranks, and to meet their enemy in the gate with confidence, when scarlet once more yields supremacy to silk, in the 'windy gleams of March.' The breeders' most anxious hours are drawing nigh, and soon the firstling of the year will usher in long lists of aristocratic births and fashionable marriages in the hungry columns of frozen-out chroniclers of sport. The first page of the 'Calendar' announces the 'stars' of the season, with prices to suit all pockets, from the hundred-guinea grandee, whose visiting list is filled early in the year, down to the *parvenu* waiting to pick up crumbs, and willing to sink his dignity in *mésalliances* among half-breds. As a rule, the briefs of the leader are short, crisp, and imperious, their very names having power to charm; while if we come across an advertisement with the puff direct or oblique upon the face of it, setting forth all the various recommendations on the score of pedigree and performances which an elaborate record can produce, the candidate may generally be set down as a pretender, trying to force his way upwards in the world, with a reputation to make. Third-raters, condemned for their sins to set up in business in Ireland, appear to require a deal of this pushing down people's throats, but the climax to a long list of achievements, which might be supposed to prelude the mighty name of Blair Athol, is ridiculous enough when possessors of every equine beauty and virtue are content to propagate their excellencies at half the fee of a British 'teazer.'

The various stud companies which have projected at divers times during the past summer do not seem to have set the public by the ears, and have all fallen flat upon capitalists and needy adventurers alike. First we had the International Stud Company, which held out some promise of success, and in addition hinted at a supply of fresh blood to English breeders; but the direction and management, though respectable enough, were felt to lack the element of practicability, and so a well-laid scheme fell through. Then we were asked to find the money for a project which ignored the possession of blood sires, and seemed to entertain rather hazy notions as to the sources available for forming a collection of brood mares; and though the list of noble patrons was alleged to be as long as a Derby entry, the mere names of these righteous could avail nothing without their money; and so this idea, too, was nipped in the bud. Lastly, we saw announcements of a Select Stud Company, which, after negotiating for the purchase of a comparatively newly started breeding

stud in the north, collapsed in like manner, leaving the coast clear for other sanguine promoters to take the matter in hand. There were rumours afloat that both Mr. Blenkiron and Mr. Gee wished to be 'converted,' but it came to nothing, and so it is all much 'as you were' with breeders and their undertakings. There can be no doubt, however, that Dewhurst will cease to hold a place among the thoroughbred nurseries of England, under its present management at least, after next season, and the Chief will rally the clans no longer round his high-built home on the borders of Sussex. A mightier than he rests beneath orchard shadows on the right of the winding road up the hill, and Lord Clifden bids fair to rival Stockwell's half-dozen Leger winners, of which he has already scored a moiety. It seems but yesterday since Edwin Parr gave Johnny Osborne his leg up on the big bay, and left it to Fordham to eat him if he won, with a sly recommendation to the disbelieving jockey to begin with his tail, by way of a choker to start with. Lowlander tarries here for a season; and never have we heard opinions so divided concerning a coming sire; his opponents basing their objections on the theory of his being a 'chance' horse, and pointing to a whole host of failures in kindred cases. It is extraordinary how few very big horses have earned repute at the stud, and it is left for Lowlander and Prince Charlie to redeem the reproach against Goliaths of the turf.

There is but one change of importance at Cobham, where Blue Gown has succeeded See-Saw; but despite his subscription having been fixed at an abnormally high rate, the bay Beadsman has but four vacancies on his list, which includes many of Mr. Bell's crack mares. This year will see the first foals of Carnival and George Frederick, and the earliest crop of Wild Oats in June, which promise well, provided they do not 'run up' too precociously, as too many of the tribe have done.

Mr. Cookson has taken unto himself Leolinus, the son of Caterer, to fill the box vacated by the exile of Graditz. The pilgrimage to Newmarket, which resulted in his ultimate removal to the hill-top at Neasham, was taken with Lemnos and Thunder as its objects; but the Welshman came between Mr. Cookson and his *premiers amours*, and he was preferred before the other two grandsons of Stockwell. Caterer gets most of his stock either soft or short-tempered, but neither of these defects could be urged against 'Bulkeley's famous steed,' who left Heath House with the best of characters.

Lord Zetland has replaced the hireling, Albert Victor, by King Lud at Aske; but Yorkshiremen are by way of thinking him a trifle coachy, and he did not pass muster over well while at Moorlands. 'Albert the Good'—but unfortunate—goes into office at Croft, with Andred as his *adlatus*, and the old range of boxes behind the Spa Hotel have received some new lady occupants, with old 'Unnyhand' as a sort of patriarch among them.

Farther north, Mr. Van Haansbergen is selling off his breeding

stud, owing to the great amount of hand feeding required to bring his yearlings up to the mark ; but he still retains the bold outlaw Macgregor, whose likeness to Macaroni is remarkable.

At Moorlands Knight of the Garter has had a 'rise,' and his promotion into the forty-guinea list has been fully justified by his return of winners and winnings ; while if Speculum can furnish a few more Roseberys 'to order,' we may soon hear of him among the 'centurions,' and verily it was a fortunate day when Mr. Thompson gave only the price of a high-class hunter for the natty son of Vedette. Vanderdecken and Reverberation are two fresh arrivals, but while the former's hocks are not exactly models of perfection, the young Thunderbolt is weak before, and it will take a deal, both of pluck and luck, to bring him into fashion with the Tykes.

Major Stapylton appraises his useful old servant Syrian at a 'pony' a mare ; and, considering his chances, Blue Mantle has not come badly through his second season, and what he lacks in size he makes up for in style and quality.

Strathconan's winning returns are respectable enough, thanks to Bersaglier and Strathavon, and he should by right be credited with Midlothian's gains, which would place him still higher in the honour list. Altogether the grey has done as well as could be expected of a sire whose highest diploma would be the *proxime accessit* to a first-class racer, while he has grown into an elegant Arab style of horse, and has lost much of that calfishness he showed while in training.

The veteran Oates has Lecturer and Ventnor under his charge at Wentworth, and though it is the fashion to denounce the former as a piggy, poky little 'cuss,' both his ancestry and doughty deeds should be had in remembrance, as well as the fact that he is well-nigh the last of the Lanercosts. Nothing would surprise us less than to hear of his having made a great hit some fine day, and at one time Markham rather wished he had him back at Crafston. Ventnor is hardly class enough to be confined to thoroughbreds, albeit he can boast the blood of Buccaneer.

Adventurer has had his name kept well before the public by Apology and Plunger, while such small deer as Levant and Polonaise have been useful contributors to his returns. His owners are wisely chary of encouraging applicants for his favours, and there is no stallion in England which looks like ripening into a patriarch of the stud more than the pride of Sheffield Lane. Pretender resembles him in many points, but his piping propensities will always tell against him, though his affliction was in nowise hereditary ; and it would have been better for his subsequent chance of distinction at the stud if he had not been permitted to perform on such a very low rope at last. Derby winners inevitably lose caste in plating company, and Bothwell appears to have followed the same rôle.

Broomielaw & Co. are in the sale list, and breeding seems never to have rightly prospered at Eltham, if we may judge from doubtful results in the Doncaster sale ring. Trent never had pretensions to rank as a leader, though useful enough in the capacity of junior ;



and Brigg Boy has hardly been 'placed' judiciously since his running at Lincoln made him out to be a good fair horse. Four thousand is the price asked for the Queen Mary brown, and a change of quarters and different class of mares may bring about a reformation, if it is not too late in the day.

Hermit has had another good season, with close upon a score of winners of nearly ten thousand in stakes, so that it was no mere flash in the pan with Holy Friar and Per Se in his first year. In fact, nearly everything by the Blankney sire seems to have some sort of winning form about it, and contrary to the predictions of croakers, he puts plenty of size as well as symmetry upon his stock, which have scored forty-eight 'brackets' among them. Hermit's figures compare well with those of the mighty Blair Athol himself, and doubtless he will beget better stayers as he advances in life, of which Charon is a very fair specimen.

Suffolk's yearlings were much admired during the St. Leger week, and it is surprising that so few, comparatively, of his offspring fulfil the expectations founded on their good looks. Still the handsome brown has plenty of time before him; and for a hunter-sire, commend us to Merry Sunshine, a fine commanding horse with plenty of bone, and a pedigree almost too grand to be wasted upon anything but the bluest of blood.

Parmesan's visiting list is restricted to twenty for the coming season, a limitation which might have been advantageously adopted before, for we do not hold him in the highest esteem as a sure foal-getter, which is not unfrequently the case with horses of uncertain tempers. Favonius and Cremorne are doubtless great feathers in his cap, but he gets too many twins and fillies to please breeders, and it is strange that Modena is almost the only one of Parmesan's daughters who has distinguished herself out of plating company. Cremorne is still untried, and as yet we have not set eyes on him in his retirement, which may have had the effect of filling up and softening down certain defects and crudities of shape which rendered him anything but the handsomest of Derby winners. The peculiar setting on of his somewhat common head to a cweish neck, not over nicely mortised into shoulders the reverse of orthodox in length and inclination, made him more remarkable than striking, and we shall be curious to see the 'character' he imparts to his progeny in these respects.

See-Saw, who exchanges from Cobham to Rufford, must be admitted to have made a hit with Footstep and half-a-dozen more winners in 1876, and it should be remembered that he had rather an uphill game to fight at starting, as is usually the case with handicap horses. A straight mile, with the finish uphill, was his *spécialité*, and this is all the more remarkable, because his hocks are rather of the coarse Kisber type, and quite the worst spot in his conformation.

Onslow is not exactly the sort of sire capable of taking such a lead as would be looked for in a successor to the sultans of

Burleigh, although, like Canon Cromwell, he did once succeed in putting down Cremorne; and we look for better things from the 'house by Stamford town' if its present lord has views ulterior to the benefit of his tenantry, as the horse's fee would indicate.

Harking back to Lincolnshire for a moment, we notice that Trent and Paladin, two vastly different types of thoroughbreds, are holding court at Laceby, near Grimsby, both boasting fair credentials, but neither claiming to be among the first flight.

So far Musket has been a dead failure, like most of the Patagonian Glasgow breed, and the big horse has received his *congé* from Bonehill, where Pero Gomez reigns alone in his glory. No horse has improved in a more marked degree since his training days, when it was the fashion to cry him down as the incarnation of ugliness; but, oddly enough, all his winners last year were two-year-olds, and he seems to put a good deal of Beadsman character upon his stock. He certainly has failed to make a reputation so quickly as Rosicrucian and The Palmer, but he is in good hands, and Lady Emily Peel's select assortment of mares is likely to suit him, his present yearlings being full of promise, and of better bone and substance now that their sire is approaching his prime.

Though Paul Jones has hardly sustained the reputation he made at starting with Corydalis, his yearlings at Cobham sold remarkably well, and to lovers of size, bone, and substance his youngsters must especially commend themselves, albeit these high qualifications have borne but little fruit as yet. Cardinal York, on the other hand, has made a very fair beginning indeed with Delicacy, Florry York, and Helena, the last named really a fine filly; and though prices at Doncaster last autumn ruled disappointingly low, we have all confidence in Mr. Everitt's horse rewarding his plucky purchaser at no distant date.

Waresly would not be looking itself without a 'father of our kings to be' among its equine tenants, and Mr. John Watson has taken in hand one of our biggest stallions to replace that very natty little gentleman Blinkhoolie, whose name is a sad puzzle to the natives of his land of adoption. Cathedral, like many another of his namesakes, has been fully 'restored' from the ailment which kept him in the background for a season, and shows a bold front with sixteen winners of twenty-eight races. Most of the sort stay, and such horses as Organist and Dalham are capital advertisements, even though they be not entitled to the A register at the Turf Lloyd's.

The Messrs. Graham have just shown us their hand, of which it will be perceived that Sterling is the trump card, for Oxford has virtually retired from business, and is worthily succeeded by his son, whose firstfruits we saw at Doncaster last September. In all but one respect they may be said to have satisfied the examining body of owners and trainers, and were an immense improvement upon the young Dukes, in former years the strength of the Yardley catalogue.

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son of Weatherbit, transmits his own stoutness to most of his children; and we shall look for him to obtain a well-merited 'rise' ere long in the affections of breeders, who should not lose sight of his relationship to the Agnes family. Mr. Eyke exhibited a good many young Cucumbers in the St. Leger week, which were duly appreciated, and they will be best judged by their fruits during the coming campaign.

Wenlock has settled down in his 'ain countrie,' once more, after having been quartered at Rufford Abbey for a season, where he enjoyed a fair share of patronage. Though a St. Leger winner, and doubtless a good fair horse, he is not exactly made to order as regards length and 'scope' throughout; but these very deficiencies may act as correctives in certain cases, and his blood is all that can be desired.

King Tom has for years been a 'sealed book' to the many, and has long passed the allotted span of life to equine patriarchs, but the latest advices describe him as vigorous, and with but little of his natural strength decayed. He runs a capital third to Lord Clifden and Blair Athol on the honour list of 1876, and has King Clovis and Lady Golightly to keep him going during 1877. Macaroni has been full ever since the sale of Maximilian, and promised to be quite at the top of the tree during the spring, but fell off somewhat during the autumn, being unable to play his great card Camellia for the St. Leger. The young 'Favonii' will make their first bow in public a few months hence, and people seem to be very much divided in their opinions concerning their promise. He certainly had rather an excessive list of lady visitors the first season, which might have prejudiced his firstlings, but his foals were bigger and fuller of bone at the second time of asking, and he has all the makings of a successful sire about him. Restitution gets a few small winners out of chance mares, but we hardly know where to look for a successor to 'Tom' among his many descendants now at the Stud, though most of them can show modest credentials.

The very shapely Knight of St. Patrick holds his 'collar days' at Highfield Hall (Onslow having usurped his inheritance at Burghley), and nearly everything by him can race a bit. A very sweet little horse, too, is the white-footed Cock of the Walk, who bears him company, and fully worth a trial with mares of a higher class than he can at present command. Lord Lyon is well up with the leaders this year in point both of number of winners and of profits realised, as he is entitled to reckon forty of the former and over ten thousand pounds' worth of the latter. So he makes a fresh beginning at the same fee which was fixed by Mr. Cookson at his start in life, and now that he at length shows in his right colours, there will be no difficulty in attracting patronage. Costa is the best-bred horse in England, but cannot manage to keep his name before the public, and it cannot be said that his friends have been backward in trying to 'make' him.

Musket has had his tariff lowered, owing to his very indifferent

position on the roll of 'winning stallions,' and now presides at Enfield, with General Peel, Toxophilite, and brother to Strafford, as companion in arms. The General made a bit of a flash in the pan last year with Ernest, Warrior, and Co., but there is a soft spot in most of them; and the Toxophilites are nearly all touched in the temper as well, though there is more of a racing cut about his stock than the generality of the Glasgow legacy horses seem capable of imparting.

At Newmarket owners of brood mares have an abundant choice among Julius, Kingcraft, King o' Scots, St. Mungo, Typhæus, and Thunder, the latter soliciting public support for the first time at Messrs. Barrow's, where his many friends and admirers will not fail to give him a good lift to start with; and it is worthy of note that he and his near neighbour, St. Mungo, are bred after a very similar fashion, and that both are likely to suit Touchstone mares. Julius had a great many winners of small amounts last year, and it is no small credit to King o' Scots to have begotten Bruce, who improved each time he ran. Kingcraft has the good word of some of our most experienced breeders, and being as grand-looking a sire as can be seen in a day's march, has been promoted to a covering fee more in accordance with the expectations of a Derby winner, while his two-year-olds will take silk this spring. Typhæus was never one of our favourites, but we have no wish to 'crab' Prince Batthyany's old pet, so let him be judged by his works.

His Grace of Hamilton has a mixed collection at Easton in Suffolk, including Barbillon, by Pretty Boy, a strain of blood well-nigh extinct in this country, and the veteran Preakness, who, though denied the privilege of licking all creation on the turf, may haply have a sweet revenge at the stud, and become a veritable 'American institution.'

Another Easton, in the 'calf' country, holds such celebrities as Galopin and The Miner, and Lord Rosslyn may at last be said to have got fairly into his stride as a breeder. Galopin is, to a certain extent, a popular horse, and though his owner was blamed for his sagacious policy of early withdrawal (which might have saved the reputation of more than one other Derby winner), we must take him as we find him, and wait patiently in the hope that one hundred guinea cheques have not been written in vain. The Miner is a totally different stamp of horse, and hitherto must be pronounced only a qualified success, though there can be little doubt of his having originated the greatest Controversy of the age. His dozen winners of all ages last year do not rise above mediocrity, but we still hope for a change from north to south to work wonders.

Turning from the east to the west, we find Asteroid and Joskin located near 'Bath's fair city,' and while the former fails to rise above respectable mediocrity, the West Australian horse sadly needs another Plebeian to make him fashionable, a contradiction in terms, but nevertheless true to the letter. Mr. Freeman is only waiting for half a chance to secure something first-rate when it happens to fall

upon the market, and in the meantime, like a prudent man, he is anxious to avail himself of the best foreign alliances for his mares, for which he is sure in the fulness of time to reap his reward.

King of the Forest has broken up his camp in the heart of Surrey, to pitch his tent in his native Berkshire air, within an easy journey of Russley, where his training labours began and ended. Like Cardinal York, he may be said to have started prosperously with three winners out of four runners, and rumours are rife about the capabilities of Actæon, which it must be left for time to confirm or refute.

Thunderbolt has outlived his old Criterion opponent, Thormanby, and enjoys a hearty and green old age in his wonted seclusion at Sutton; but though Thunder is responsible for more than half his winnings, the veteran still sustains his ancient reputation, and his owner fully looks for him to sire a Derby winner before his bolt is shot.

Ethus and Van Amburgh are still tenants of the Warren, and the former has been wisely reduced from the rather exaggerated figure which procluded his entrance into stud life. No doubt he will succeed better on a 'lower rope,' for he has nothing but handicap form to recommend him; and the same remark applies to Van Amburgh, who is worth retaining on the public service for the present scarceness of a highly valuable strain of blood.

On the other side of the hill Couronne de Fer heads the newly formed collection of Lord Rosebery, who, with the characteristic *perfervidum ingenium* of his countrymen, if hardly with their wonted sagacity, rejects the garnered experience of the past, and boldly pins his faith on a roarer of high degree. Another of the noble army of 'Grampuses' sets at defiance accepted theories of breeders and the practical 'common sense of most,' at Hampton Court, where 'Prince Charlie at 50 guineas' reads like a bitter parody on human consistency and the teaching of wise men. New Holland has saved Young Melbourne from the too *facilis descensus* into obscurity; and St. Albans has undergone quite an eleventh-hour revival, and is released from the reproach of accepting half-breds, as in last year, through the exertions of Springfield and the glimpses of form exhibited by the erratic Julius Cæsar. Neither Pell Mell nor Winslow are breadwinners to any great extent as yet, having given no pledges to the racing world, and we would as soon stand by the haphazard produce of spotted old Mentmore as anything, barring his saintly *confrère*, about the royal premises. Trumpeter has departed on foreign service at rather a late period in life; but his son, Young Trumpeter, stands at High Wycombe, and Distin was—till lately at any rate—in the country.

Middle Park shows, as usual, a formidable front; and of the two V's, Vespasian and Victorious, the latter is now uppermost on the seesaw at 40 guineas; while the other Newminster has had an Irish rise, from 50 to 30 guineas. Old Saunterer still heads the list, which is brought up by D'Estournel; but the 'features' of the old place

will be the pair of Frenchmen, Henry and Dutch Skater, each of which is advertised to receive at 40 guineas. Both are well-shaped horses, with more bone and substance than quality, and will probably succeed in hitting popular fancy, after the successes of Chamant, Verneuil, Jongleur, and other Gauls.

Mr. Gibson of Sandgate would, we hear, have been glad of the refusal of The Palmer, but did not know he was in the market, and consequently has now to content himself with hiring his brother from Mr. Chaplin. Holy Friar's death was a great misfortune, as large establishments, like that at Pulborough, require some distinguished head to keep things going, and neither Paganini nor Le Maréchal, though good fair horses, could be expected to fill the position now worthily occupied by the handsome Rosicrucian.

No sire holds his own better than Orest, who grows more and more like Orlando every year, and gets almost as useful horses, though none of them have as yet ripened into stayers of the first water. Orest is one of the few favoured ones who, having to commence business, so to speak, without a character, have raised themselves by sheer merit, like the proverbial industrious apprentice; and we have never seen anything misshapen or uncouth by Mr. Porter's horse, which is paying him no small compliment.

Doncaster we have omitted to mention before, but it must be all guess-work regarding his future as yet, though we shall see his foals in a few weeks. We always considered that he showed more lightness, elegance, and quality than any of Stockwell's sons; and all the fault that the most fastidious could ever find was that he 'stood back' a little at the knees. With a combination of the Touchstone-Melbourne blood on his dam side, his range cannot be a very wide one; but, if we might hazard a guess, perhaps the granddaughters of Sweetmeat might not come amiss to one of the best horses of modern times, and a well-known and approved good stayer.

That neat nag, John Davis, we miss at present from the 'Calendar,' but he and Mogador will doubtless receive as usual in the Midlands; and the latter has followed up his Pathfinder success with Tetrarch, a useful sort of horse enough; and it should be remembered that only a few chance mares have been the lot of either stallion.

The small fry we must leave to take care of themselves; but there will doubtless be inquiries as to the 'locations' of such sires of mark as Lacydes, Cape Flyaway, Knight of Kars, Sundeelah, and a few others who have not yet found their way into the broadsheet of Burlington Street. For any omissions, owners who have failed to court publicity have only themselves to thank; therefore we are entitled to presume that all fathers of the stud of any pretensions have put forth their claims to consideration. Blair Athol, of course, has been long full; and Speculum, Galopin, King of the Forest, and a few others have been 'taken up' as quickly as a first-class debenture stock.

Never was the demand greater in England for high-class sires, and a comparison with calendars of twenty years ago will show that fees

for fashionable stallions never ruled so high, while yearling prices have proportionately advanced, and a goodly sum is forthcoming for any mare of approved excellence the moment she comes into the market. Mushroom breeders who sprang up during the 'reign of terror' which marked the plunging era, to supply an artificial demand, have passed away; and survivors of that period, as well as men who have gone thoroughly into the business with a keen eye to the main chances, have discovered that a stud farm, judiciously formed and wisely administered, combines business with pleasure and occupation with profit in a greater degree even than the improvement of flocks and herds, and kindred country pursuits. But let successful speculators in the field pause ere the mania for adding box to box, and occupying acre after acre so grows upon them as to render their accumulation of animal wealth a source of anxiety instead of relaxation, a burden in place of a pleasure. There is enough trouble and anxiety when the stud is kept within reasonable limits, but an undue extension fails not to tell its tale upon the *domini fastidiosi* of unwieldy collections, who burn to break the chain long before they have the moral courage to issue the fiat for dispersion. People are too apt to imagine that a successful breeder's life is, to use a vulgar phrase, 'all beer and skittles,' but they would speedily be undeceived were they permitted to step into his shoes for a single season. It is the old story in which 'the many fail, the one succeeds,' and if we take up records of twenty years back, and trace down the chronicles of breeders for public sale during that period, we shall find that but few have remained constant to their hobby, while the pages of the Stud Book furnish further evidence of the shifting nature of our thoroughbred population in the frequent changes of ownership among nursing mothers, and the 'vicissitudes of families,' to which its records bear unfailing witness.

AMPHION.

## A FOGY'S KALEIDOSCOPE.

THERE are ages of many kinds after the age of forty. From forty to fifty comes middle age; from fifty to sixty, 'fogydom;' from sixty to seventy, old fogeydom; and after seventy, jolly old bufferism.

Being in fogeydom myself, I choose to think that the pleasantest period, as it gives me the opportunity of raising a multitude of ghosts of the past, and of bringing out puppets which have long since been put away.

Forty years ago this present Christmas, at the date at which I am writing this, a few days before Christmas Day, we had what was called a green winter, with warm wet weather, as we now have. Fortunately for schoolboys they all reached home before Christmas Eve, as I had myself, and friends and neighbours had made their arrangements for visits, and sending off hampers and letters, and hundreds of other things, when friends and relatives so seldom met. Every one was saying we should have no winter.



This was at the time when we were accustomed to the rattling of the coach harness, the ringing of the ostler's bell, and the cheery cry of 'First and second turn out!' which was the signal for the posthorses to come down the yard, when the travelling carriage drove up to the door at which the smiling landlord was standing, surrounded by a mob of chambermaids and waiters, with a quick eye for a coronet on the panel of the door, ready to 'My Lord' and 'My Lady' the occupants up to the very skies; when a nobleman could not travel with a party of four inside and two servants outside, from Inverness to London and back, with four horses, and sleeping five nights on the road, under from 200*l.* to 300*l.*;—when we set our watches by the mail, and knew the hour at midnight or early morning by the guard's horn; and as we relied wholly on the road, it must be said, in justice, that the roads and appointments of coaching, and all things connected therewith, were as perfect as they could be.

Well, all went right until Christmas Eve, when all of a sudden the wind shifted due north, and snow fell, possibly in such quantities as were never surpassed, and in the night it blew a hurricane. At that time I was halfway between London and Dover, living in the Dover Road, which was then the main outlet to the Continent, and the Vicarage fronted due north, within ten miles of, and opposite to the mouth of the Nore. At half-past eight o'clock on Christmas Day, those who occupied front rooms had to get up by candle-light, for the simple reason that the whole front of the house, windows and all, were blocked right up, and in all exposed positions every vestige of road and hedge had disappeared.

We were regularly in the Arctic regions; intercommunication was impossible in many places, and three Dover coaches managed to take refuge at an inn at the top of Chatham Hill, the most exposed and only level mile between London and Dover; and being cut off from the civilised world, they had to sleep where they could, and in self-defence they had to live on the Christmas presents. They formed a committee, and kept a list of money-letters, parcels, &c., in the hampers, and confiscated barrels of oysters, turkeys, prize haunches of old mutton—a noble institution of the past, better than any venison—and it was said of them that they were very sorry when eventually the Sappers and Miners cut them out. No horse passed between London and Dover for over a fortnight, though the post arrived on foot a few days earlier by a path cut by the Sappers and Miners and the soldiers from Chatham and Woolwich, and I perfectly remember that the postage for our first delivery of letters was between 3*l.* and 4*l.* The road when widened for coach travelling was between walls of snow, in some places twelve and fifteen feet high.

A frost came soon after Christmas, and the snow bore, and the fun was to make excursions across country with light hop-poles, so that if you sank in you could throw yourself across them. I forget the exact date when the northern mails first reached London, but the

whole country was thrown out of gear. Just imagine the position of the large innkeepers who had thirty or forty pair of posthorses, and of the unfortunate postboys and coachmen who lived by what they could earn. I saw in an old 'Times' of January 9th, 1837, a short time since, that it was expected that 'Dover and London' would be able once more to shake hands on the 10th January. Next came the great thaw; and afterwards, in the Midland Counties, the floods. The loss of sheep and cattle was something enormous; and, what was the hardest lines of all to the horse-owners, influenza broke out amongst the horses and carried them off wholesale. Of course my friend the old buffer will tell me that I ought to have seen the winter of 1814.

Now come out, ghost of old chambermaid at the Golden Cross, where I used to sleep on my way back to school, and, 'may the heavens be your bed now!' as the Irish say. God bless your kind old soul! when I remember, as a little boy of eleven years old, going back to school, after bearing up bravely before the old governor, with the prospect of parting from him the next morning. I eventually broke clean down in my bedroom, and you came and took my candle, and kissed me, and said you were sure the boys would be kind to me.

I am not quite sure that I will invoke the spirit of the proprietor of the Golden Cross in those days, when I think of the heavy curtained four-posters, the horrible water, swarming with animalculæ of the water class, and the bed handsomely peopled with little things in brown coats, of the insect kind; and when I call to mind my eyes, bunged up as skilfully as the late Mr. Sayers would have done it. I have a keen recollection now of the blowing in and blowing out of mutton-fat candles, and the everlasting ringing of bells, as if a perpetual wedding was going on in the house, and the horrible smell of stables—which was not wonderful, considering that the stables occupied all one side of the yard, and that horses went to bed on the ground, first, or second floor, stable above stable, and when they were all stamping together, and the wind set across the yard, the noise and the smell were intolerable. How different from the present day. I dined there with a Northcountryman and his son, three years ago, and occupied the same box (part of present large coffee-room) which I sat in in 1834, and if this article meets their eye I am ready to dine there again. How different from the Charing Cross Hotel of the present!

To my great delight, in the year 1862, I recognised the old porter who used to load the Southampton Telegraph forty years ago, when I was a boy going to Winchester, in deep conversation with a very little swivel-eyed old man, who used to sell pencil-cases and knives to the coach passengers, and who sold me in those days a knife for four shillings, not one of the blades of which would open. I recognised my old friend, and told him what an old rascal he had been, and I bought a knife of him for a shilling, and we then adjourned to the bar at the back of the hotel, and in vulgar parlance, 'liquored

them up.' And lo and behold! my new knife, except with the aid of a pair of pincers and a strong wrist, would not open, and was as great a duffer as that of 1836.

My friend, Juvenis, of the present day, who arrives at the railway station in a hansom, with railway rugs and smart luggage, attended on by a porter, who secures a seat with your back to the engine in a first-class carriage, and fetches your paper, how different your going to school now is from what ours was, with a prospect of six months' work. The fashion is now three terms a year, and as many holidays as the masters can possibly shove in, for be it remembered that *plus* a week's idleness to the masters, the master escapes keeping thirty or forty boys, who occupy his house, which is no small item.

Now you, Mr. Juvenis of to-day, permit us Fogeys to have an evening or two in London. We shall have to pay your school bills, so let us have our innings. I protest against the interference from the old Fogeys, for I can't stand being told that if I saw Madame Vestris I ought to have seen Miss Foote, or if I saw Miss Helen Faucit I ought to have seen Miss O'Neil, for if you, Mr. Old Fogey, attack me in this style, I will get an old buffer who will tell you you ought to have seen Mrs. Siddons.

Now I hate statistics, and I won't promise to arrange my ghosts chronologically with exactness. I am writing from memory. Any one can glance over files of the 'Times' and vamp up an article. My intention is to keep outside a five-and-twenty years' radius at any rate.

Are we once again at Astley's? My father, being an orthodox old parson, of course entered me first at Astley's. Is that really Ducrow who rides nine horses as the courier of St. Petersburg? Is the clown in earnest when he expresses his delight at going back for something which the young lady who rides the bare-backed steed has left? And when he slips off the side of the circus and bonnets the master of the ring with a paper hoop, and Mr. Widdicombe cuts into him with the whip, does he hurt him? Was the horse which was carrying Mazeppa really stunned when the flash of lightning floored him and the tree at one fire? I think not, for I went to see my old friend Mazeppa a short time ago, and I am sure that it was the same flash of lightning, and the same horse, perhaps a little long in the tooth.

Is it possible that we are at old Drury under Macready's management, when the Queen went in state out of compliment to him for making the upper boxes fit for respectable people, and disestablishing the saloon so dear to Corinthian Tom and Hawthorn Jerry? I suppose for the last time in history we saw the Royal box wheeled out on the stage, with the Beef-eaters keeping guard and relieving guard at the proper interval, quite regardless of the piece. Come here, ghost of Macready, and tell me weren't you proud when you came on as the melancholy Jaques in 'As You Like It,' and when the Queen and Prince Albert quite rose from their chairs and made you a most gracious bow? Tell me, F. G., who are wielding your chattering pen, ought not you to be ashamed of yourself for never

sending your three shillings to the treasurer after going in without paying? [Note.—*Private and confidential.* Considering that I waited outside the pit since four o'clock in the afternoon, and was carried in by the crowd without putting my feet to the ground, and that the managers let in twice as many as they could seat or could stand, except as herrings in a barrel, and considering that had I not been an old foot-ball player, and had learnt the way of 'making a 'rush into a hot,' and thereby got a standing place, in getting which my head was punched by unknown hands and my body kicked by unknown feet, I don't regret my dishonesty.] Come here, Mrs. German Reed, then Miss P. Horton, did you ever have a greater triumph, or did you ever see any two people laugh so long and so loudly as the Queen and Prince did when you played the Corsican Girl to the immortal old Keeley in the 'Thumping Legacy'? And, Mrs. German Reed, were you ever better pleased when you played Ariel in the 'Tempest,' and sang 'Where the bee sucks,' though I should very much like to know whether it was you or a dummy (I don't understand theatrical terms) when Ariel flashed across the stage in the air, and we heard the magic words, 'You lie'? Well, I am very glad that you are safe and sound where you are, Mrs. German Reed, as your calling would have been gone as Ariel, as the joint-stock companies (limited) have 'put a girdle round the 'earth,' and at a very high figure, too. Come here, some very high-priced ghosts. Room for Grisi, and Persiani, old Lablache, Fornasari, Cerito, and Lucille Grahn, some of whom I hope are in the flesh, and particularly Signor N. N. (who, for aught I know, may be the Claimant).

Is it possible that we fogeys are paying our annual visit to the old Opera when there was only one, and we had to save the money up for it?—for the cost came heavy, and going about once a year was our chance. Is it possible that it is a Drawing-room night, and the Queen's birthday, and that the ladies who have been to Court that day are there in their plumes and diamonds? How the house roars as Leporello comes in with the lantern; and when, as he often did, he put in a little bit of 'gag' in English, some lady was sure to throw him a bouquet. There were so few good opera singers, they were all favourites. When I think of the ball-room scene in 'Don 'Giovanni,' and the minuet danced by Cerito and Lucille Grahn, Cerito taking the lady's part and Lucille Grahn the gentleman's, and compare the then ballet dress with the brazen-faced nudity of the present day, I think I may score one for the fact that we fogeys managed things better then. What a silence there was for the 'Batti batti o bel Masetto' of Persiani! But Signor N. N. was my particular friend; he generally had about two words in every opera, coming in, in a neckcloth like a round towel, and a barrister's wig, as a notary, sometimes as an officer who commanded three soldiers. We used to speculate as to who 'N. N.' was; possibly a porter at a night-house, possibly an eccentric nobleman who liked to walk the boards as a fancy, just as a very rich cad once did, who offered to

bear all the expenses of a performance on condition that he wore a swell dress and went on ; so they gave him a part as a herald in a superb dress, and he was to say simply one word, 'hush,' to proclaim silence ; but he forgot a fourth of his part, as when the trumpets ceased he marched forward and, holding up his hand, said, '*Ush!*'

Do we see Grisi and Mario in '*Lucrezia Borgia*,' at their very best ? How we forgot, when we looked at her handsome face and flashing eyes, that she waddled when she rushed across the stage and threw her arms against the door to prevent any interference with Gennaro's escape after she had given him the antidote to the poison. When she knelt down beside Mario's dead body, was anything more splendid than her '*Era desso il figlio mio*' ? Let me mark something against her ghost's account which I know to be true, and it is that when the widow of a very celebrated Italian music-master—a dear old boy, who lived in dressing-gown and slippers, and wore earrings, and was too lazy to learn English, and to whom all the opera singers went for hints in all new operas (and to whom Grisi had been hundreds of times)—took a benefit concert, Grisi moved heaven and earth to get emancipated from her undertaking not to sing in public without leave, in order to sing for nothing at the concert ; and when she failed, she came on the day of the concert, at great inconvenience, and sat with the widow in a back room, and did not forget to pay for a great many stalls.

Let us linger a moment longer in that old house. Do I hear the tinkling of castanets. Is the band playing the Cachuca ? Is it Fanny Elsler, the tall, fine, handsome woman in a Spanish dress, who bounds on ? Had any one but a man such tremendous muscles as she had ? mind you, Mr. Juvenis, from the knee downwards only, as far as the spectators could judge, for opera dancers were decently clad. What bounds she is taking across the stage ! how she seems to be part of the music and the music part of her, and how you hear the chattering of her castanets above the crash of the band.

Stop yet a moment. What do I see ? Four opera dancers at once. Little did people think, as they came on, what a tremendous row there had been behind the scenes about precedence. What were the prices of tickets for the first night of the immortal '*Pas de Quatre*' ? Ask Mr. Mitchell of Bond Street, and you may depend upon it he *won't* tell you. Oh, Juvenis, does not your mouth water when the fogey's talk of Taglioni, Cerito, Lucille Grahn, and Carlotta Grisi all dancing at once ? though I admit that an old fogey told me the other day that unless I had seen Duvernay I had never seen dancing. Each dancer had her party amongst the audience, and the cheering and counter-cheering were terrific. An old gentleman lived in the same house where I lodged who did everything like clock-work ; he breakfasted, dined, &c., at the same moment ; he left the opera at the same moment, whether the piece was over or not, and he had a bone. My landlady, in consideration of my being a good tenant, made interest with him, and although I had an interview with him, he said very little on the subject, but

gave me to understand that if I was at a certain door at ten o'clock precisely, I might have his bone, and consequently I had the run of the 'Pas de Quatre.' Now, Mr. Juvenis, take this from me, and it is a fact that I want to hammer this into your head, as you and yours, who admire many of *the lobsters without shells*, who call themselves dancers and sensation extravaganza actresses, of this day, must remember that the ballet dancers of the Taglioni and Cerito day carried much more sail, and were elegant without being disgusting.

Come out ghosts of the dandies, who had the omnibus box in those days. Where are you, 'Dolly' and 'Poodle'? as people called Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence and Sir George Wombwell; you too, Count d'Orsay, who found the air of London much more salubrious between twelve o'clock on Saturday night (when the sheriffs' officers went off in despair) and twelve on Sunday night, than on a weekday; you, Chess (as Lord Chesterfield was called), and you, many others, are alive and now old fogeys. Well, you were dandies, and no mistake, and I don't think it a bad thing, Mr. Juvenis, now that no one can tell, by dress, a duke from a tradesman. But one moment yet at the old House, and then we will look in for one scene at the opposition house at Covent Garden. The house is set. I have a gallery stall reserved—the ordinary price was five shillings—for which I paid some incredible sum, and having been buffeted, kicked, and cuffed, and having my clothing torn half off my back, and after being driven into corners, simply because—the gallery being full—the authorities would not clear the stairs for reserved tickets, and having scrambled by an irregular way, swarming up a pile of old scenery to the first landing of the gallery stairs, and having been thrust half back by a policeman, to whom I used the arguments of words and shoulders, to the intense sympathy of the crowd, who were as badly treated as I was, I found myself seated comfortably to hear Jenny Lind in 'Somnambula,' her first appearance. By Jove! is it real? is it not a case for a breach of promise? How miserably Elvino has treated her! We all want to go as witnesses for her when she clings to him, and literally lets him drag her across the stage. There is no deception, gentlemen and ladies, she is not running back on her heels and saving her dress; she is literally being dragged by Elvino, and when the tumult subsides, and she appears to the call before the curtain, her dress shows that it is torn, and all over dirt and dust, and the tears are running down her cheeks. I wonder that her mind didn't go when she wakes and finds the ring on her finger and sings the 'Ah non giunge.' What a triumph it was! Mr. Juvenis, she could not be compared to any one. Directly Jenny Lind disappeared, Sontag, who was about forty years old, after many years' absence, came back. Many people liked her as well as Jenny Lind. Let us learn a lesson: every great artiste stands alone, like a Royal Academician in the painting world, until her place knows her no more.

Turn we for a moment to Covent Garden, when the old stars migrated in 1847, and the Haymarket Opera and Covent Garden

were daggers drawn. At Covent Garden rules were much relaxed ; full-dress was easier—and, if the truth was told, if the proprietors could fill the house, little money was turned away on account of dress.

It was about 1847 or 1848, when the Jenny Lind mania was still on, and the Grisi party was as strong as the Jenny Lind, that a new singer came out at Covent Garden. I suppose I was the fogey who was there when she made her first appearance as Maffeo Orsini, in 'Lucrezia Borgia.' The piece went beautifully—as how could it go otherwise, with Grisi as Lucrezia and Mario as Gennaro?—and my friend Signor N. N. played two parts. Maffeo Orsini was very well received, and as usual in the Supper Scene had to sing the 'Il segreto per esser felice.' The character of Maffeo Orsini was filled by Alboni—her first appearance in that character. Talk about people going mad!—they raved and stormed. The Grisi faction foretold the downfall of Jenny Lind ; and again and again the encores thundered out ; and long before the opera was over, people were coming down from the old House to know what was up. Never was a greater triumph. As I said before, Mr. Juvenis, there may be as good now, or some day, but mind you, I am in the company of my fogey.

Are we back at old Drury again after this ? Do I hear music ? Ay, Lock's music in 'Macbeth,' and Miss Poole specially announced as Hecate. I see Mrs. Warner—for whom the Queen ordered a carriage daily from a livery stable keeper during her last illness—doing a rather ranting Lady Macbeth, but carefully done. I see the most absurd fight between Macbeth and Macduff, with Victoria Theatre swords, with the regular 'one, two, three and under' business. Though always listening to Macready as a great scholar, my dream is that we forgot his 'guttural' voice, and his ghost seems to say, Could I not interpret Shakespeare's meaning in such passages as the dialogue between Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, when she breaks to her lord the scheme of murder, and the soliloquy 'To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,' &c., and 'All the world's 'a stage' ? His ghost seems to say, 'I was a scholar and a gentleman, 'and people forgot my voice.'

How fortunate it is not to be able to summon the ghost of Miss Helen Faucit, now enjoying, as Mr. Alan Cunningham said of Macready, her 'lettered ease,' in another sphere. Ah, yes, Miss Helen Faucit of those days ! I am quite sure you grew two feet higher when persecuted by Beaumont in the peasant's cottage, and you, as Pauline, said, with a withering smile : 'Sir ! leave this 'house ! It is humble ; but a husband's roof, however lowly, is, in 'the sight of God and man, the temple of a wife's honour !'

Brother fogey, when she went mad in white satin, and her hair down her back—which, I believe, used to be the conventional thing—as the Lady Constance in 'King John,' do you remember when she threw herself on the ground, and said—

' Here I and sorrow sit ;  
Here is my throne ; bid kings come bow to it ;'

or again, in 'The Lady of Lyons,' when she discovers her husband at the end, was ever finer acting seen? Well, well! we enjoyed our theatres and operas very much, for we had so little of them.

Let's have a laugh. Come here, ghosts of Paul Bedford, Wright, and Oxberry. How did you two first dare to take the parts of Norma and Adalgisa, in 'Norma' travestie? and when the moon in the 'Casta Diva' scene winked, why did you, Paul, place your right hand suddenly and loudly somewhere behind your hip, and wink at the gallery? And why did you, and Wright, and Oxberry come out in full ballet costume, and ridicule the 'Pas de Dees' at the Opera? And why did you put in 'gag,' you ghost of Wright, and in the scene in 'The Green Bushes,' in the most exciting part, where the wicked brother is plying you with whisky to extract your secret, and orders a powdered footman to bring some, and we are waiting for the story—by saying to the powdered footman, who comes back at your call, 'And, I say, young man, if you have such 'a thing as a "mossel" (for morsel) of cheese in the house, don't 'you be above a-bringing of it up'? And again, in 'The Willow Copse,' when you have successfully committed the burglary and stolen the will, at the instigation of Paul Bedford and O. Smith (whose ghost I also summon), and are coming over the wall, and the audience—who have heard slow music and seen the candle going from room to room, whilst Paul Bedford and O. Smith are telling their villainous story outside the garden,—why did you put in another piece of gag, by saying from the top of the wall on your return, 'Oh! ah! I have made such a discovery!' 'What 'is it, my boy? what is it?' asks Paul. To which you answered, 'The butler is married to the cook.'

Do I see a yardarm with a rope hanging to it? Do I hear a bell tolling? Do I see a figure or two come on the stage? Do I hear an old Yorkshire farmer and his two daughters (in Cattle Show week) crying their eyes out behind me? I do: and I hear the old farmer say, amidst his sobs, 'I'm dommed if I don't believe they will 'let him off now!' I literally would take my oath, if required, that this latter fact is true. What can it be? Why, it is William, in 'Black-eyed Susan,' going to be hung. Aye! didn't we see him dance the double-shuffle hornpipe earlier in the piece? and hear his court-martial—the sentence in which is justified by the evidence? No, Juvenis, my dear friend, we have you there. T. P. Cooke is a man who lived once and for ever—for remember he was an old-fashioned British sailor, and we saw the real thing; and no doubt that 'the bright little cherub who sits up aloft' had his weather-eye open for T. P. C.

'I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows' is a song which we fogey's heard in good company. Do you think that Shakespeare was not prophetic, and knew that two or three hundred years after his death the characters might be filled properly? Were not Madame Vestris and Mrs. Nisbett made for Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page? Was not Charles Mathews made for Master Slender, and Miss Rainforth for Anne Page?



No, Mr. Juvenis! you may have as good as they were now, but no two women whose voices would ring clearer or put the audience in better spirits than Madame Vestris and Mrs. Nisbett. 'The Merry Wives' was one of those jovial pieces got up regardless of expense, and possibly, rather informally, 'I know a bank' was introduced for Madame Vestris and Miss Rainforth.

What, more theatrical ghosts! yes, real blood and thunder gunpowder ghosts, with a strong smell of orange-peel and fustiness. Are we over the water at the old Vic or the Bower? Yes we are. That must be Miss Vincent who is calling on 'Heaven to help the orphan girl,' whilst a combat of three villains in brick-dust boots and flossy curls is going on, with lots of sparks out of the swords, for possession of her. Yes, I see her again looking round for a weapon and pulling out the bar of the shutters, and dashing in among the combatants, creating a panic, when of course the comic man comes in at the unbarred window, and shoves a sack of flour over the arch villain, and virtue triumphs with a peroration from Mr. N. T. Hicks. Or are we at the Bower? and do we once more hear the thunder of the gallery when, in a piece called 'The Bird Fanciers of Westminster' and the Pigeon Flyers of Tothill Fields,' the injured 'fancier' exclaims, 'Ah! the poor man-n's pig-e-o-n is as de-ar to 'im as the 'metalled Carser' (meaning courser) 'is to my lard, or 'er 'awk or 'er 'ound to my lady faire.'

And now I will leave the theatre with one anecdote. It was in 1842, when Miss Adelaide Kemble was playing Norma (in English) at Covent Garden, and Miss Rainforth was playing Adalgisa, and filling the house, and I was at a large party at Mr. John Parry's, where a great number of theatrical people were, and after supper, whilst the musicians were having something to eat and drink, a little music took place. Miss Adelaide Kemble and Miss Rainforth were both (as our grandmothers—the *very* old bufferesses—would have said) 'of the party,' and John Parry sat down to the piano and took them both off before their faces in the grand duet in 'Norma,' to their intense amusement.

Do I hear a good old English voice singing, 'The fine old English gentleman,' or 'Old Christmas, jolly Christmas, with thy gay and jocund face,' or 'If I had a thousand a year, Gaffer Green.' Brother fogeys, we all hear it—and the singer's first lieutenant, Paddy Green—to whose ghost I take off my hat—is in the chair. Ghost of old Evans—whom the late Mr. Thackeray points at in his 'Travels round London,' when he says 'does Bivins keep the Haunt now?' the Haunt being Evans's, from whose supper-rooms, at Mr. Thackeray's request, the late Paddy Green stamped out the last remnant of ribaldry—I take my hat off to you as well. How loyal Thackeray was to the 'Back Kitchen' in all his works.

Ghost of the proprietor of the Cyder Cellars, I take off my hat to you for the sake of the performances up to twelve o'clock, when the music of 'Macbeth' was admirably rendered, and many other beautiful harmonies; but I choose to keep my hat on in respect of the balance of the performance after twelve o'clock, as the Yankees would say.

Ghost of the Coal Hole of my youth, I keep my hat on, for I was only with you for half an hour, when a wretched old man, who was called 'Stunning Joe' some one (I don't care to remember who he was) poured out a lot of the most senseless filth that ever came out of any one's mouth, and I was not much surprised to read in the papers that one of the singers who attended the orgies of the low performances, and who had a good voice, and sung at some church in London, had been dismissed—as he admitted on cross-examination at a trial—for going to church drunk six Sundays running.

Come out, thou ghost of Chief Baron Nicholson, of the Judge and Jury, thou witty old satyr, who had the misfortune not to be respectably educated and brought up, and who had the misfortune to point your brilliant jokes a little too coarsely; but if you had been educated for the law, I believe firmly you would have made a great mark at the bar. Can't I see you taking your seat in your mimic Court with admirable mock solemnity, and calling for 'a glass of brandy-and-water and a mild cigar?' I can see you on a trial at Westminster as a witness, when Baron Alderson said he was glad to make the acquaintance of a learned brother whom he did not know before. I can see you disbarring one of the barristers (Mr. Brougham) for coming drunk into your Court, and I will recall one of your best practical jokes in the Cattle Show week, when you said: 'Mr. Usher, are the Jury empannelled?'

'Yes, my Lord.'

'Let them stand by, and let us show our usual courtesy to our country cousins and swear a new Jury. Our friends from the country may sit on the Jury, who have the privilege of calling for anything they like to drink.'

Whereupon a vision comes before me of a rush of top-booted farmers.

'Gentlemen,' said the Chief Baron, 'answer to your names as I point at you.'

'Mr. Turniptops?' pointing to one.

'Mr. Chawbacon?' pointing to another.

'Yes,' answered the round-faced farmers one by one, as their names were called.

'What will you take to drink? Don't be afraid to name champagne.'

And so he went through the Jury, and a pretty good order was given.

Up jumps Mr. Brougham, the senior counsel. Whereupon the Chief Baron replied, 'Stop, Mr. Brougham, we must go to business first.'

'Gentlemen of the Jury, the waiter is in the room, and you have the privilege of paying for what you have ordered.'

Of course the country party had nothing to do but to pay and join in the joke against themselves.

Come back, old ghost of Alfred Mynn. Didn't I see you coming

out of the Pavilion at Lord's with your bat under your arm when you played Mr. Felix for the championship of England, on Waterloo day, 1846—when, being myself a managing clerk in a large firm in Parliament Street during the railway mania, I deserted seventeen committee rooms which I ought to have attended—and didn't I hear a Frenchman exclaim, when he beheld your splendid figure and manly appearance, '*Voilà le grand Mynn!*'

Here are some ghosts in great coats, big belcher kerchiefs round their necks, and thick boots, up to their knees in mud and slush, on a dirty November day, with books and pencils, trying to shout 'Five to one on the field, bar one.' Do I see Davis, the Leviathan? Yes, there he is in a field in the Harrow country, booking bets as hard as he can write; and there is Jem Mason getting out of a brougham smart as a pink, looking as if he came out of a bandbox, with his wonderful boots and breeches, and with white kid gloves and red silk mittens. What a swell he was!

Jem Mason on a steeplechaser was a sight worth thinking of; it is a picture that stands alone, and quite incomparable. He is not on Lottery, as I see him in my mind's eye now, but on British Yeoman, not a bad one, as many knew to their cost. How part and parcel of the horse he was! how easily he lifted his horse over his fences, and with what exquisite grace he rode!

The fate of some of those gallant gentlemen steeplechasers who rode their own horses and backed them too heavily in the days of Jem Mason, and came to grief, brings to mind the touching story of 'Bill the Bushman,' a broken-down cavalry officer, who, in an anonymous poem called 'A Voice from the Bush,' compares his past with his present life, in a soliloquy as he is riding from the bush into some town in a distant colony.

"And how the regiment roared to a man, and the voice of the fielders shook,  
As I swung in my stride six lengths to the good held hard over Brixworth brook.  
Instead of the parrot's screech I seem to hear the twang of the horn,  
As once again from Barkby Holt I set the pick of the Quorn.  
Ah! they were harmless pleasures enough, for I hold him worse than an ass  
Who shakes his head at a neck on the post, or a quick thing over the grass:  
Go for yourself, and go to win, and you can't very well go wrong,—  
Gad! if I'd only done this thing I'd be singing a different song.

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Out there in the Station amongst the lads I get along pretty well,  
It's only when I come down into the town that I feel this life such a hell.  
Booted and bearded, and burnt to a brick, I loaf along the street,  
And watch the ladies tripping by, and bless their dainty feet:  
I watch them here and there with a bitter feeling of pain—  
Ah! what wouldn't I give to feel a lady's hand again."

Come, last ghost of all, brave old Tom Cribb, whose benefit I attended when the old man was over seventy years of age, in company with a very high-church parson, disguised in a white overcoat, with bang-up cheese-plate buttons, a wig, and a yellow 'fogleman,' and a most respectable city merchant, who was got up as a swell horse-dealer, and we took our shilling's-worth amongst the roughs. Didn't Spring and Ward, and the Broomes and Owen Swift, and

Peter Crawley, and Caunt and Bendigo, and all the stars shine that night? Didn't you put up your grand old hands just to show us the old guard, and didn't you tell the company that Tom Oliver, who appeared with you with the muffles on, was only a boy, and that you would not disgrace him by licking him? And didn't I talk all this over with old Jem Ward, a nice, well-mannered old buffer, nearer eighty than seventy years of age only last month, next to whom I sat at Jemmy Welsh's benefit, the first I have attended for twenty-seven years?

And now, brother fogeys, have you not got something to talk over this New Year?

Ah me! we have had our fun, but it does not come so often as yours, Mr. Juvenis, does. Now—when you can go for a shilling and hear cads sing slang songs at music-halls, and see lobsters without shells, calling themselves dancers, posturing to the delectation of cads, you are welcome to your fun; but the love of good music and good acting is much weaker amongst you youngsters than it was with us. Well, I suppose you answer, Tommy, I *won't* make room for my uncle Fogey. So be it, brother fogeys; let young England have its own fling its own way.

If we could have the slate of life before us and a sponge, doubtless there are many, many things we should like to wipe out; but on looking through 'a fogey's kaleidoscope' myself, it is pleasant to bring to mind many harmless pleasures, and to conjure up old friends who have passed away, and I hope my brother fogeys, to whom I wish a Happy New Year, will feel the same.

*Mitcham, Dec. 1876.*

F. G.

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## MR. ROBERT PECK.

THE winds that blow over the wolds and moors that form Yorkshire training grounds seem to carry with them seeds that, wherever they fall, produce love of horse-racing. Those acquainted with North and East Riding towns that have training stables in their vicinity know how early a liking for the Turf shows itself among the youthful inhabitants, even though no greater encouragement is afforded than the hearing of occasional 'horse gossip,' or the sight, now and then, of sheeted thoroughbreds passing through the streets. How much deeper, then, must be the impression made on the minds of lads accustomed from earliest youth to see the racehorse daily in his box or at exercise, and to hear, from eye-witnesses of the feats accomplished, glowing stories of the triumph or defeat of this or that greensward celebrity. It would have been strange if the subject of the present notice had not taken kindly to the great national sport. He was born on March 4th, 1845, at Grove House, Malton, where his father, a trainer of note, at that time resided; and one of his uncles was Robert Heseltine of Hambleton, whose name is

associated with racehorses that carried green and geranium-red jackets successfully on the chief courses in the land. He came to years of understanding when the fame of three or four Yorkshire stables stood very high. John Scott's repute was mighty in the land, and young Robert Peck lived in the proper place to hear much of it, and must often have been told, moreover, of the mighty Middleham champions, Van Tromp and The Flying Dutchman, and how the last named, the conqueror of conquerors, was at last overtaken by defeat, and went down before another Yorkshire Derby and St. Leger winner trained on Richmond Moor. His earliest racing recollection is of Old Dan Tucker (trained by his father) beating Nunnykirk, the black son of old Beeswing, for the Great Yorkshire Stakes of 1849. Actuated by precisely the same feeling that induced Sir William Maxwell to smash the looking-glasses at the Reindeer Hotel on the Monday night of Filho da Puta's St. Leger victory, that promising four-year-old, Master Robert Peck, found vent to his feelings, when news came of Old Dan Tucker's success, by severing every button from his boots! His introduction to the excitement and delight of a racecourse was at Scarborough in 1850. The meeting was then conducted in very primitive fashion on the Sands, the judge viewing the race from a waggon; but the want of style that characterised such doings was doubtless atoned for in his eyes by the fact of the Grove House horse, Scarborough, picking up a couple of stakes with his owner, Lord Cardross, in the saddle. But horses of a very different stamp to Scarborough were doing their work on Langton Wold about that period, and the Malton cracks had no more constant admirer than Robert Peck, who, whilst still quite a child, had made himself acquainted with the Stud Book to a wonderful degree in one so young. There is no more thorough proof of deeply rooted love of the racehorse than such early perusal of pages utterly distasteful to children as a rule, and no doubt he was stimulated to still closer study of the book by being frequently called on before visitors to exhibit his singular memory for pedigrees. He constantly accompanied his father on to the Wold to see the horses at exercise, and Songstress, the Oaks winner of 1852, was one of the early loves of the youthful critic. In the course of the same year he was impressed by the style in which West Australian did his work, and it was at this time, and in connection with this famous horse, that his first attempt at prophecy was made. It happened one morning that John Scott was accompanied to the Wold at exercise time by the late Lord Derby, and called little 'Bob' to his carriage to put some question to him. Pleased by the boy's modest and quiet manner, Lord Derby good-naturedly asked him what horse would win the Derby. 'West Australian, my Lord,' was the answer. 'The little one is not a bad judge,' was John's comment; and no doubt the tip thus conveyed was not forgotten. Lord Derby, at any rate, remembered the words of the youthful soothsayer, and when he was down at Malton in the spring of 1854, full of hope that the most coveted prize of the racing year would at last fall to his 'black and

'white cap,' he called Robert to him, with the words, 'Now, this year I can tell *you* what will win the Derby. Dervish will win.' Young Robert remarked that he preferred Acrobat, and many of us remember, only too well, how ill a starting price quotation of 5 to 2 represented Dervish's Derby chance, and how far superior a horse was Acrobat, judged by the light of Great Yorkshire and Doncaster Stakes. For Blink Bonny, too, he conceived a great liking, and the first bet he ever made was 20 to 1—to five shillings—about that famous filly for the Derby of 1857. No wonder that he hung about the telegraph office that Wednesday afternoon until the glorious news arrived, and that he did not let grass grow under his feet in bearing the glad tidings to Spring Cottage. At this time, under the instruction of Mr. William P'Anson, he was frequently taken to meet Lord Middleton's hounds, and acquired a love for the sport that the O.B.H. and V.W.H. know he has not yet lost. During his holidays he was at this time in the habit of riding exercise constantly, and told his father that a despised two-year-old on whose back he was placed would turn out the best of all the strong lot of youngsters then in the stable. The horse was Physician, who in the following year ran third for the Chester Cup, besides other creditable performances; and this precocious aptitude for matters horsey caused young Robert, after leaving school, to be constantly engaged in the stables, or on the wold, or in travelling with the horses. He was intrusted with sole charge of Regalia in all her expeditions, until Mr. Graham's horses were removed from Malton, when Robert Peck made his first serious move in life by becoming private trainer to Lord Stamford in 1865, being then only twenty-one years of age. During the winter he had charge of the horses at Enville, and in the spring took them to Newmarket, where, in 1867, he won several nice stakes with The Peer, and the Column and Bennington Stakes with a filly by Wild Dayrell, out of Emily, that in the autumn of the same season carried off the Park Hill Stakes at Doncaster after a brilliant piece of jockeyship on the part of her rider. Amongst other smart horses belonging to Lord Stamford, during the time Robert Peck was presiding genius in the stable, were Cellina, Vale Royal, Charnwood, Idalia, and Feodor. On leaving his Lordship's service in 1868 he trained publicly for a short time at Spring Cottage, Malton, and during that period the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood was won by Fichu, an Ivan colt, that, as a yearling, had been presented to him by Lord Stamford. In the autumn of 1870 he gave up his establishment at Malton to train privately for Mr. Merry. Things began pretty well, as King of the Forest next spring ran third for the Two Thousand Guineas, and a dead heat for second with Albert Victor in the Derby won by Favonius. He got home first in the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot, and picked up other nice races, including the Bentinck Memorial at Goodwood in three successive years. By doing so he placed a very handsome piece of plate on his owner's sideboard, and the way he was patched up to run for the stake as a four-year-old, after breaking down in the

previous season, was a triumph of the trainer's art. Another attempt at Derby laurels would have been made in 1872 with *Gladiolus*, had he not met with an accident a few days before the race, to the sore disappointment of his trainer, who had tried him 21 lbs. better than *Freeman*, just before victorious in the Great Northern at York. *Marie Stuart* gave a taste of her quality in that year by winning the New Stakes and a Biennial at Ascot in one day, with both hocks blistered for curb at the time, and was close up in the Middle Park Plate when amiss, no slight hint as to what might be expected could she be brought out thoroughly up to the mark in the following season. Her brilliant performances in the Oaks and St. Leger of 1873, and the memorable Derby victory of her companion *Doncaster*, are too recent to require more than passing mention. It will suffice to remark that, although *Doncaster's* chance at Epsom was pooh-poohed by every one save his trainer, Robert Peck's excellent judgment (*Freeman*, after a second Great Northern success, again giving the line) was borne out to the fullest extent. After winning the Ascot Cup of 1875 in most gallant style, *Doncaster* was purchased from Mr. Merry by his trainer for 10,000*l.* before he ran for and won the Alexandra Plate on the Friday in the same week. He was shortly afterwards resold to the Duke of Westminster for 14,000*l.*, returning to the stud as sound a horse as on the day he was foaled. The sale of *Doncaster* was one of the last acts of Mr. Merry's racing life, and on his retirement from the Turf Robert Peck again took to public training in the autumn of 1875. The guide books tell us that his success has not been small, although vexatious disappointments were experienced in some of the great races. In the Two Thousand Guineas, for instance, *Julius Cæsar* ran second. Forerunner and *Julius* were second and third for the Derby. In the St. Leger *Julius Cæsar* again got third place, whilst *Pellegrino* only just lost the Middle Park Plate, and *Freeman* was second, beaten a neck only, for the Chester Cup. As a set-off to this he pulled through in the Alexandra Plate at Ascot, and Robert Peck won for his employers the Manchester Cup with *Conseil*, the Goodwood Stakes with *Hampton*, besides a great number of minor races; and for the Duke of Westminster, whose 'yellow and black' worthily replaces the similar colours carried for so long by Mr. Merry's horses, he trained *Dalham*, victorious in the Epsom Cup and Ascot Plate, *Sly*, and *Helena*. Of the racehorse at every age Robert Peck is an undeniably good judge, and anything that causes him to nod his head at the sale-ring side is generally well worth bearing in remembrance. He may fairly lay claim to having sold the highest priced old horse, and bought the highest priced yearling on record, in *Doncaster*, and the colt by *Macaroni*, out of *Duchess*, purchased at the last Cobham sale for 4100 guineas. When the late Sir Richard Bulkeley's stud was dispersed, Mr. Peck bought, for old acquaintance sake, the brood mare *Tasmania*, at one time trained by his father. He sent the mare to *Scottish Chief*, and afterwards sold her to Mr. Sharpe for 400*l.* Her produce, *Dunedin*, was

disposed of at Doncaster last autumn for 1500 guineas. The portrait to which this notice forms an accompaniment is so good, that persons to whom the famous trainer is unknown will easily recognise him at Newmarket next spring if they bear the features in mind. They must look for a smartly built man, with the quiet voice and manner still, that attracted Lord Derby's attention many years ago, a dapper carriage, a light stick generally held behind him, and a never-failing 'button-hole' of great beauty. If it is the Two Thousand day, he will probably have a little group of patrician racing men about him, and rumour has it that their talk will be of a very good horse.

### AMATEUR OR GENTLEMEN HUNTSMEN.

IN the present day the amateur pervades every sphere and vocation which has the slightest connection with sport, and we are sorry to say that 'amateurs' and 'gentlemen' are in too many instances not synonymous terms; in various branches of sport the amateur is either a regular 'pot hunter,' or his only difference from the so-called professional is his having sprung from a higher grade in the social scale, while at the same time he depends for a livelihood quite as much on the sport he elects to follow as his humbler brethren; the sole distinction being that he expects to be, and is, more highly paid for his services. Thus we see what are neither more nor less than professionals playing amongst gentlemen at cricket, and men riding under a pleasant fiction as gentlemen-jockeys who in reality are as much paid for their services as Fordham, Custance, Archer, or any others, though perhaps the root of all evil comes into their hands in a different way. Then we have amateur athletes, amateur coachmen, and amateur everything in fact. We might have thought that the hunting field would have been the last place where these hybrids, if we may be allowed the term, would have thrust their unwelcome presence, but in this age of vanity and thirst for notoriety, the amateur huntsman—we distinguish purposely thus from the gentleman-huntsman—has pervaded that also, no little to the detriment of real sport.

At the end of the last century gentlemen seldom, if ever, thought of hunting their own hounds; and although we may well assume it as a fact that both the great Hugo Meynell and John Warde knew quite as much about hunting and hounds as the greatest lights of the present day, and far more than any half-dozen ordinary Masters, yet both of them were content to depend on the services of Jack Raven and Bob Forfeit their huntsmen in the field, and it was not until the days of Assheton Smith and Osbaldeston that gentlemen took to handle the horn themselves. We by no means have any quarrel with the gentleman-huntsman when he is fully up to his vocation, though we must say that, except in a very



few instances, there is a wide difference between him and the professional, and that we have a bias (perhaps a strong one) in favour of the latter, and for these reasons: First, then, a gentleman-huntsman must be, to be successful, 'heaven-born,' it must be written; he is '*nascitur non fit*,' or he is nothing. We do not say that years and experience will not improve him, but he must have the right stuff in him to commence with if he is to be successful; because he does not, like his professional rival, mount the ladder step by step, beginning probably when a small boy as a second horseman, and then going through the distinct and separate duties of first and second whip, being promoted on his merits, but he springs like Minerva from the brain of Zeus, full-blown at once. Many a man who enters the kennels never arrives at the summit of his profession because in the successive steps he is forced to take to reach it his incapacity for the post has been discovered, so he then descends either to the berth of kennel huntsman, feeder, stud-groom, second horseman again, or something of that sort. Yet many a gentleman who has really had no experience at all in the science of hunting fancies he can hunt a pack of hounds, either because he can ride hard or is fond of hearing his own voice in the woodlands. There is another cause, and we fancy a very strong one, why the professional should excel the amateur in hunting hounds, beyond his greater experience, which is, that his success in life, nay his very living itself, depends on the sport he shows. We have often heard racing men say of horses, when they were started over a course which ended near to and directly towards their stable-door, 'It's all in So-and-so's favour; he is running towards his corn-bin.' Now we maintain that the professional huntsman is always running towards his corn-bin, while the amateur, except in some special instances we shall presently notice, seldom is so; he can drop the part whenever he likes, and has not the same care and anxiety with regard to a livelihood to 'prick the side of his intent' that urges on his humbler brother of the horn, and makes him seriously study his vocation. Neither is the amateur liable to summary dismissal if he proves incapable, though in the end, here as elsewhere, want of merit and ignorance generally meet their reward.

In speaking of gentlemen-huntsmen we must be understood to exclude those who keep hounds and hunt a country entirely at their own expense; for, supposing they have influence enough to get land to hunt over and coverts to draw, they have undoubtedly as much right to hunt their own hounds as they have to drive their own teams, shoot their own game, steer their own yacht, or paddle their own canoe, if they choose to do so; but our remarks apply more particularly to men hunting subscription packs, and in this we reiterate observations we have often heard made during the course of a life and career extending to many countries. Not one word either do we wish to say against such famous sportsmen as Messrs. Assheton Smith and 'the other Tom Smith,' who hunted the Craven and Hambledon countries; against Osbaldeston, Sir Bellingham Graham,

Sir Richard Sutton, Mr. Robert D. Cockburn, the Rev. John Russell, Lord Wemyss, Captain Percy Williams, Mr. Musters, Mr. Foljambe, Tommy Hodgson of the Holderness, Sir Charles Slingsby, amongst those who may be termed 'past Masters;' or against those who have recently been showing sport to their neighbours and friends, such as Lords Macclesfield, Coventry, Hill, and Worcester—of the last, a very high authority said, 'He is one of the best 'huntsmen I have seen; he knows what he is about, and does it 'very quietly and well: it is a real pleasure to see him'—Messrs. Anstruther-Thomson, Robert Arkwright, and J. C. Musters, in England, Mr. Sam Reynell in Meath, Mr. Burton Persse in Galway, and Sir David Roche in Limerick; for in the field they have thoroughly proved themselves to be good men. Yet, good as they are, but very few gentlemen-huntsmen in our opinion have ever shown themselves, in a knowledge of kennel management, and on bad days under difficulties, equal to some of our old heroes, such as Will Long of the Badminton, Harry Ayris of the Berkeley, Will Goodall of the Belvoir, old George Carter, Jem Hill of the Heythrop, and his brother Tom of the Old Surrey; Charles Treadwell of the Bramham Moor; Jem Treadwell, with Mr. Farquharson; merry John Walker of the Fife; Will Williamson, Tom Sebright of the Fitzwilliam, Dick Burton, Will Danby of Yorkshire fame, and the noted Joe Maiden; for we must remember that gentlemen have much of the rough work done for them, and there are only a few who feed their hounds themselves. Some, indeed, it is said, do not see them during the summer months at all.

This must give the professional huntsman, who is with his pets all the year round, a great pull over the gentleman, let him be as clever as he may, who only (and we know this is sometimes the case) catches hold of them towards the close of cub-hunting. The late Lord Henry Bentinck, than whom there was no better judge of hunting, said of Will Goodall, 'His chief aim was to get the hearts of 'his hounds.' The result was they were never happy without him, and when lost would dive up through any crowd of horsemen to get to him. Again, 'There is no more certain test of the capacity of a 'huntsman than the manner in which hounds fly to him and work for 'him with a will.' Gentlemen can doubtless, with a good fair scent in an ordinary country, hunt hounds as well as their professional brethren, but it is on cold, wild, windy days that their patience and perseverance are put to that crucial test which too frequently shows the difference, and sometimes spoils the pack. When in difficulties they are often not slow to avail themselves of many little dodges which professionals would not dare to do, that is if their masters knew anything about hunting.

Many a time have we seen a certain gentleman, when a long way from home, make a sham cast, or hold them over to the left, when he well knew his fox was either forward or on the right (and his hounds knew it also), simply because he individually wanted to go in another direction, or get back into a big covert to make out the day.

What would be thought of a professional openly resorting to such transparent tricks? The worst of it is the habit increases year by year with some whose zest for the sport having died out, live as it were on their reputations; and we have heard that one was actually asked at a meet, 'Now are you going to give us a run 'to-day or not?'

The causes of gentlemen taking upon themselves to enact the exceedingly difficult *rôle* of huntsmen are various. No doubt the real love of sport, in some form or the other, induces such men as those we have named above to assume the horn themselves, as well as others with whom we are not acquainted; and we can well fancy that disgust with the blunders of incompetent servants (for such all must at times have) would render it impossible for men like John Russell, or Anstruther-Thomson, or 'the other Tom Smith,' and perhaps a few more who appear to have an intuitive knowledge of the run of their game, to sit still with their hands in their pockets and see a huntsman do wrong. Their natural impulse would be to take the horn away, and, having successfully supplied his place for a time, be very chary of intrusting it to other hands again. We can fancy Assheton Smith or Osbaldeston, men who could bear no rival near their throne, in whom the '*aut Cæsar aut nullus*' principle was so strongly implanted, being eager to seize such a position for the mere riding it entailed, and who, with a real love of hounds and hunting, though perhaps without that intuitive knowledge of sport to be found in others, have managed, seconded by able men in the kennel and the field, to bring themselves, their horses, and hounds into the greatest notoriety, and achieve a name second to none in the annals of sport, more from hard riding and a liberal expenditure than the judgment which, as Lord Henry Bentinck said of Mr. Musters, could make a 'middling lot work like first-class hounds;' a quality which we believe has descended to his grandson, whom we have seen, when his fox was sinking, rouse every hound to such a pitch of enthusiasm and excitement that nothing could withstand them. But few are so ardent in their love of a hound, both in kennel and field, as the present Mr. Chaworth Musters of Annesley Park, late Master of the Quorn and South Notts. These strike us as being essentially different forms of gentlemen-huntsmen, but then they are quite first-class, and men who, although acting on different principles, could, would, and did show great sport. Unfortunately for sport there are other forms of gentlemen-huntsmen; a very prominent one being the man who, having time and means, takes a country because he thinks it is the correct thing to do, and who neither knows nor cares anything about hounds or fox-hunting, but thinks he amply fulfils his mission if he blows his horn (which he often does at the wrong time) and then gallops off to find a fresh fox as soon as he has lost his first, and contrives to get to the bottom of two or three horses in the course of the day without his hounds ever having really hunted a yard. As a rule, he is much given to going to holloas, eschews punctuality, thinks it rather a lark than otherwise to slip his

field, and altogether considers the whole affair as instituted solely for the gratification of himself and a few particular friends of his own sort and clique, with which his house is sure to be filled. This is the kind of man who does real harm in any country which is unfortunate enough to fall into his hands for a season or two (it seldom lasts longer); as, by his want of courtesy to owners of coverts, ignorant treatment of farmers, who are the backbone of hunting, over whose land he rides, and want of tact with keepers, he makes more enemies and does more harm than a long course of good management will repair; while from his want of sport he alienates many a good and true man who knows what hunting really is, and likes to see it carried out properly.

As a contrast to him, we must place another style of man who carries the horn but too often. He is equally eligible as to time and means, and moreover has a real love of hunting. Generally his men are splendidly mounted, and no expense is spared in any way; he has the best pack of hounds that money and what little judgment Providence has endowed him with can procure; his men are good; he looks after, or has looked after, the coverts and the foxes as well as they can be; and then, when everything has been done to procure sport, spoils all because he has not the wit to see that nature has totally incapacitated him for the post of hunting foxhounds. He is zealous and persevering; but watch him for a time, and you are sure to see him excited and in hurry when he should be quiet and patient. At another time, when a little dash and a liberty taken would put his pack on terms with their fox, he potters about as if a hare were before him, under the idea that he is 'letting them hunt.' If there is a holloa forward, and another back to a big wood, at one and the same time, he is nearly sure to lose his head and go to the latter, because perchance it is a little nearer, or hesitate so long between the two that in the end it is quite useless to go to either. Often he is a good-natured, cheery fellow, pleasant to all, and his subscribers do not like to insist on his having a huntsman or on his retiring, and so sport is sacrificed until things become so bad that some one becomes rusty, and sets the key-note either by withdrawing his subscription or his coverts, or ceasing to preserve foxes, when the would-be huntsman resigns, ruminating on the ingratitude of human nature in general and his late hunt in particular, in not appreciating the trouble and expense to which he has gone to show them sport. One benefit I have known happen from a man of this sort taking a country: if he could not kill foxes, he could rout the coverts about, and teach them that the way to avoid the inconvenience of being hunted was to fly, and he could occasionally kill a bad, weak one; so that after two or three seasons of what was virtually cub-hunting, he has left a lot of strong wild old foxes in the coverts who knew a country, and were ready to fly; and a succession of brilliant runs has been the result when they had a man who really understood what he was at behind them.

Masters of hounds of the present day are frequently of a very

different social status to what they were in the days of our fathers and grandfathers, and with some of them a love of notoriety or an ambition to improve their standing in society is the motive for taking a country, the letters M.F.H. being as dear to their hearts as those of M.P. to many a modern legislator who has gone into Parliament only to make himself somebody. With many of this stamp most rigid economy is the order of the day, and the huntsman's wages are looked on from the first with a jealous eye. Vanity may lead such a man to assume the horn, or accident through the temporary absence of the huntsman cause it, when getting, perchance, good scent and good luck, and a little extra zeal from the first whip, anxious to put himself forward and into notice in the absence of his chief—perchance a fox or two is killed after moderate runs. Then the mischief is done; he determines to keep on, and the country is sacrificed to incompetency and impecuniosity. Of course the huntsman is dispensed with on the earliest opportunity, a cap and horn are bought, and thus equipped, he too often is inclined to say with the fisherman :

‘ A day without too bright a beam,  
A warm but not a scorching sun,  
A southern gale to curl the stream,  
And, master, half our work is done.’

But, alas! both fishermen and huntsmen must have a knowledge of their craft, or they are likely to toil all day and catch nothing; and if the wearer of a cap and horn considers himself halfway on the road to being the real thing without it, he is likely to be soon undeceived. Many start to hunt hounds without any knowledge whatever of the common rudiments of woodcraft. They just learn the names of their hounds—at least some do, for we have even heard of one who cheered a lady called Caroline, and was publicly taken down several pegs by his first whip and kennel-huntsman saying, ‘ Please, ‘ sir, Caroline ain’t out to-day.’ Their hound-language is often of a character that no properly-educated hound can possibly understand, and you may see them looking up at their Master as much as to say, ‘ What the —— does the man mean ?’ Bringing a few wretched cubs about the size of kittens to hand strengthens our tyro in the belief that he has not misjudged himself, and that he is quite the right man in the right place; and all goes well, or fairly so, until he finds himself engaged with a regular tough old customer on a bad-scenting day. Then he begins to see that hunting is not quite so easy as he imagined, and, when the fixture is fourteen or fifteen miles from the kennels, and it is pouring with rain, that the *rôle* he has undertaken is not the most pleasant in the world. Nevertheless, like his professional brother, go to the meet he must, unless he pleads illness and hands the horn to the first whip, which is generally a prelude to an advertisement and a sale at Tattersall’s.

We now come to, perhaps, another branch of this kind of gentleman-huntsman, rather than a distinct species or genus, namely, the man who, at any rate, if he gets nothing out of the subscriptions, certainly

means to pay nothing towards the expenses himself. He is generally a good sportsman, and knows far more about hunting than many of those whose characters we have endeavoured to sketch, and as a rule takes hounds for the sake of getting his own fun out of them gratis as much as for a position in the country. This is the sort of man who generally plays the tricks we have alluded to in a former part of this article. He may be either impecunious or merely stingy; it matters little to his subscribers which is the case, for in either his great aim seems to be to do as little as he can for the money he receives. Long days and late hours call for an extra strain on hounds, horses, and men; hence arise all these dodges to avoid them. We have often known such a man show capital sport for a few years at first, and live for several more as Master and huntsman on his reputation. From having hunted the country some time, he knows it as well as the foxes themselves, and becomes quite as cunning; and although his tricks may not be detected by the natives who know no better, and, perhaps, look up to him as the incarnation of all that is good and great both in the kennel and in the field, to one who has hunted in the best countries and seen the thing done as it ought to be they are quite transparent. We have heard of one gentleman who could make his admirers at any time believe that a fox had gone to ground; and we knew of a case where the Master once asserted such to be the case, and when they dug they found nothing but a rabbit. Our parsimonious Master is, of course, badly mounted, as are his servants, so that when there is a really good scenting day and a straight fox, they have the greatest difficulty to live with their hounds. Now, the merest tyro can tell in five minutes if there is a scent, and whether hounds will run if they have a chance. The huntsman, of course, knows the same, and being badly mounted, he resorts to some dodge to convert what would be a real good thing into a walking, pottering affair by some false cast, thus allowing ten minutes or more to intervene so that he may trot after his fox, which suits the wind of his worn-out old nags better than the temper of his field. Indeed, so badly are some hunt-servants mounted, that during the past season we saw one on a horse said to be twenty years old, who made, as a jolly sailor said, as much noise as a 'fog-horn.' Yet the annual subscription to these hounds is about half as much again as it was twenty-five years ago. Men who carry the thing on in this way go out with the intention of doing as little as they possibly can, and enjoy a month's frost as much as those poor unfortunates who hunt for fashion's sake. What a contrast to this was Mr. Anstruther-Thomson when he hunted the Pytchley and Atherstone countries; he always appeared to try his hardest to show as much sport as he possibly could, and often would say about four o'clock to a chosen few, 'Well, now, as those fellows have got an appetite and gone home, we will find another fox and have some fun;' and he generally had it.

We think all must agree with us that there is one great objection to a gentleman hunting his own hounds, which must always tell

against sport, which is, that there is no one to keep an unruly field in order; and this applies, perhaps, more forcibly in big woodland countries than in more open ones. If the Master is in covert with the hounds, there is no one to control the impetuosity of those outside, or of others, whose mission in life appears to be perpetually galloping forward to get a view, and so head the fox. If they appoint a deputy, either he is not out when he is wanted, or the field do not attend to him if he is.

Lastly, gentlemen-huntsmen, like gentlemen-bowlers, are too fond of keeping on when they ought to retire in favour of some younger and stronger man. Young huntsmen—we might even say too young—are the order of the day, and many a man is considered now worn-out who formerly would have been considered just in his prime. The professional has to retire in favour of one who is younger; but who is to tell the amateur that he has become old and slow if he has not the good sense to see it himself?

It will be seen from our remarks above that although a Master should be a first-rate sportsman and judge of everything pertaining to hounds, and able to take the horn on an emergency, we consider he is better employed in restraining the field and keeping his eyes open to all circumstances which may forward sport than in actually hunting the hounds. In fact there is quite enough to keep Master and huntsman both well employed in their separate vocations; and where they can understand and rely upon each other, and play into each other's hands, the best sport is generally to be found. Another thing aids our theory, and that is, a Master who is *not hunting* the hounds is far more likely to keep his temper and restrain a pushing field at a check, as we have often seen Lord Spencer do with the Pytchley, and remonstrate with them more effectually, because more calmly and collectedly, than if he sees his personal efforts to show sport frustrated because wild men, on steaming horses, are all over the line on which he wishes to make his cast. Had he been in command of the field instead of the horn, probably the occasion for anger would never have arisen, as a word would have nipped the mischief in the bud. Another thing: how often have we seen the keen eye of a well-known M.F.H. save a run, and give the hounds blood, by noting circumstances which the huntsman, in the position he was in casting his hounds, *could not see*, and the field *did not*. Then a hint in season saved minutes, put the pack on terms, and secured a run. If the master had been hunting the hounds who would have done this?

## A SEPTEMBER HOLIDAY.

HAVE you ever, kind reader, during a time of work from which there was no rest or escape—a summer of almost tropical heat, 'panting like a hart for the water-brooks' when your feet, morning and evening, beat pavement fiery as the desert—pictured

to yourself the pleasures of those who were at that moment far away in deep wooded glens, scaling heather-topped hills where the air is ever cool and fragrant, or pursuing the course of some silver stream, rod in hand, as it wound from its sources amidst green uplands to join a mightier river in the fat alluvial vale? We will say nothing of alpenstocks and glaciers; neither will we touch on deer forests or grouse moors, because each and all of them are beyond the time and means that can be expended on a holiday such as we shall now attempt to describe—a holiday which comes within the reach of the humble reader; and we trust that, like the present writer, there are many such who revel in the pages of Baily's green-covered volume, and take as true a pleasure in its records as the men who can shoot over deer forests, drive grouse, and catch salmon, though their sporting exploits are confined to a short autumnal holiday every year. In them, however, the sporting instinct is as keen as in more fortunate individuals; and who shall say that the enjoyment is not heightened by the difficulty in obtaining the little sport that falls to their share? But to return. Any one of the thousands of individuals pent within the modern Babylon, during summer and early autumn, will appreciate the enjoyment with which a September holiday is looked forward to by one of their brotherhood—a week or so in which Mammon and all that appertains to it may be forgotten, and, freed from the trammels and toil of business, the Arcadian state may be once more imitated, if not rivalled, and the loosed son of toil be free to wander from sunset to dark by the riverside and try his hand at catching fish. By-the-way, we quite forget whether they did fish in Arcadia, but, as it was a region of universal happiness, will take it for granted.

Some such holiday as this it was ours to enjoy during the past season, for an invitation to try our luck in the waters belonging to a friend gave the required excuse, of which we were only too happy to avail ourselves. It is true September is not just the best month in the year for trout-fishing, and in many rivers rods are by that time, for the most part, taken to pieces and landing-nets put away; but we were bound for a backward stream, where fish were yet in condition, and good enough, if you could catch them. That was the enigma to be solved. We all know as well as Thomson that—

'Now when the first foul torrent of the brooks,  
Swelled with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away;  
And, whitening, down their mossy tinctur'd stream  
Descends the billowy foam; now is the time,  
While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile,  
To tempt the trout. The well-dissembled fly,  
The rod, fine tapering, with elastic spring,  
Snatch'd from the hoary steed the floating line,  
And all thy slender wat'ry stores prepare.'

But it is a very different matter when spring and summer have run their course, and fish have feasted to the full on all the luxurious dainties therein provided for them, to lure them from the stream into the landing-net. However, there is an old saying, needs must when



a certain person drives; and he who cannot fish when he would, must perforce fish when he can; and should sport fail him, if he only bears the mind, it is astonishing how much enjoyment he can glean in an autumn day's ramble. Let him follow that inimitable writer and true sportsman Charles Kingsley—become a minute philosopher, and see in how good stead the experiment will stand him.

By-the-way, being in doubt as to what sort of flies to rig ourselves out with, we were forced to take counsel with him, and, turning to 'Chalk Stream Studies,' see what he recommended for such a late excursion; for our path lay towards one of those streams where he had bought his experience of trout and how to catch them, and we fancied there was no better mentor to be found for our particular case. His list was a simple one. The caperer—which he says 'is 'certainly the one which will kill earliest and latest in the year; and 'though I would hardly go so far as a friend of mine, who boasts of 'never fishing with anything else, I believe it will from March to 'October take more trout, and possibly more grayling, than any 'other fly'—was at once selected for this especial journey. The governor—which he says is 'a deadly fly all the year round, and if 'worked within six inches of the shore, will sometimes fill a basket 'when there is not a fly on the water or a fish rising. There are 'those who never put up a cast of flies without one'—was also added to the book; but chiefest of all, the black alder, of which he has written so lovingly, 'surpassed only by the green drake for one 'fortnight, but surpassing him in this, that she will kill on till 'September, from that happy day on which

'You find her out on every stalk  
Whene'er you take a river walk,  
When swifts at eve begin to hawk.'

But enough; these and a few of our own favourites, which we would not altogether discard, but are not vain enough to enumerate, were selected; and then, with a heart and pocket equally light, we set forth on our journey.

How beautiful everything looked as we sped away to corn-fields about half cleared, and green hedges; and how eagerly we jumped from the train at the little station, and hastened by lane and footpath to our destination! But there are sacrifices to be made to the Lares and Penates of our friend ere a line can be wet; and with hospitable thoughts intent he is already on his doorstep, shading his eyes with his hand from the September sun, to watch our advent as we cross the last stile, and greets us cheerily on nearing the house: 'Come 'along! here you are at last! Why, surely your train must be late 'to-day! But come in and have lunch; it's no use to think of 'fishing yet.' And so, with a gripe of the hand which would do honour to Vulcan himself, he fairly drew us into his *sanctum*, and pouring out a brimming glass of real home-brewed ale, warranted only malt and hops, hands it to us, saying, 'You must be thirsty after 'your walk; try that, my boy.' Bright as sherry is it as it beads up in the glass, cool as the Sea of Ancient Ice itself, and verily a

draught to offer the gods, were those immortals in the habit of taking a brisk walk on a hot day, which probably they are not. Unconsciously, as it were, we hold forth the empty glass, and again it foams and sparkles with the amber fluid, when an idea comes across us that discretion is the better part of valour, and that a head accustomed to the wish-wash drinks dispensed over London counters may not be able to try conclusions too rashly with such mighty beer as this. 'Now, you are hungry,' continues our kind-hearted host. And truly the viands set forth would create an appetite were it necessary, which it certainly is not. A ham, huge as that from the boar of Calydon; roast partridge, cold, but plump and inviting in its cover of parsley; hare-pie cunningly devised and seasoned; all claim their share of notice; and, last of all, the fragrant weed from its cedar-wood box, of the very choicest brand, and thoroughly matured, lends its soothing influence to complete what the viands have begun, and induce a patient frame of mind until it is time to commence fishing.

At length the shadows began to fall from the westward, clouds came up and overclouded the hitherto brilliant sun; a few drops of rain fell, and our host said, 'I think, if you are to do anything to-day, now is the time, though I cannot promise you much sport at this time of the year. I should advise you to go down to yonder bridge and fish upwards, and you cannot get out of bounds if you do not go beyond the mill.' The rod was quickly put together, and starting for the far-distant bridge, at which our sport was to commence, we passed along a country lane instead of following the windings of the river, and soon met huge teams bringing home loads of golden-coloured barley, plodding along as if not only time, but the whole of eternity was at their disposal. A fat, rosy-cheeked urchin whistling by their side, now stopping to peer into the hedge for something or the other, then cracking his whip out of very wantonness, which had about as much effect on his team as a bull from the Pope had on Martin Luther, showing at any rate how seldom it was used to accelerate their motions. Anon came a cowboy, equally fat, equally happy-looking, and equally slow; while in the next field was a shepherd leaning on his crook, whose only exertion appeared to consist of pelting his dog with stones and addressing him with opprobrious epithets. Surely, we thought, the down-trodden labourer, with his hard work and starvation wages, must be a mighty effort of the imagination on the part of those who have undertaken to set forth his wrongs; for here all look fat, all happy, and—shall we say it?—all lazy; yet we were in one of the union districts—a district, moreover, which had the attack in a somewhat virulent form.

So meditating we reach the bridge, and at once commence operations, wading to our knees, and flatter ourselves, fishing the stream as it should be fished; but not a fin is, so far, on the move. Patiently, steadily we toil onward, with care and perturbation at times—for, be it said, it is months since we handled a rod, and the trees at this part overhang the river in a way to make a hand at all out of practice fear for the result. Ha! there, we said so! that

confounded branch of withy has caught our stretcher with a hold that refuses to yield, and we cannot but think how much easier it would have been to lose a trout than to get the hook out of that confounded branch. By Jove! the water gets deeper, too, as we wade towards it; but there is no option; it is either sacrifice our footlength or get there. Done at last! and everything safe, though the water did come to within half an inch of the top of our wading boots. Now if we can only get into that sort of path in the rushes, so as to be well out of sight, and then fish close up under the weeds, it is ten to one on us. Well done! the flies begin to fall with some of the old thistle-down lightness as our arm gets into play. Whirr! and away goes a partridge from so close beneath our feet that we must have almost stepped on it, sending our heart into our mouth, and making us jerk away the fly just as there was a magnificent rise at it, the fish being right out of water. What business have partridges here in the reeds and rushes we had always considered sacred to wild-fowl? The discharge of half-a-dozen barrels in quick succession, in the turnips on the hill above us, answers the question. There is a noble lord and his party shooting, and this must be a bird which has got separated from the covey, and in its terror was glad, like a ship in a storm, to put in anywhere for shelter—unluckily causing us to lose that fish, though, all the same.

But let us try again. Yonder a fish has raised his lips above the water, and sucked down a fly so quietly that he scarcely stirred the current; if we can throw just above, and let our flies glide down over him, peradventure—Yes! there it is, and right well is he hooked too! a good fish by the way he makes our rod—a stiffish one—bend, so we must bring him down-stream, and across to yonder shelving bank as quickly as we can, for let him once get into the old piles about the hatchway, and we are done. He knows it as well as we do, and strains every nerve to gain his hold; but he literally has a hook in his nose and a bridle in his lips, and the days wherein he could go, like the wind, where he listed, are over, for he is fast coming to now; and having waded across to the opposite shore, we land the first victim to the black alder; and a right good fish he is, deep and well-shapen, and gay in his colours as a meadow in May. We may take time to admire him, and even have an excuse for following the fisherman's custom and drinking to him, for the fight has been a tough one, and he did not become the captive of our rod and our line without a struggle; so we are fain to sit down and wipe the moisture from our brow, and compute his weight at not an ounce under two pounds and a half (we only made him three-quarters of a pound over the actual weight, which is pretty well for the first fish). Then, brightened up by our luck, we start once more, and in a deep still pool are soon fast in another fish, who when landed we find so lank and lean that there is nothing for it but to put him back to improve his condition for another season. Before the mill is reached, our fish in the pannier finds a brace of companions, both a little less than himself,

but in quite as good condition ; and we, to our surprise, see another fisher beside ourselves. Not a great loutish fellow with net or wire ; not a gaunt heron, poised on one leg, watching for his prey ; but—few will believe what we are going to write—a foxhound puppy, at walk, comes stealthily down to the river, regards it with meaning looks for a time, makes a quiet dive, and comes up with a fish in his mouth, which he leisurely trots off with, and then lies down to devour, resisting our attempt at capture with raised hackles and a copious display of teeth, so we are glad to let him eat in peace. However, finding he was domiciled at our hosts, we managed to stop his little game for the future.

Lights are now shining in the distant cottages ; wild-duck are sailing in long flights overhead ; we have already stumbled into one drain in the meadows, and gone near to smash our rod ; so it is time to pack up, and get back to the snug parlour of our friend, where a dinner awaits us such as might serve an emperor—if *he had been fishing*. So for a week, with varied success, we whip the pleasant little stream, sometimes returning with a few fish, sometimes with none, but always with that intense feeling of enjoyment which sport, snatched as it were from the toils of a busy life, and a keen appreciation of Nature and her beauties can alone give ; and when time is up, work all the harder and better for our September holiday.

J.

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### 'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—Cattle Show *Causeries*—Racing and a Raging Resident—Scenes in the Shires, &c.

MILD and muddy opened the rapidly shortening days of that month about the most trying of the whole calendar to Londoners. Except on the rare occasions when the sun shows himself for an hour or two, gas is our portion ; and the Sybarite who descends to a late breakfast about noon finds his day gone ere it has well begun. And yet there is a certain jollity about the brilliantly lighted shops (would that our gas companies would allow us to add streets), and the tempting wares therein displayed, which perhaps makes some amends for the absence of daylight. In the days, however, when fog and rain are in possession the streets should be avoided, and better far is it to draw the curtains, light the lamps, and betake ourselves to Mudie-labelled volumes, to ride to Khiva with 'Fred,' or go through Turkistan with Schuyler ; or if those volumes pall, why there is the four-o'clock rubber ; and hark—there is the click of balls in the billiard-room.

The weather was certainly unfortunate for the Cattle Show ; but still that seemed to have little effect on the crowds that flocked to the Agricultural Hall. It is, even in sight-loving London, a cause of wonder to us what it is brings men and women of all classes in such numbers to Islington in this the most disagreeable month of the year. We can well understand the attraction of the Horse Show in June, with Mr. Sidney in his element, also Dick Webster, also 'our Sir Gerge,' and the nobility and gentry in general. Then when the horse of the hour paws in the sawdust and rejoices in his strength—when he goes forth to meet the gorse-bushes, and mocks at fear, and

is not affrighted—then no wonder our fairest and bravest crowd the galleries and throng the approaches of the Agricultural Hall. But the love for fat oxen and fatter pigs is puzzling to explain. There it is, however—there is the *flancur* from St. James's, the busy City man, the dapper or dirty clerk, as the case may be, the lady from Belgravia, and the lady from the Wood, mixed up with that purely agricultural element we expect to find there. And, by-the-way, how much that agricultural element has changed within the last twenty years. He who feeds fat oxen is no longer fat himself. Tall and stalwart he may be, but he has laid aside his top-boots and shorts, also his broad-brimmed hat, and the counterfeit presentment of John Bull which the artists of the comic papers persist in dosing us with is not to be found at Islington. More especially perhaps is the change noteworthy among the rising generation. There was a song popular at music-halls some few years ago about the impossibility of 'getting over' a young man from the country, depicted as preternaturally 'fly' to all the naughty tricks and manners of the metropolis. It much flattered the young Giles of the period, who probably was not such a fool as he looked. But, be that as it may, there certainly is no 'getting over' Giles of to-day—the Giles in a white tie and a well-cut coat, choice about his silk socks, and particular as to his button-hole—the Giles who dines well, not to say luxuriously, sits out an hour or two of burlesque in his stall, adjourns to the Argyle and finishes—goodness knows where. There may be some of the old leaven about the father, there is none about the son. The Show, too, is changed. There is something more to be seen there than tons of fat beasts, the fatter the more valuable. There are the efforts of man's genius and skill in many valuable inventions to shorten labour, and, from ploughs up to reaping and sheep-shearing machines, there is something to interest everyone. There are all the familiar faces, too, from royalty downwards. The Prince of Wales was there, an exhibitor, of course, as well. The Norfolk neighbour of H.R.H., Mr. Robert Leeds, was there to receive him; and some one told us they saw 'Jack' Russell. We unfortunately did not encounter that best of Devon worthies: if we had, we should have reminded him of a promise he made us last summer to send some Exmoor stag-hunting to the Van, which he, alas! never did. Perhaps he may read these few lines, and his conscience may be pricked. Mr. Baily will gladly receive anything from his pen, and we promise not to tell.

There were two days' steeple-chasing and hurdle-jumping at Sandown in the Cattle Show week; but the weather only favoured the Club one day, and though the sport was excellent, comparatively few were there to see it, at least on the Tuesday. Still the Club Stand was fairly filled, and the resident members were to the fore, supported by some of those well-known faces that no weather, save floods and frost, deters. The day was signalled by the return of Hampton to the jumping business—a Triton among minnows, judging him by his form on the flat. But somehow he was no Triton in the Tattersall inclosure, for all sorts of prices might have been had against him, though he opened at 3 to 1. There was a rumour that he had been beaten in his trial, and that consequently, we presume, his stable did not fancy him. Indeed, *we* fancy they backed Florimel instead. However, there were some fortunate people who found ignorance to be bliss, for, knowing nothing about 'the trial' they backed Hampton, and saw him win in a common canter. There were two or three celebrities behind him, such as Middle Temple, Mr. Winkle, Sempstress, &c., who will probably do better in the future. The Epsom stable (in which we much regret to say that there is a split) went on in its winning career; and Jones, after a very fine race with

the Irish mare Martha, landed Chimney Sweep by a neck in front of her in the Prince of Wales's Steeplechase. Woodcock too followed up his Croydon victory by winning the Grand Hurdle Race easily, though if Halifax had not lost so much ground by running out at the turn it would have been a close race, we think. They thought they were going to do the trick again with Il Zingaro in the Hunters' Flat Race, but Blue Jacket and Bristol were too many for Mr. Fitzroy's horse, who however won at Kingsbury two days afterwards. We are in ignorance of the cause or causes that have induced Lords Charles and Marcus Beresford, as well as Mr. Fitzroy, to take their horses away from the Pitt Place stable, and also to take Jones with them, but we can only presume that they have not done so without due consideration. Still, to outsiders, it seems hard upon Mr. Fothergill Rowlands that, just as good fortune has shone upon them, and the winning numbers of Caramel, The Rabbi, Ratcatcher, Chimney Sweep, Woodcock, &c., have gone up so frequently, he should find himself deserted by the owners for whom he has done so much.

The second day at Sandown was one of those bright sunshiny ones when, even in the heart of the City, we believe they don't light the gas before one o'clock, and the lawn and far-spreading landscape over the Surrey uplands were a gladsome sight to see. It cheered the spirits of Mr. Hwfa Williams, who has done so much to make Sandown Park—pleasant place as it is by nature—pleasanter still by art; and it made the countenance of a zealous resident member of the Committee, Sir Wilford Brett, look as pleasant as the landscape. The members of the Club mustered, too, in stronger number, and as the sport was good—as it ought to have been, by-the-way, considering the handsome sum in added money—everybody had a very enjoyable afternoon. The different items do not call for much remark; and except that the long-expected Palm won a race at last—the Great Sandown Steeplechase, with 500*l.* added, reduced to a match after the last fence between him and Congress, from whom Mr. G. Brown's horse was receiving nearly 2 st.—there is nothing that we need dwell upon. Congress ran the wonderfully good horse he is, and his win would have been a most popular one.

We did not attend Kingsbury, and therefore did not meet the enraged 'Resident.' If we had, we should have tried to pour oil on those excited waters to the best of our small ability, but fear we might as well have addressed some remarks in favour of the Turks to that eminent Christian historian Mr. Freeman, at the St. James's Hall Conference. The 'Resident' and Mr. Freeman, though their 'stumps' are different, have much in common. Violent and fluent; each possessed with one idea—the Resident's being that racing, within a certain distance of London, must straightway be abolished by Act of Parliament; while Mr. Freeman insists that the Turk must absquatulate Europe immediately: ready to thrust each their idea down the throat of opponents at the point of the bayonet—their language rising at times to a virulency of objurgation which a shrieking sister might envy—they represent the pitiable spectacle of two good men gone wrong. For the 'Resident' is a good man, no doubt, and if he would confine his complaints within decent limits, and not dip his pen in such a fiery liquid as he does, he would have sympathy; for there is no doubt that the 'Resident' has a case—and a hard one—if he only knew how to work it.

It is a hard thing that upon people living within a few miles of Oxford Street should be thrust such a concourse as a suburban race-meeting, whether they will or no. We have not one word to say against Mr. Warner's meeting, and are quite ready to believe that it is as well conducted as meetings of this

sort can be. But we know something about 'well-conducted meetings;' and that—though it is quite true, as we see it stated by apologists of these suburban affairs, that racing men as a class are too much intent on their business to think about anything else—it is the ruffians they bring in their train, the camp-followers of that noble army, that help to make these meetings such scenes of lawlessness and blasphemy as they are. We who go racing are so accustomed to this that we have got callous. Language of the most awful description assails our ears, and passes away unheeded. The utterers are the scum of great cities—scarcely a man among them who would hesitate at robbery or even violence—'roughs' in every meaning that term conveys. To repeat, we are so used to these gentry that we accept them as inevitable; but we should make some allowance for dwellers in quiet places having their borders thus invaded whether they will or no. So far we do sympathise with the Resident, and admit his case; but when he commits himself to the wonderful statements he does about the children who attend Kingsbury, when he says that 'nearly every meadow round London is one vast public-house, where drink is 'daily supplied by the acre,' and when he calls on the Government for 'an 'Order in Council to declare that all race-meetings shall be free to the 'public,' we see that his sufferings have completely upset his judgment, and led him into the most exaggerated statements. Indiscriminate sport of the class carried on at Kingsbury, Streatham, and other really suburban localities can be checked without Orders in Council. More pertinent is the Resident's suggestion that the Middlesex magistrates should have something to say to it; and though Serjeant Cox tells us in the 'Times' that they are powerless, we think he must be wrong. By-the-way, Printing House Square was so unwise as to comply with Mr. Haxell of the Strand's request, and give a leader on the subject—a leader that must have rejoiced the heart of Mr. Warner, and all in favour of suburban meetings, such gross ignorance of the subject did it betray. Was there no one on all the brilliant staff of the leading journal to suggest that perhaps Mr. Haxell had overstated his case? had they no sporting correspondent to whom they could refer his letter, and ask him if it was all true? The article did certainly deprecate the interference of the Government, and the writer showed common sense there. That would be a fatal error, we consider. Suppose we have some day a Home Secretary with ideas on the subject of sport such as are held by John Bright; suppose, indeed, that in the turn of the political wheel the Right Honourable gentleman should fill the office. He would be for meddling with other meetings than suburban ones, we fancy. No, the Jockey Club and the Licensing Magistrates are surely big enough to deal with the evil; or, as we see since these remarks were penned it has been suggested in the 'Times,' why does not the 'Resident' carry his grievance to a court of law?

One of the 'things not generally known'—indeed it is scarcely known at all in this country—is the circumstance that if foals dropped in France (whether of French or English brood) leave the shores of that country before they are *two* years of age, they cannot return afterwards to compete for any of the races in France except the Grand Prize of Paris. This is a very serious drawback, and is a restriction which ought to be removed. As it exists it goes a long way to strengthen the position Lord Falmouth is taking up, viz., to exclude French-bred horses for competing in English races until something like the principle of reciprocity is recognised. But perhaps Lord Falmouth was not aware that even French-bred horses would not be allowed to run in their own country if they left it for change of air or for training purposes before they were two years of age. The mighty Prince Charlie, though of

English parentage, was foaled in France and brought over to this country during his foalhood. If his owner had contemplated sending him back again to France to compete for any of the rich prizes except the 'Grand' one, he would have been checkmated by a very stringent law of the French Jockey Club.

But we will leave the troubled suburban waters, and seek more congenial themes. Our theatrical paths are paths of peace, at least to those 'in front.' From 'behind' comes discord sometimes, and the action of Coe v. Sothorn interested people out of the dramatic pale. The finding of the intelligent jury in that case struck us as something wonderful; but the ways of jurymen, like those of transgressors, are hard—at least to discern. We had hoped to see 'the intelligent,' by their verdict, strike a blow at that agency system by which it appears Acting Managers profit as well as the agents, the poor artists being mulcted by both. Let us hope that a less 'intelligent' will yet do justice. We will go to the Gaiety and help to swell the note of welcome that greets Mr. Toole on his return to the London boards. There is no doubt about this actor's popularity; it is on the increase, indeed, if anything—for be the drama what it may, his shoulders seem broad enough to carry it. This was shown very clearly last year, when some truly awful things in farce and burlesque were pulled through at this very theatre by him, and by him alone. We find him now endeavouring to pull through a comic drama written, we believe, expressly for him, by Mr. Alberty, and entitled 'The Man in 'Possession,' and fancy our great comic actor finds it rather an uphill struggle. It is true that the author has suited Mr. Toole with much of the pathos that first attracted attention in his picture of Caleb Plummer, the toy-maker, in Dickens' 'Cricket on the Hearth;' and though he has not given him a blind daughter, he substitutes an adopted child in her place, a young *ingénue* so excessively silly that, if the character had not been very delicately handled by Miss Hollingshead (who reminded us at times of her exquisite acting in 'Broken Hearts'), we think there would have been a great wish on the part of the audience that the young woman, Penelope by name, should be well shaken. But she sufficed for Mr. Toole to be emotional over; and in the scene where he supposes she abandons him for a newly-found father, when in truth she is only showing her preference for a lover, the actor made a decided hit. There are not many hits to be made in the play, it must be confessed; and it struck us that Mr. Toole was rather oppressed with overmuch verbiage and some not very brilliant jokes. There is a rather incomprehensible character in the brother of 'the man in possession,' one William Titscrap, a returned convict and garotter, who delivers himself of some noble sentiments; but whether he is meant as a combination of Uriah Heep and Mr. Littimer, or intended to represent a sincere penitent, we are not quite sure. At any rate, the part was well played by Mr. J. F. Young, a new addition, and a welcome one, to the London stage. It is needless to add that Mr. Toole did all he could for 'The Man in Possession,' and that, both in his comic and pathetic passages, he carried the house with him. It is a fairly amusing play, and will doubtless draw, but it will owe whatever success it attains to the efforts of one actor.

The revival of 'New Men and Old Acres' at the Court, is affording London playgoers a treat equal to that Mrs. Bancroft has set before them in 'Peril' at the Prince of Wales's. It is not too much to say that such acting as can now be seen at these two houses surpasses anything which Londoners have been accustomed to in recent years. Such artistic finish, such attention to detail—above all, the admirable conception of character as depicted in these



two comedies makes us proud of our artists. 'Peril' we have before noticed, and now 'New Men and Old Acres' comes before us in such guise that we enjoy it with a zest which perhaps on our first acquaintance we hardly felt. Without wishing to make invidious comparisons, there is no doubt that it is owing to its wonderfully powerful caste that Messrs. Taylor and Dubourg's play is now nightly filling the Court Theatre. The play is a good play, with plenty of domestic situation, and an interesting plot; it has also one or two very happy sketches of character, and Mr. Hare has found a company each member of which seems to have found a part made for him or her. Anything more charming than the Lilian Vavasour of Miss Ellen Terry, the high-spirited, impulsive, loving English girl, it is hardly possible to conceive. Mr. Kelly, Mr. G. W. Anson, and Mr. Ersser Jones are simply perfection, the first-named—a picture of a Lancashire manufacturer—being one of the cleverest that that painstaking actor has ever given us. Mr. Conway has only to look a handsome young English gentleman just emerging from boyhood, a part that befits him. The only tendency to caricature in the play is in the character of the vulgar millionaire and 'new man,' Mr. Bunter, but Mr. Anson toned it down as much as possible. Mr. Hare himself has little to do as the quiet English country gentleman, a submissive follower to his wife's lead, but that little is done as Mr. Hare alone knows how to do it. Perhaps our Town readers may think that we do 'profess too much' in this our brief notice of the Court revival. Will they be kind enough to go there and judge for themselves?

It is no new thing to say that old playgoers are terribly afflicted with old memories. All managers are not so lucky as Mrs. Bancroft and Mr. Hare in getting around them such companies as act at the Prince of Wales's and the Court, and when other 'revivals' are attempted at other theatres an inevitable result follows; we cannot help remembering old casts. It was hardly judicious in Mrs. John Wood, perhaps, to attempt 'London Assurance,' a play that always appeared to us weak in itself and requiring very good acting to pull it through. Mrs. Wood is clever, and has such a fund of humour that it is impossible for her to make Lady Gay Spanker anything but most amusing; but here we fear our commendation ends. Where are the Sir Harcourt Courtleys, the Meddles, the Dazzles, the Dolly Spankers of ten years ago or more? The present St. James's representatives of these entities made us rather sad the other night; it was our confounded memory we suppose—a most awkward and depressing gift. There was a generation in the stalls though who knew not Farren, Charles Mathews, Buckstone, or poor Compton, and they laughed consumedly. Happy people! We laughed at 'Nillson or 'Nothing,' though, and the admirable fooling of the fair lessee and George Honey; and when the curtain fell, felt that, whatever shortcomings there might else have been, 'our heart was true to Poll.'

Hunting, or rather going to covert and the return home afterwards, would be rendered very much more enjoyable if all direction-posts were properly kept up and the names and distances legibly painted. In some parts of the Midland counties there seems to be a fixed idea in the bucolic mind that every stranger knows, or ought to know, his way about just the same as the natives. It is for that reason, we suppose, that guide-posts are often not placed at four cross roads, as they ought to be, or if they are, give very scanty information, or none at all, from the writing being quite obliterated. In some parts of Leicestershire they are very well maintained; but there are parts of Warwickshire, to wit at Monks Kirby and that vicinity, where the posts give no information at all to the benighted foxhunter on his return to Rugby from

a good run with the Atherstone, and last season, near Willoughby, a post which had been blown down was positively put up with the arm which should point to Rugby pointing in exactly the opposite direction. Neither will the unfortunate stranger learn much local geography from any of the small boys, for if they do know the name of the parish they live in, it is ten to one if they can tell how far it is to the next post town, which in these days of fussy school boards is somewhat remarkable. And although it is probable that these small boys can give the parson correct answers, when catechised on a Sunday, as to the geography of the Holy Land, yet, with all due deference, we think a knowledge of their own county should be their first study. It would also be a very great convenience to strangers if the name of each village were visibly painted on the first and last house, as streets are in towns; and we trust that our suggestions may be noticed by some of our hunting landed gentry.

The Quorn have had some capital runs, and the 'oldest inhabitant' never remembers better sport. On Saturday, November the 18th, they met at One Barrow Lodge, in the forest, and had a very sporting run of fifty minutes from the rocks near Whitwick round by Garendon, and killed at the end of Piper Wood. Amongst those out were Mr. Taylor of the Lodge, who came to live there last summer, and is a good fox-preserve, Mr. Coupland, the Master, Lord Ferrers from Staunton Harold, Captain Campbell, Major Partridge, Captain Henry, Mr. John Cradock of Quorn—who goes this season better than ever—Mr. Robson, Mr. Briggs, Mr. Paget, and a few others; but there are never many out on this side of the country. On Monday, the 20th, met at Widmerpool, found a good fox in Curates Gorse—which is nearly always a certainty—ran a large ring over a good country round by Hickling, back through Curates Gorse, then going nearly the same line again for some distance, at a fair hunting pace up to the Warnaby Hills, through Holwell Mouth and Scaford into Melton Spinny, where he went to ground. This was a fine hunting run of two hours and a quarter, but no doubt they changed foxes two or three times, as Firr knew he had a brace in front of him twice, and no one fox could have gone half the journey. On Friday, the 24th, they were at Keyham, where they were most hospitably received by Mr. Roger Miles; first found in the spinny below the village, and raced him to death in a quarter of an hour; then went to Scraftoft, but did no good, so trotted on to the ash spinny near Billesdon Coplow, where they found, got away on his track and stuck there, and fairly raced over a charming country, all in Mr. Tailby's hunt, where there was nothing in the way except the Norton Bottom, which caused a lot of bother, as they had to get in and out the best way they could, and although that did not take very long, the hounds had got a mile ahead, and ran on without any check by Old Frisby to Noseley, and on to Staunton Wood. No doubt they changed at Noseley, as there were two or three on foot the moment they got there, and as in Staunton Wood they found two fresh foxes, and no signs of the hunted one, they gave it up and came home, having at least a twenty-mile ride back to the kennels. The distance they ran could not be less than eight miles, which they did in twenty-five minutes, and Tom Firr only remembers crossing one ploughed field. It would be quite impossible to name one-half who were out; but of those who went the best in this capital gallop were Mr. Coupland, Mr. John Cradock, Captain Barnett, Mr. Powell, Sir Beaumont and Lady Florence Dixie, Captain Ashton, Captain Middleton, who, we believe, got stuck in the Norton Bottom, and a few others. Lord Grey de Wilton was one of the unfortunates who went on to Billesdon Coplow, and did not see the find; so his

chance was extinguished. Tom Firr was the first up to the Bottom, but his horse was a bad hand at that sort of impediment, as he hated getting in and out, and thus he lost a little time; but he caught them up at Old Frisby: so Captain Barnett was first over, and Mr. Coupland next. Firr's horse died while going home with the second horseman, although he seemed quite fresh when he got off him. On Monday, the 27th, they met at Six Hills, found in Lord Aylesford's covert, went away at once pointing for Six Hills, ran a ring by Dalby Wood, through Shoby Scoles and away over the fine grass fields by Grimston, through Old Dalby Wood, and killed him in the village below, after a very good run of one hour and a half. Found again near Mr. Marsh's house at Little Belvoir, ran through Holwell Mouth, over the road, as if for Welby, but not going into it, turned back over the Wartnaby Hills, along the beautiful vale by the Broughtons into Clawson Thorns, where they got up to him, rattled him round the covert and away to Holwell Mouth, where Firr was obliged to stop them, and Mr. Coupland at five o'clock gave the order for home, which was eighteen miles off, as there were two or three fresh foxes on foot, and the horses were all quite tired. This run occupied nearly two hours. Out this day were Mr. Coupland, a gentleman from the North, with a cap and brown cords, who goes like an old bird, Mr. Powell, Mr. Frewen, Mr. Chaplin, Captain and Mrs. Barnett—who goes very straight, and always sees the finish—Captain Elmhirst, and scores of others. On Tuesday, the 28th, they were at Prestwold, but not finding there, went on to Bunny, found in Windmill Hill, went away at a tremendous pace and burst their fox up in thirteen minutes near Widmerpool. Found again in the new covert near Willoughby Gorse, ran up to the village and back again within twenty yards of his brush, by Ellas Gorse to old Dalby village, and into the wood, over the new railroad, and saved his life by getting to ground about four fields farther on, just as it was getting dark. The soldiers muster strongly with the Quorn, as hunting this season have been Colonel Burnaby, Lord Carington, Captain Coventry, Captain Hartopp, Captain Stirling, Captain Oliphant, and Mr. R. W. Chandos-Pole from Radburn Hall.

The Pytchley also, under the able presidency of Lord Spencer, have had their share of sport. On Wednesday, November the 22nd, they had a fast little ring from Crick Covert, in which there were no end of falls in a very short time. On the 27th, a famous day from Sywell Wood. Lord Spencer hunted the hounds, and when his horse was done finished on foot. His companions, after the fast forty-eight minutes in the open, were Captain Soames of Scaldwell; Mr. Drury Wake, who went as well as ever he did in his Oxford days; Harry Saunders of Brampton, on his grey, and his hard-riding nephew John Cooper of Overstone; Mr. Potterton of Boughton, and another. But on Wednesday, November 29th, from Stanford Hall, they had not only quite the run of the season up to that date, but such a one as has not occurred for some years. Somebody said at Mr. Topham's dinner that the Pytchley had not had lately the sort of runs they used to have formerly, finding in their own country and running a long way into Mr. Tailby's; and certainly, latterly, that is, for the last two or three seasons, foxes have run in strange and twisting ways, so that often those who, as the saying is, had not ridden a yard found themselves right (or rather wrong) in front, thus often showing that the last were first; but it was not so on this day. They found directly, close to the house; only a few got a good start, and they raced across the park and over the fine large grass fields over the road, before one-half of the field knew they had found. Then commenced a stern chase, and so surely did the hounds keep on, that many were soon

out of the hunt entirely. Many speculated on catching them at a check, but they ran on from Walcot, past Kilworth Sticks, which they did not go into, straight on to the top of the Laughton Hills, where amongst the first to arrive there were Lord Spencer, Will Goodall the huntsman, and his Uncle Frank, on a holiday from Ascot, who was mounted by Mr. Mills, and three or four others. Somebody said what a pity it was that that snarling old 'Towler' was not out, and how they would have liked to see where he would have been after a run over such a strong country. Then they ran on over the fine large pastures to Marston Trussell and back to Laughton, where they lost. This was a very fine run; and it would be quite impossible to draw out a better line of country. Afterwards they went to Sulby, where they found, and ran back to Theddingworth, but after such a run as the first, as the old huntsman said to Mr. Delmé Radcliffe, it was like 'putting the beggar over the gentleman.' Since, they have had several other good runs. Foxes now seem to be running rather straighter, so that those who ride to points on speculation will hereafter very likely be properly sold; and they had better stick to the line.

That modern curse of foxhunting, the treacherous wire, was met with in the middle of November, in places we little expected to hear of it. When Mr. Tailby's hounds met at Arnesby, about the middle of November, there was still a good deal up about Ashby, and we always thought that in this hunt there was a special fund to meet this difficulty. On the 22nd, in the vicinity of Crick, Mr. R. Gillespie-Stainton of Bitteswell had a nasty fall, from the sun shining on it and rendering it quite invisible, but fortunately both he and his horse escaped without any serious injury; and from Hampshire we learn, with great regret, of the death of Mr. Francis Marx of Arlebury, who for many years had been Secretary to the H.H., and was one of the best sportsmen and boldest riders in that country. He was returning from hunting on Thursday, December 7th, after a good gallop from Micheldever Wood to Stratton Park, which he enjoyed, and was, as usual, in very good spirits; but on his way home he walked over a gap near Pinglestone, through which a horrible sneaking wire was passed, and this overturned his horse, which fell on him, and injured him so severely that the doctors gave no hopes of his recovery.

The formidable list of hunting accidents which has characterised the present season receives a melancholy addition from the death of John Rolt, Esq., of Ozleworth, Gloucestershire, at the early age of forty-two. Mr. Rolt was well known with both the Badminton and Berkeley packs, and it was with the latter that he was riding a favourite mare, Barnmaid, on the 24th Nov., when he fell at a fence, and received a kick which fractured his skull, causing death in about three hours. Of a kind and genial temperament, and a thorough sportsman, Mr. Rolt will long be regretted by those who knew him, whether at the covert-side, in the stubbles, or on the Scotch moor, in each and all of which his presence was equally popular.

We have been favoured, as showing a bright side to the future, with the following account of what our correspondent terms 'the best hunting runs 'with Mr. Talby's he has seen for years':—

Nov. 11th.—Good day. Found in that famous covert, Glen Gorse. Ran by Oadby up to Stoughton, through Mill Dam Plantation, up to Evington Hall, through The Grounds, up to the Spinney Hills, close to Leicester, by Humberston, through the Lunatic Asylum grounds, through Humberston Spinnies up to Hanbleton. They pulled him down at Barkby Thorpe after a fine hunting run.

Nov. 16th.—After a sharp spin from Vowe's Gorse to Loddington, where

he got to ground, we found a good fox at Keythorpe Wood, ran a ring round by Goadby, and back to Keythorpe Wood, when he made off by Hallaton Wood, just skirting Gloostone Wood, he ran by Gloostone village, over the Cranoe Road, over the Welham Valley, left the village on the left, over the railway bridge to Elland, leaving Weston and Sutton on the left; he got to ground at Dingley in the Pytchley country, after a splendid run of one hour and fifteen minutes.

Dec. 8th.—Found at Lord Aylesford's new covert at Ashby. Ran by the Mill at Gilmorton straight for Walton village. Leaving it on the right, he ran to within a field of Walton Holt, where there were two foxes before them, on between North Kilworth and Bosworth, by Kilworth Station, up to Wheeler Lodge osier-bed, left the Lodge on the left, and ran straight up to Sulby Hall, through the gardens up to Sibbertoft, where there was a check, owing to the horsemen getting over the line; hit it off again, going in the direction of Long Hold, which he left on the right, over the large grass pastures between Clipston and Kelmarsh. Were eventually run out of scent between Clipston and Oxendon, after a fine hunting run of over two hours, the line measuring on the Ordnance Map fifteen miles. The hounds never went into a covert. As we cannot have too much of a good thing, we with pleasure insert an account of some more doings with these hounds from a valued correspondent, whose letter last month went astray in the Post Office:—

'The Tailbytes have been having a rare time of it, the only drawback ' being the finishes, as very seldom has the fox come to hand; this, however, ' has been more owing to the chapter of accidents than a want of skill, and as ' the days get longer and foxes run straighter we believe these celebrated ' bitches will account for many of the vulpine race. On Thursday, December ' 7th, they had a brilliant ring from Norton Gorse, by Stretton, Illston, and ' Burton Overy, to Glen village, coming to a check when pointing for Wistow, ' but when close to their fox the Master capsized into the Glen Brook, and ' Christian, being outpaced, was unable to lift them through the purlieus of the ' village. And again, on Monday, the 11th, when, after an eight-mile point ' from Bosworth osier-bed by John Ball, Shearsby, Arnesby, Kilby, and ' back to Wistow, they were almost in the same field with their fox, but Mr. ' Tailby's horse, which had carried him wonderfully well, cried enough, and ' Christian jumped on a harrow carelessly left in a hedge, and the hounds had ' to be stopped by Messrs. Gee and Perkins, who, perhaps, had more gallop ' left than most of the pursuers. The best day during the past month was, ' however, from Ashby covert on the 8th, when, after getting into the ' Pytchley country near Misterton, they swung round to the left, and made a ' good seventeen-mile point by Kilworth, Welford, Sulby, and Sibbertoft, ' nearly to Clipstone, the actual distance hounds ran being quite twenty-three ' miles, and at times fast, and if the whoop could have been then heard, this ' run would have borne comparison with many of the ancient days recorded in ' hunting memoranda. The annals of the month must not close without a ' tribute to the memory of an equine celebrity whose hunting career is just ' ended—Hobgoblin, a rat-tailed bay horse, hollow-backed, purchased by ' Colonel Gosling at Mr. Tailby's celebrated sale five years ago, having then ' carried his master and whips for about eleven years, and perhaps led a ' Leicestershire field over more oxers than any other horse that was ever ' foaled. The Colonel gave 130 guineas for him, thinking if he could only ' get one season out of him he would be cheap, but up to last week he was ' good as ever, and many of our readers even in foreign climes will be able to ' recall scenes where they have been only able to see the old "rat-tail"

'appearing all alone on the right side of an impracticable place which no one else would even have a shy at. He was last week sent to the hounds to be shot, but his old master signed a reprieve, and the old veteran is still to enjoy the scenes of his victories, carrying the black-coated Rector of Stanston.'

The Tedworth hounds have had a day which will long be remembered as one of its most brilliant. December 14th, met at Redenham, where we soon had a fox on foot; the pedestrians, however, never gave him a chance; they surrounded the covert and yelled like gallery gods whenever they got a view. He was, we believe, a good fox, for he tried desperately hard to make his point, but, being headed over and over again, eventually saved his brush by squeezing into a rabbit earth. A trot to Penton satisfactorily disposed of the foot people. A few fields from the Gorse, and up goes Mr. Audrey's hat. Fricker, knowing his man, was not long in laying on his beauties, and then commenced as clipping an hour and five minutes as is rarely the lot of man to enjoy; through Penton Gorse and Park, over the road, away we went a real cracker, turning to the right over the Weyhill inclosures across the water-meadows and brook, which we fancy not more than five negotiated, straight he went through some fir plantations and Amport Wood, never checking, away over the South-Western Railway into Grateley Wood; the hounds were nearly five minutes carrying his line through this, which let up those who had preferred the road to the water-meadows; on as if for Danebury, but turned sharp to the right by Grateley Station over Quarley Hill. We had been running an hour, and heavy going it was, too, when Sir William Humphery remarked: 'This is one of my "bad" foxes.' Heaven help us if we get on the line of one of his good ones. Freedom (a worthy daughter of gallant old Remus) led us at a rattling pace on to Middlecot; Reynard, a real stout old dog-fox, was too beat to face the open again, and the bitches rolled him over in the stable yard, after far and away the best run we have enjoyed this season, seven miles from point to point. Amongst those out who were well up were Mr. Raikes, Hon. Percy Windham, M.P., Hon. Herbert Ellis-Agar and Mrs. Agar—who rode divinely—Sir Claude de Crespigny and his brother Vivian, Sir William Humphery, Revds. Audrey, Gale, Baker, and Harrison (who got an awkward cropper off a three-year-old over a stiff flight of rails), Captains Tyssen and Best, Messrs. Allen, Ironmonger, &c.

On Wednesday, the 29th of November, the Hursley had a grand meet at Littleton village, at the Manor Farm, the residence of that fine old specimen of an Englishman, Mr. Groome, where a splendid breakfast was provided for all comers, and was done honour to by all, including ladies. Colonel Nicoll had previously announced he should on that day hunt the hounds himself. When breakfast was over, the Colonel, in his usual apt style, gave the health of Mr. Groome in a few most appropriate remarks. The word was then given to proceed to business, and the hounds were trotted off to draw the gorse on Flower Down, when a fox immediately went away over the Stockbridge road to the right, through Lainston Plantation, back over the road to Norwood, then away by Ball Down to Sparshot, into Crabwood, then over No Man's Land to Forest Hill Plantation, then to Westwood and Crabwood, where the hounds were stopped, two or three foxes being on foot. Colonel Nicoll then trotted away to Crawley Hare Warren, when a fox was halloed away; he ran by Hill Farm to Spital Bushes, where he headed back to Crawley Hare Warren, through the plantations, by the Andover road, by Fitt's Copse, over Flower Down, crossing the Stockbridge road,

over Week Down, running into him in a hedgerow at the end of Week Down; time, one hour. After the fox was eaten up, the field gave the gallant Colonel three cheers. He has had wonderful sport this untoward season. He has a most excellent pack of hounds; the sixteen and a half couple out this day would be dirt cheap at a hundred guineas each. He is most popular with all classes; and from his good management of the country he has a rare stock of old foxes, which are the real sort to show sport.

On Friday, the 1st of December, they met at Lower Eldon. Found in a small covert at Michelmarsh; went away through Parnholt and through Ashley to Up Somborne, then over to No Man's Land, through Ower Copse (privets by Mr. Drake's farm, at Sparshot), through Bushmore, over the Stockbridge road, by Ball Down, through Norwood, away for Littleton, and pulled him down in a cart-shed opposite Mr. Groome's door. Time, one hour and twenty-five minutes. All went in and had luncheon at Mr. Groome's. What care he must take of the foxes! Would there were more like him in all countries.

The H.H., considering the weather, have had some good runs. One in the Alton country, when they ran for one hour, and killed; the pace was so good, no one could get within two fields of the hounds. On Tuesday, the 5th of December, they met at Avington Park. They found close to the park, ran through it, away over the open through Ovington Park, and killed just at the edge of Tichborne Park. Time, forty-six minutes. A bad scent and slow hunting; but the way in which Mr. Deacon handled them, and the way the hounds worked, was a perfect masterpiece of hunting. He then drew Fully blank, but found in the osier-bed just beyond Avington Park; ran through the park and Hampage, and ran to ground in the middle of Longwood Warren, at the end of a brilliant twenty-five minutes. This was a fine day's sport; for there was hunting with the first fox, and pace with the second fox, and this, too, in spite of the weather, for it was blowing a hurricane and raining all day. They had another good day on the following Tuesday, when they met at the Anchor, Ropley, where they had a capital scent and capital sport.

Bob Worrall had a capital day on the 2nd, from Lord Chesham's coverts, which was one of the best that had been seen in the Old Berkeley country for a long time; but unfortunately he did not finish with a kill. The country was terribly deep, and several horses refused their corn when they got home. Lord and Lady Clarendon were out; Squire Drake went as well as ever he did, and those who were at Oxford twenty-five years ago remember how quick he and Mr. Hoffman were; and Mr. E. T. Drake and Captain Drake went like the Drakes ever have done. On this same day, which seems to have been a good scenting one all over the kingdom, George Kennett had a good run with the North Herefordshire from Lower Breinton, and killed after a fine run of forty-six minutes.

It is with great pleasure that we hear of that good old-established pack, the Puckeridge, doing well under their able and popular Master, Mr. Robert Gosling, who succeeded the much-respected 'Squire,' Mr. Nicholas Parry, last season, he having held office for nearly forty seasons. The forty-nine couple of hounds, for which Mr. Gosling gave a cheque for two thousand guineas, are all that can be desired. The new huntsman, Robert Allen, who served a good apprenticeship both with the Rufford and Mr. Arkwright in Essex, is an excellent horseman, and most persevering in his efforts to show sport, in which he is ably assisted by the two active, painstaking whips. On the resignation of Mr. Parry, Mr. Gosling was unanimously chosen as his successor; his position, both as a large landed proprietor and ardent fox-hunter,

justly entitling him to all the honours of a M.F.H. He has spared no expense in giving effect to the wishes of the country. Model kennels have been erected at a large personal outlay in the neighbourhood of his beautiful place, Hassobury Park. The servants are admirably mounted on short-legged useful horses, suitable to the cramped and difficult country they have to negotiate. Altogether we think that the Puckeridge may hold its own with any pack in the south of England. Lord Coventry had a good cubbing season, and good sport since. Tom Champion, now hunting Lord Zetland's hounds, has had the best season he remembers since he came into the country. Harry Judd had to complain of a very poor scent with the North Shropshire in the month of November; but has had very good sport since.

The Bramham Moor have had a few good hard days; and perhaps one of the best ever seen was on November 6th, when the first fox, which jumped out of a hedgerow, gave them a good hour and five minutes, when the hounds ran into him; and the second, found in a big wood, another run of two hours and ten minutes, killing him in the open, after some real, good, slow hunting, scarcely going into a covert after leaving Swindon Wood, where they found him. The dog-hounds were out, and did their work quite to Kingsbury's satisfaction; and we also hear that Tom Morgan is satisfied with the performances of the Badsworth.

From Northumberland our correspondent tells us that Mr. Fenwick has had such sport lately that we might pack the 'Van' with that alone. Beginning with the 8th of December, when they met at Stamfordham, and of course found in Mr. Riddell's coverts instantly, having a clipping run of half an hour to ground, Mrs. G. A. Fenwick, on her husband's white horse, going very well. A second fox they found at Mr. Bainbridge's, Dissington Hall, and had a first-rate hunting run of about an hour and a half, but ran out of scent at Whatton village, in the Morpeth country. They would have killed him to a certainty but for foolish people pressing on the hounds at a most critical time. On the 11th, from Swinburne, they had a brilliant run with a very strong fox, fifty minutes, with a kill; and on the 12th got away from Belsay, and had a fast hunting run of an hour and a half to ground under the railway near Meldon Station. On the 15th the meet was at Napperton, where a most cordial welcome was given to all comers by that most excellent sportsman, so well known now at agricultural shows as a judge of horses, Mr. B. Spraggon. The first fox from Horsley Wood they never got on terms with, and soon left him, but they found again in Penny Hill, and stopped the hounds on a fresh fox, after two hours, north of Belsay. They have had plenty of runs as good and better than those we have mentioned; and a neighbouring M.F.H., who was there with his bride on a visit, said, 'I *do* like coming here; but the hounds go too fast, and the country is too big.'

From the county of Cork we hear that the United Hunt have had their share of sport from the commencement of cub-hunting up till now. In the early part there were very few out to override them, so that they often ran an old fox seven or eight miles, and it was always 20 to 1 on the fox, for he always knew where to go to ground. Harry Saunders accounted for about 23 brace during cubbing, and had as much blood as he cared for. Since then he has killed, up to the middle of December, 8 brace more, and has run to ground so often that he has left off keeping any account, as it happens nearly every day, for stopping is not done as in England. The hounds are first-rate at marking them to ground. Perhaps they are not a show lot on the flags, but the bitches want no hunting. No hounds in the United Kingdom can make longer days; some of their meets are from fourteen to eighteen Irish miles from the kennels; they have often



left off at dark with a sinking fox when twenty-five miles from home; and they have no van, as when Lord Shannon was Master, so their condition speaks for itself.

We heard the other day of a foreign gentleman (we will call him Count Goggelheimer) being paid off in his own coin. He was out with a crack pack in the Midlands, and near him at a gap, waiting for her turn, was a nice little girl on a pony, while close in front was a gentleman noted for his bold riding to hounds. The Count was in a desperate hurry, rudely pushed past the gentleman, and nearly knocked over the young lady, whereon the British lion of the gentleman was roused, and he remonstrated with the unmannerly man on his rude behaviour, telling him it was very unfair to the young lady, and, moreover, that he himself was before him. The Count, however, replied in a swaggering tone, that 'the young lady was not hurt, and that for him he must take care of himself;' whereupon the gentleman said, 'I can quite do that, for I have ridden between the flags.' Then, biding his time, and carefully watching for his opportunity, he came behind the Count at a fence, caught him under the knee, and sent him flying, the verdict of the whole field being 'served him right.'

The following is from Leighton Buzzard:—An irrepressible person came there in the beginning of November, and said at the meet to one of the oldest sportsmen in the county, that he had a very great desire to be introduced to Mr. Lowndes, whereon he was told that if he intended to stay there the best form of introduction would be a cheque for 25*l.*, adding, 'If you come out again and don't send it, the Squire will very soon introduce himself to you.' Our correspondent also informs us that 'the flowers' bloom in the first flight with the Baron and Squire Lowndes.

In a run the other day from Canons Ashby with the Duke of Grafton's hounds, poor Pug, being hard pressed, took refuge in a cottage at Wood End, the inhabitant of which at once closed the door. Our friend, however, did not mean to be caught in that fashion, and consequently, finding no other means of exit, jumped through the window, to the evident surprise of Frank Beers, and made his escape, only to be killed, however, at Plimpton Wood, after a good run of upwards of one hour.

We were told the other day of a hard-riding gentleman coming to a big brook, when he was shouted at by a local, who begged he would not think of riding at it. When the gentleman, however, announced his intention of so doing, the local said, 'Well, anyhow, hold hard till I send the coroner round to meet you t'other side.'

The following we fancy smells of the Rufford:—A Sheffielder (they have those gentry in that country) blew a gentleman up most unjustly for crossing him at a fence; upon this coming to the ears of the funny man of the hunt, he said, 'Hope you told him you never crossed a razor.'

Who has not read, by this time, Captain Burnaby's 'Ride to Khiva,'—that spirited narrative of pluck, daring, self-possession, and endurance, qualities such as rarely meet in the same individual. That a man with all the enjoyments of life at his disposal should go off for his winter leave on an expedition in which privations and hardships, almost equal to those of an Arctic voyage, would have to be encountered, is remarkable—at least it would have been very remarkable in Brown, Jones, or Robinson; but the world has learned not to be much surprised at any bold deed of Captain Burnaby's. How he crossed the steppes in weather that would have daunted most men, how he baffled all the means that the Russian authorities, short of downright force, used to prevent him reaching Khiva, those who have not read the book must read to see. Had he gone to the Fort of Petro-Alexandrovsk, which was the

route laid down for him by the Russian authorities, it is certain he would never have been permitted to go farther; but Captain Burnaby is as shrewd as he is daring, and distrusting his good friends, he struck out on a bold path of his own, crossed the Oxus, entered Khiva, was graciously welcomed by the Khan (who is a courteous gentleman, it appears, and not the bloodthirsty tyrant the Russians represented him), and stayed there two or three days until recalled by a wonderful telegram from no less a person than the Commander-in-Chief, ordering his immediate return to England. As Captain Burnaby says, 'it must have cost a large sum of money sending that telegram,' for it was forwarded from Tashkend, where the wire terminates, to Khiva, 'a distance of nine hundred miles, by couriers with relays of horses.' How zealous were our good friends the Russians in forwarding the telegram, and how great their kindness in taking care of Captain Burnaby till he got to St. Petersburg—it was most touching. Of course, Captain B. is reticent, as becomes a soldier, as to the reasons that impelled the Duke of Cambridge to take this step, but we can partly surmise them. What a flutter there must have been at St. Petersburg, and how soon the flutter must have been transferred to Chesham House when it was known how far the adventurous traveller had got on his way into the forbidden country. We can well imagine Count Schouvaloff hurrying off to the Horse Guards, and H.R.H. having to send the telegram. But 'Fred' got to Khiva—no telegram could undo that—and we should imagine he would be a most popular guest in the Russian capital should he pay it a visit after his return from Kars.

The many readers of the 'Field' have been long interested in the very graphic accounts of Irish hunting, from the pen of 'Inviator,' which have appeared in that journal, and Mr. O'Connor Morris, who writes under that *nom de plume*, has now collected in a well got-up volume the 'Cross Road 'Chronicles of Passages in Irish Hunting History' for the last two seasons. They are admirably done. Mr. Morris's style is easy, and he writes like a thorough sportsman *con amore* of his theme. His runs and his fields are photographed. His knowledge of country, and his knowledge of men, women, and horses is almost unique. The plains of Kildare are his happiest hunting grounds, though he is perfectly at home at Fairy House, with the Ward, over the pastures of Meath, or the Galway walls. He can discourse of the hounds on their benches, too, and scraps of kennel lore crop up pleasantly here and there. There is scarcely a dry chapter in the book, for Mr. Morris keeps his readers perpetually on the move, and shifts his hunting pictures with a good eye to variety of scene. The book is well printed, and 'Inviator' is a worthy successor of 'Nimrod.' We most cordially commend the 'Chronicles' to our readers' notice.

With Christmas, or a little before it, comes 'Judex' with his little green Analysis (or racing man's best companion) of the Derby, Oaks, and Two and One Thousand Guineas. The able writer gives us clearly his views, and offers what appear to us sound arguments in their support. Racing men differ, we know, and therein lies one of the sport's chief charms, for if we were all agreed how tame it would be—to say nothing of the poor bookmaker's occupation gone. But, whether 'Judex' is agreed with or differed from, his Analysis will be found both useful and instructive.

We are sorry to record the death, though at a good old age, of one of the most zealous promoters of the coaching revival, albeit not a coachman, as far as we are aware, himself. Mr. E. Godsell was the partner of Sir Henry de Bathe on the Dorking road some three or four years ago, and subsequently joined that gallant officer and Major Furnivall on the Westerham and Becken-

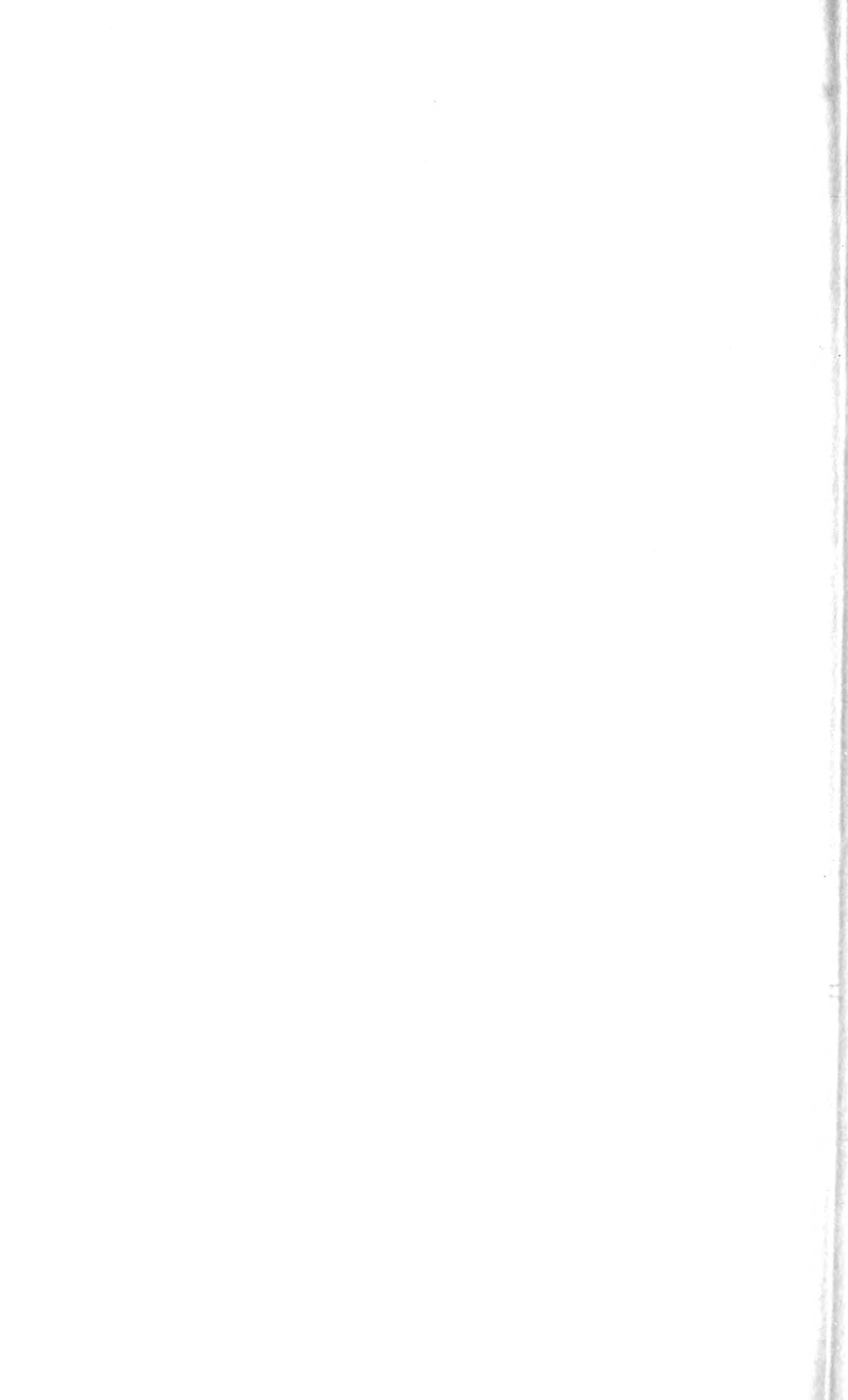
ham coaches. He lived at Tulse Hill, and great was the pleasure of the worthy old man when 'Ned's' warning horn drew him to the window of his breakfast-room, and he saw 'Sir Henry' or 'the Major' go up the hill with a good load. He was a frequent passenger, too, and his cheery, genial manner soon made him friends with every one. He was an early member of the Road Club, in the success of which he took great interest, as well, indeed, as in all coaching matters. His eye would brighten when a new venture was spoken of, and he was ready with many a business suggestion—ready with his purse, too, to aid the good work. He will be much missed by a large circle of friends and acquaintance, who valued him for a simple-hearted kindness without any alloy.

The Grand Military Meeting for next year has at last been definitely decided to take place at Sandown Park. In years gone by it was a movable feast, Market Harborough, Northampton, Harwich, Rugby, and Liverpool having been patronised by 'our brave soldier boys' in turn; eventually they settled down at Rugby, where over the 'Old Course,' as it is now called, Glencairn, Rifleman, Jurymen, *cum multis aliis*, gained their laurels; and here the military Isthmian games appeared to have taken root and flourished well. Six years ago, however, the proprietor of the Old Course turned rusty, and the United Army of the Line joined with their brethren of the Household Brigade, and held their races over the steeplechase track at Windsor; the next year they returned to their old love, and over the New Course at Rugby their meetings have since been celebrated. Once more a difficulty has arisen, and after much beating about, and obtaining the votes of the various regiments and subscribers to the chases, Major Dixon, the Hon. Secretary, has announced that in 1877, once more the Guards and the Line will join their respective programmes, and that the muster-roll will be called at Sandown Park. It was the original intention of the military to take Tuesday and Wednesday, 13th and 14th of March, but the Grand National Hunt having in the meantime appropriated those days, the only dates vacant were the 9th and 10th, the Friday and Saturday previous, which have now been fixed; and, the Household Brigade joining in, the meeting has been extended to Thursday, unfortunately that clashing with the last day of Croydon. We shall many of us regret Rugby, its pretty course, and the luncheons on the hill; but we shall probably be able to solace ourselves at Sandown, where the commissariat will no doubt be quite as well attended to; and although *the country* may not be exactly what our warriors like to ride over, they will have the satisfaction of performing before the *élite* of London society, for the attendance is sure to be immense. The Committee of Sandown Park have not only come down handsomely in the way of subsidy, but will also, we hear, make the *entrée* to the private stand and enclosure accessible during the meeting to all officers who are, or have ever been, serving in the army and navy, and their friends; while the Aldershot division intend coming out strong by offering stable accommodation for the horses of all officers quartered in Ireland, which can easily reach their destination *via* Waterford or Cork to Bristol or Milford Haven; and upon their arrival a good course to exercise upon will be placed at their service. We wish success to the new venture, and, although rather early in the season, anticipate a goodly row of coaches on 'the other side.'





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